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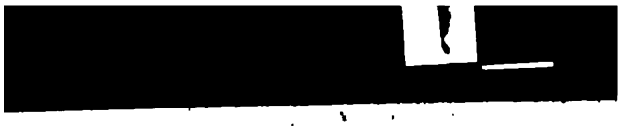
OF

# Ancient & Modern British AUTHORS.

EUSTACE'S CLASSICAL TOUR THROUGH ITALY. VOL. II.

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VOL. CCIII.

## A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

# ITALY.

PRINTED BY PAUL RENOUARD,
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# A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

# ITALY.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION.

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Hæc est Italiæ dîis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.
*Plin. Nat. Hist.* III. 20.

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VOL. II.



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# A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

# ITALY.

## CHAPTER I.

Bay and Castle of Procida—Evening Hymn—Beautiful View, Observations—the Island of Vivara—Ischia, its Mountains, Eruptions, Appearance, and Population—Nisida—Vesuvius.

As we passed the bay of *Misenus* we observed the fine appearance of that promontory; it is separated by the harbour, and by *Mare morto* (the dead sea) with the flat shore beyond, from the neck of land which it terminates, and thus it forms an insulated eminence, remarkable for its shape, its boldness, and its *aerial elevation*. After having doubled the cape, we crossed the strait which flows between it and the island of *Procida*. Here I landed, while my companions pursued their course to the island of *Ischia*, about four miles further.

*Procida* is about two miles from the continent: its shore, towards the west, is comparatively low, but it swells gradually towards the east, and terminates in a bold promontory, the summit of which is crowned with the castle or royal palace. The prominence of this point on one side, and the *Punta del Vomere* (plough-share point) about a mile from it to the south, form a little bay. The promontory is sufficiently lofty to entitle the island, of which it is the most conspicuous feature, to the epithet *alta*[1] (lofty), which Virgil gives it, as the rocks which line its eastern and southern coast justify the word *aspera* (craggy) employed by Statius[2]. Besides the harbour which I have described, there are on the same coast several creeks, which afford shelter to fishing boats and small vessels, and contribute

[1] *Æn.* ix. 715.
[2] *Sylv.* iii. 2.

much to the variety and the romantic beauty that eminently characterize this and the neighbouring shores and islands.

There is no regular inn, I believe, in the town, but strangers are received and very well treated in the castle. This edifice is large and very roomy, though almost unfinished; it has a small garden to the west and north, surrounded by a wall that borders the brow of the precipice. A trellice supporting thick spreading vines covers this wall, and shades the walk along it, while large windows open at intervals, and enable the eye to range over the view that lies expanded beneath.

At one of these windows I seated myself, and enjoyed the glorious exhibition of the setting sun, which then hung in appearance over the distant island of *Pandataria,* and cast a purple gleam on all the promontories of *Gaieta,* and the hills of *Formiæ.* The purple tints, as the sun descended into the waves, brightened into golden streaks, then softened into purple again, and gradually deepening into blue, at length melted away in darkness. The moon rose soon after; a table was placed before me covered with figs, apricots, and peaches.

The man and the woman who took care of the palace, a young couple, the husband strong and comely, the wife handsome, seated themselves opposite to me; their son, a smart lively boy, served at table. After a little conversation, the man took his guitar and accompanied his wife while she sung the evening hymn, in a sweet voice and with great earnestness. Occasionally the man and boy joined in chorus, and while they sung, the eyes of all three were sometimes raised to heaven and sometimes fixed on each other, with a mixed expression of piety, affection, and gratitude. I own, I never was present at an act of family devotion more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonize with the beauty of the country, and the temperature of the air, and breathed at once the innocence and the joy of Paradise. Shortly after similar little concerts rose from the town below, and from different parts of the island, and continued at intervals for an hour or more, sometimes swelling upon the ear, and sometimes dying away in distance, and mingling with the murmurs of the sea. One would almost imagine that Milton, who had visited all this coast, had these concerts in mind when he speaks of

> Celestial voices to the midnight air
> Sole or responsive each to other's note
> Singing their great Creator.
>
> *Par. Lost, book* iv. 682.

Next morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the rays of the sun shining full into my room, and getting up, I placed myself in the balcony to enjoy the air and the prospect. *Misenus* and

*Baiæ* rose before me; the Elysian fields and the groves of *Cumæ* extended between them in full view still fresh with dew, and bright with the beams of the new risen sun. No scene perhaps surpasses that which is now under my eye in natural beauties, and few equal it in those embellishments which the action of the human mind superadds to the graces of nature.

These intellectual charms are the most impressive, and even the most permanent; without them the exhibitions of the material world become an empty pageant, that pleases the eye for a moment and passes away, leaving perhaps a slight recollection, but producing no improvement. Hence, although Germany and other more northern countries, frequently display scenes both grand and beautiful, yet, if I may judge of the feelings of other travellers by my own, they are viewed with indifference, and passed over in haste. Even the gigantic features of America, its interminable forests, and its mountains that touch the skies, its sea-like lakes, and its volcanos that seem to thunder in another world, may excite wonder, but can awaken little interest, and certainly inspire no enthusiasm. Their effect is confined to the spot they cover, and to the very hour which rolls over them; they have no connexion with other regions, no retrospect to other times. They stand vast masses, grand but silent monuments, in the midst of boundless solitudes, unenlivened by industry and unadorned by genius. But, if a Plato or a Pythagoras had visited their recesses in pursuit of knowledge; if a Homer or a Virgil had peopled them with ideal tribes, with heroes or with phantoms; if the useful ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar had carried war and civilization to their borders; if a courageous people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses; then indeed they would assume dignity and importance; *then* they would excite interest, and acquire a title to the attention of travellers:

> Tunc sylvæ, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes,
> Tum sacer horror aquis, adytisque effunditur echo
> Clarior, et doctæ spirant præsagia rupes [1].
>
> *Claud.* vi. *Cons. Honor.* 32.

Nature has shed over the coast before us some of its terrors and many of its beauties. Homer either visited it, or heard accounts of it, when probably the former were prodominant, and represented it accordingly, as the boundaries of the living world, and the confines of the infernal regions; the groves of *Proserpina,* accord-

[1] Then ev'ry forest, ev'ry grotto speaks,
The fountains gush with life, o'er ev'ry stream
A sacred horror broods, from each recess
Burst clearer echoes, and the learned rocks
A voice oracular return.

ing to him, spread over the sullen beach, and covered it with a thick but barren shade.

Ενθ' ὁκτή τε λάχεια καὶ ἄλσεα Περσεφονείης
Μακραὶ τ' ἄιγειροι καὶ ἰτέαι ὠλεσίκαρποι [1]

*Odyss.* x. 509.

Virgil beheld it at a time when beauty was its prevalent feature, and though he was obliged to adopt the mythology of his predecessor, yet he qualifies its horrors, by confining the infernal gloom to the precincts of Avernus; while he improves upon it at the same time, by conducting his hero through the regions of the dead, and opening scenes, grand, novel, and in the highest degree delightful. Thus while the foundation was laid by the Greek, the elegant superstructure was raised by the Latin poet. The heroes, the appellations, the topography, are principally Homer's; but the graces, the decorations, the enchantment, belong to Virgil. The former is content with evoking the dead, and throwing an awful horror over the whole coast: the latter fixes on particular spots, and attaches to each some pleasing or instructive recollection. Thus, to yon promontory he consigns the name and the glory of *Misenus,*

——————quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu [2].

*Æn.* vi. 164.

Into yonder grove on the borders of Avernus, which Homer had filled with phantoms, *the nations of the dead,* Virgil introduces the doves of Venus, and brightens its gloom with the vision of the golden bough.

Species auri frondentis opaca
Illice [3]——————

*Ibid.* vi. 208.

The adventures of Dædalus were perhaps Homer's; but the temple with its sculptured walls, and the vain efforts of the father to represent the son's fate are characteristic embellishments of Virgil.

[1] The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods.

*Pope.*

[2] ——————none so renown'd
The warrior-trumpet in the field to sound;
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms'
And rouze to dare their fate in honourable arms.

*Dryden.*

[3] Such was the glitt'ring, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves that wanton'd in the wind.

*Ibid.*

Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro
Bis patriæ cecidere manus [1]. *Ibid.* 32.

He also converted the cavern in yonder rock rising on the level shore, into the abode of the Sybil; he made its vaults echo with the voice of futurity, and peopled its recesses with generations yet unknown to the sun.

The Elysian fields, one of the most delightful fictions of antiquity, if that may be called a *fiction* which is founded on truth, belong almost exclusively to Virgil. He at least gave substance and locality to a notion before him vague, indefinite, and shadowy. He shed on yonder groves that cover the hills and border the sea, *a purer, a softer radiance* [2], and introduced into them the immortal spirits of the good made happy.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi:
Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat:
Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti . . .
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo [3].
*Lib.* vi. 660.

In short, not a wood, a lake, a promontory, appears on the coast before me, that has not been distinguished by some illustrious name, or embellished by some splendid fiction. In contemplating a prospect thus adorned by nature, and thus ennobled by genius; the theatre of the most sublime and most instructive fables that the human mind ever invented; we may be allowed, as we bewilder ourselves in the mazes of classical illusion, to indulge a momentary enthusiasm;

Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ [4].
*Hor. Carm. Lib. Od.* iii. iv. 6.

[1] He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
*Dryden.*

[2] . . . lumine vestit
Purpureo . . . . . *Æn.* vi. 640.

Vested with a purple sky.
*Dryden.*

[3] Here patriots live, who for their country's good
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring God . . . .
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
*Ibid.*

[4] Through hollow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.
*Francis.*

But the scenes before me owe not their graces and their interests to poetry only; history has had its share in the decoration and renown of this favoured region. On the summit of that promontory (*Misenus*) rose the villa of *Marius*. Lucullus succeeded to it, and spread around it the amenity, and the beauty which distinguished his character. On the slope of the hill beyond the harbour and looking towards *Pozzuolo* stood the villa of *Baulis*, where Cicero and Hortensius used to meet and exercise their rival powers. On the eminence above it, rose the retreat of Cæsar, lofty in its site, but in the vicinity of *Baiæ;* thus suited to the temper of that chief, high and imperious, but open to all the charms of literature, and to all the allurements of pleasure. Yonder in the curve of the bay and almost in the beach was Cicero's Academy, sacred, as its name implies, to meditation and philosophical research.

Around in different directions, but all within the compass of four miles, were the villas of Pompey, Varro, and Lucullus; of Pompey, once the first of Roman citizens in power and moderation; of Lucullus, famed alike for his talents, his learning, and his luxury; and of Varro, renowned for his deep erudition and thorough insight into the laws, the literature, and the antiquities of his country.

What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! *Baiæ* indeed at that time was the resort, or rather the very temple of Wisdom and the Muses; whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared, without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste, to minister at the tables, and season the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed *the feast of reason*.

Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence; he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a *citizen;* he may therefore be considered as a republican prince. In the modesty of this character, he frequented the coasts of *Baiæ*, and conducted in his train improvement, opulence, and festivity; Agrippa and Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace. One of the most pleasing scenes of this Emperor's life, and well calculated to close a career once so active, with tranquillity, took place in the bay of *Puteoli*.[1]

[1] Suetonius, Aug. 98.

The spirit of the republic seems to have expired with Augustus: under his successor Rome was destined to taste the bitters of despotism, and during the following reigns, to drain the cup to the dregs. The *Baiæ* became the receptacle of profligacy and effeminacy [1], of lust and cruelty, as far beyond the bounds of nature as the power of the imperial monsters was above human control. The beauties of nature were tarnished by the foulness of vice, and the virtuous man turned away from scenes which he could not behold without disgust and horror. Silius, Martial, Statius, courted the Muse in vain on that shore which had inspired the strains of Virgil. They attempted to celebrate the beauties of *Baiæ;* but the subject was degraded; and their lines, forced and *inharmonious*, neither delight the ear nor win the understanding [2]. *Baiæ* and its retreats, defiled by obscenity, and stained with blood, were doomed to devastation; and earthquakes, war and pestilence were employed in succession to waste its fields, and to depopulate its shores. Its pompous villas were gradually levelled in the dust; its *gay alcoves* were swallowed up in the sea; its salubrious waters were turned into pools of infection; and its gales that once breathed health and perfume, now wafted poison and death. The towns forsaken by the inhabitants, gradually sunk to ruin, and the most delicious region the sun beholds in his course, is now a desert, and seems destined to expiate in ages of silence and desolation the crimes of the last degenerate Romans [3].

[1] *Diversorium vitiorum esse cœperunt.* *Seneca, Ep.* li.

"It began to be the abode of every vice."

[2] With all due respect to the partial opinion of the admirers of Silius, Martial, and Statius, the compositions of these authors are the offspring of study and exertion, and though in different proportions, yet always in some degree, strained, harsh, and obscure. They have been praised, it is true, but principally, I believe, by their editors and annotators. Pliny, indeed, speaks with kindness and partiality of Martial, but his praise seems dictated less by his taste than his gratitude; and that his opinion of Martial's poetical powers was not very high, may be suspected from the equivocal expression with which he closes his eulogium. "*At non erunt æterna quæ scripsit! non erunt fortasse: ille tamen scripsit tanquam futura* *." In fact, Naples is more indebted to a single modern poet, than to the three ancients above mentioned united. I allude to Sannazarius, who has celebrated the scenery of his country in a strain, pure, graceful and Virgilian, and interwoven all the characteristic features of the Bay with the subject of his eclogues and elegies.

* But his writings will not be eternal! they will not be eternal, though he wrote as if he expected that they would be so.

[3] The present unwholesomeness of *Baiæ* and its bay, if real, must be ascribed partly to the same cause as that of the lakes *Agnano* and *Averno;* and partly to the streams and sources once collected on the hills behind it in aqueducts and reservoirs, now spreading and oozing down the declivities, and settling in the hollows below. In a warm climate all stagnant water becomes putrid during the hot months. This in-

The morning was now far advanced, and I turned towards the west to view the island, which is highly cultivated, thickly inhabited, and presents to a spectator beholding it from the castle a most delightful grove of mulberries, poplars, and vines, with domes, and clusters of white houses intermingled Juvenal [1] seems to allude to it as a solitary retreat in his time; it does not merit that appellation at present; in truth, it resembles a large town interspersed with orchards, gardens, and public walks.

The views which have been described above are not the only prospects which the castle affords; it extends its perspective over Naples, the lower part excepted, which is covered by the prominency of *Pausilypus*, includes *Vesuvius, Stabiæ, Surrentum*, and terminates in the island of *Capreæ*. It is perhaps one of the finest points of view, as it looks down on the bay of *Puteoli*, which is the most delicious part of the crater [2].

Close under the southern point of *Prochyta* rises another little island, now called *Vivara*. Whether this island has been detached from *Prochyta* by some subterraneous convulsion, or whether it existed in ancient times and be that which Ovid mentions under the appellation of

Pithecusæ habitantum nomine dictæ [3],

I leave the learned reader to determine. I shall content myself with observing, that it answers the description given by the poet, and swells into a little barren hill in the centre [4]. The truth is,

convenience might easily be remedied, and will, without doubt, when the government becomes more active, and the taste of the Neapolitan gentry more rural.

[1] Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Camis.
Destinet, atque unam civem donare Sibyllæ.
Jamne Baiarum est, et gratum littus amœni
Secessus. Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.
*Juv.* iii. 1—5.

Though, when I see my long-lov'd friend depart,
The mournful verse comes struggling from my heart,
Speed him, ye Gods, to Cumæ's lonely fane,
And give one subject to the Sybil's reign,
Sweet be his sojourn, in the pleasant land
That leads to Baiæ's salutary strand;
For me, I envy such a tranquil home,
And Prochyta itself prefer to Rome.
*Hodgson's Translation.*

[2] The bay of Naples is often called the *Crater*.

[3] . . . . And Pithecusæ nam'd
From its inhabitants (apes).

[4] . . . . . sterilique locatas
Colle Pithecusas . . . . . *Met.* xiv. 90.
. . . . And Pithecusæ, perch'd
Upon a barren hill.

that the names of these islands have been applied in a very confused and indiscriminate manner by many of the ancients, and an attempt to reconcile their differences would employ more time and attention than the subject deserves; especially, as every material circumstance connected with their history, situation, and features is sufficiently ascertained, notwithstanding such verbal difficulties, and perhaps poetical mistakes or misrepresentations.

While I thus indulged myself in solitude and repose in the castle of *Prochyta*, my fellow travellers were employed in exploring the neighbouring island of *Ischia*, anciently *Arime*, *Inarime*, and *Ænaria*, and perhaps sometimes *Pithecusæ*. As it is only about two miles distant from the southern extremity of *Prochyta*, and as it is distinguished by a very bold and lofty mountain, its scenery, owing to the extreme clearness of the air, was brought as it were under my eye, and appeared as distinct as similar objects in northern climates at the distance of half a mile. The following particulars may suffice to give the reader a tolerable notion of this island.

The town of *Ischia*, from which the modern name is derived, stands in a little bay opposite the island of *Vivara*, about two miles from the nearest point of *Prochyta*. This bay is defended by a castle seated on a high rock, which communicates with the shore by an isthmus of sand. *Ischia* or *Inarime* was famed in ancient times for its eruptions, and all the varied and dreadful phenomena that accompany the constant action of subterraneous fires. Besides the ordinary effects of volcanic fermentation, earthquakes, torrents of lava rolling down the declivities, or showers of ashes and cinders overwhelming the country, historians talk of flames rising suddenly from the cracks and fissures of the earth, and spreading like a conflagration over the whole surface of the island; of hot water bursting out from unknown sources, and rolling through the fields with all the fury and mischief of a torrent; of mountains suddenly sinking into the abyss below, and as suddenly shooting up again increased in bulk and elevation; of vast masses of land detached from the shore and hurled into the sea, and again heaved up by the waters and thrown back on the shore[1]. With such tremendous events on record before them, it is no wonder that the poets should have placed Typhæus himself under this island, and ascribed its convulsive throes to the agitations of that giant writhing under his tortures.

The principal feature of *Ischia* is the mountain anciently named *Epopeus*, now for euphony softened into *Epomeo*, but more generally called by the people *Monte San Nicolo*. To visit this mountain was our first business; therefore the next morning, about four o'clock, we mounted our mules and began the ascent; the road is extremely steep and craggy, and at length with much

[1] Strabo, Lib. v. Plin. lib. ii. c. 89. Jul. Obs. Sab. de Prod.

exertion we reached the summit, but found it so enveloped in clouds, that one of the grand objects of our excursion, the extensive view which is said to comprehend almost half the southern coast of Italy, was nearly lost to us. However, our disappointment was compensated by the local knowledge of the country, which our progress up and round the mountain enabled us to acquire. The summit is formed of a sort of grey or whitish lava, in the midst of which the form of the crater is easily distinguishable. Two hermits and a soldier inhabit this solitary spot, and occupy apartments cut out of the solid rock.

This mountain, and indeed the whole island, is evidently of volcanic origin, and formed of lava, tufo, and pumice stone. No eruption however has taken place since the year 1302, when the convulsions that shook the mountain were so violent, and the rivers of burning fluid that poured down its sides so extensive and so destructive, that the towns and villages were all levelled with the ground or consumed, most of the inhabitants were destroyed, and the few survivors were driven in terror from their homes. Since this tremendous explosion the island has enjoyed a state of tranquillity, and all apprehension of similar visitations seems removed. The subterraneous fire however is not extinguished, and the number of hot fountains that spring up in different places still attest its existence and activity.

The surface of *Ischia* is very beautifully varied by vineyards, gardens, groves of chestnut, and villages. It is intersected by numberless steep and narrow dells, which are shaded by forest trees intermingled with aloes, myrtles, and other odoriferous shrubs, that shoot out of the fissures of the rocks, and wave over their summits. The soil is fertile, and peculiarly favorable to vines; hence the wine of *Ischia* is plentiful, and held in considerable estimation; it is lodged in caverns worked out of the rocks, and formed into very capacious and cool cellars; a method of keeping wine practised not only here and in some other parts of Italy, but in Austria, and various transalpine wine countries; it has many advantages, and implies a great degree of honesty and mutual confidence among the inhabitants.

Besides *Ischia*, there are nine towns and several villages; one of the former, *Foria*, is as large as the capital itself, and I believe more populous. *Panza* is on the southern side of the isle, and near it, on an insulated and conical rock, stands a fortress. *Casamicciola* is placed nearly on the summit of *Mount Epomeo*; these towns have all one or two large churches, as many convents, and generally some medicinal waters, or hot baths, or sands, within their confines. The island of *Ischia* is extremely well peopled, and highly cultivated; and as its beauty, its waters, and the coolness and salubrity of its air, attract a considerable number of visitants to it in summer time, it may be considered as very prosperous and

flourishing. Its coasts present a great variety of romantic scenery, as they are in general bold and craggy, indented with little bays, jutting out in points, and lined with shapeless rocks which have been torn in moments of convulsion from the shore, or hurled from the precipices above. Such is *Inarime*, at present the seat of rural beauty and fertility, the resort of health and pleasure, very different from the shattered mountain tumbled in ancient days by Jupiter on the giant monster [1], for ever resounding with his groans, and inflamed by his burning breath [2].

On our return we touched at *Procida*, and again re-embarking crossed the bay of *Pozzuolo*. The port that once engrossed the commerce of the East, and was accustomed to behold the Roman navy riving on its bosom, was all solitude and silence; not one sail was spread, not even a boat was seen to ply in its forsaken waters. The Julian mole, *Lucrinoque addita claustra* [3] no longer *repel the indignant waves:* the *royal structure* which was numbered among the wonders of Italy, has scarcely left a trace of its existence; and the moral of the poet is literally exemplified in the very instance which he selected for its illustration.

> Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
> Terrâ Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
> Regis opus [4] . . . *Hor. D. Arte Poeticâ.* 63.

We passed under *Nisida,* rising as a theatre from the sea; its lower part is covered with buildings, the upper is crowned as anciently with wood.

> Sylvaque quam fixam pelago Nesida coronat [5].
> *Stat.*

[1] Quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem. *Sil. Lib.* xii. 148.

Whose load o'erwhelms
The rebel giant, from whose mouth expire
Eddies of lurid smoke, and ruddy fire.

[2] *Ischia* is about eighteen miles in circumference, and may contain about seventy square miles; the number of its inhabitants amounts to four-and twenty thousand. It belongs to the King of Naples, and brings him a considerable income, arising principally from a tax on its wines.

[3] Virgil, Georgic. II. 161.

[4] We and our noblest works to fate must yield;
Ev'n Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleets defends.
*Francis.*

[5] And the wood that crowns
The Nesian isle, deep rooted in the main.

It was once the rural retreat of Brutus, and frequently honoured with Cicero's presence when on a visit to his friend.

On doubling the promontory of *Posilipo*, we beheld the bay with boats without number, skimming over its smooth surface, and Naples extended along the coast in all its glory full before us. The immense line of white edifices stretched along the beach, and spread over the hills behind; the bold but verdant coasts on either side, glittering with towns, villages, convents, and villas; and Mount Vesuvius raising its scorched summit almost in the centre, form a picture of singular beauty, and render this view from the sea preferable to every other, because it alone combines all the characteristic features of this matchless prospect. We landed at sunset, and sat down to dinner with our windows open full on the bay, the colours of which were gradually fading away and softening into the dim tints of twilight.

We now turned our attention to Vesuvius, and resolved to visit that mountain without delay, and the more so as the increasing heat of the weather might, in a short time, render such an excursion extremely inconvenient. Therefore, leaving Naples about three o'clock next morning, we reached *Portici*, where guides with mules had been previously engaged to meet us at four, and instantly began the ascent.

Vesuvius rises in a gentle swell from the shore; the first part or base of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides, such as *Portici*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre dell' Annunziata*, on the sea coast; and *Ottaiano*, *Somma*, *Massa*, etc., on the inland side. These are all large towns, and with the villages and villas that encircle them, and extend over the second region of the mountain, may be said, without exaggeration, to cover the lower parts of it with fertility, beauty, and population. The upper tract is a scene of perfect devastation, furrowed on all sides with rivers of lava extended in wide black lines over the surface. This region may be said to terminate at the *Atrio dei Cavalli* (horse court), for here the traveller is obliged to dismount and leave his horse till his return, as the summit of the mountain must be ascended on foot. This part has the shape of a truncated cone; it is formed almost entirely of ashes, and is extremely difficult of ascent, as it yields under the pressure of the foot, so that one step out of three may be considered as lost. The guides however afford every assistance, and by means of a leathern strap thrown over their shoulders ease the traveller not a little in his exertions. It is advisable to proceed slowly and rest at intervals, as the fatigue otherwise is sufficient to try even strong and youthful constitutions.

When we reached the summit we found ourselves on a narrow ledge of burnt earth or cinders, with the crater of the volcano open beneath us. This orifice in its present form, for it varies at almost every eruption, is about a mile and a half in circumference, and

may be about three hundred and fifty feet in depth; its eastern border is considerably higher than the western. Its sides are formed of ashes and cinders, with some rocks and masses of lava intermingled; they shelve in a steep declivity, enclosing at the bottom a flat space of about three quarters of a mile in circumference. We descended some way, but observing that the least motion or noise brought quantities of ashes and stones rolling together down the sides, and being called back by our guides, who assured us that we could not in safety go lower or even remain in our station, we reascended. We were near enough to the bottom however to observe, that it seemed to be a sort of crust of brown burnt earth, and that a little on one side there were three orifices like funnels, from whence ascended a vapor so thin as to be scarcely perceptible. Such was the state of the crater in the year 1802. We reached the summit a little before seven, and as we had ascended under the shade of the mountain we had yet felt no inconvenience from the heat; while on the top we were refreshed by a strong wind blowing from the east, and sat down on the highest point of the cone to contemplate the prospect.

Vesuvius is about three thousand six hundred feet in height, and of course does not rank among the greater mountains; but its situation is so advantageous, that the scene which it unfolds to the eye probably surpasses that displayed from any other eminence. That scene is Naples, with its bay, its islands, and its bordering promontories; the whole of that delicious region justly denominated the *Campania Felice* (happy Campania), with its numberless towns and townlike villages. It loses itself in the immensity of the sea on one side, and on the other is bordered by the Apennines, forming a semicircular frame of various tints and bold outline. I own I do not admire views taken from very elevated points; they indeed give a very good geographical idea of a country; but they destroy all the illusions of rural beauty, reduce hills and vales to the same level, and confound all the graceful swells and hollows of an undulated surface, into general flatness and uniformity.

The most interesting object seen from the summit of Vesuvius is the mountain itself, torn to pieces by a series of convulsions, and strewed with its own ruins. Vesuvius may be said to have two summits; the cone which I have described, and separated from it by a deep valley, a ridge called *Monte Somma* from a town that stands on its side. The distance between these two summits in a straight line, may be nearly two thousand feet. The ridge on the side towards the cone presents a steep rugged barren precipice; on the other side, it shelves gently towards the plain, and is covered with verdure and villages. The *Atrio dei Cavalli*, a valley or deep dell that winds between these eminences, is a desolate hollow, formed entirely of calcined stones, cinders, and ashes, and it resembles a vast subterraneous forge, the rocky roof of which has

given way, and admitted light from above. Hence it is conjectured, that it is part of the interior of the mountain, as the ridge that borders it, or the *Monta Somma*, is the remnant of the exterior, or original surface so much celebrated for its beauty and fertility, previous to the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era. It is indeed probable, that the throes and convulsions of the mountain in that first tremendous explosion may have totally shattered its upper parts, while the vast ejection of ashes, cinders, ignited stones, and melted minerals, must have left a large void in its centre. One entire side of the mountain seems to have been consumed or scattered around on this occasion, while the other remains in *Monte Somma*. The cavity thus formed was filled up in part by the matter ejected in subsequent eruptions, and gradually raised into the present cone, which however varies its shape with every new agitation, and increases or diminishes according to the quantity of materials thrown out by the mountain. Even in the last eruption [1], it lost a considerable share of its elevation, as the greater part of it after having been raised and kept suspended in the air for some minutes, sunk into the crater and almost filled its cavity. The fire raging in the gulph below having thus lost its vent, burst through the flank of the mountain, and poured out a torrent of lava that, as it rolled down the declivity, swept all before it, and in its way to the sea destroyed the greater part of *Torre del Greco*.

It is not my intention to describe the phenomena of Vesuvius, or to relate the details of its eruptions, which have been very numerous since the first recorded in history in the reign of Titus, so well described by Pliny the younger [2] in two well known epistles to Tacitus the historian. I shall only observe that although this eruption be the first of which we have an account, yet Vesuvius had all the features of a volcano, and particulary the traces of a crater from time immemorial. Strabo speaks of it as being hollowed out into caverns, and having the appearance of being preyed upon by internal fires; and Florus relates a stratagem employed by a Roman officer, who, he says, conducted a body of men through the cavities and subterraneous passages of that mountain [3]. These

[1] An. 1794.

[2] Pliny vi. 16, 20.

[3] Silius Italicus, who probably witnessed the grand eruption, seems to have been induced by the previous appearances of Vesuvius to indulge himself in a poetical fiction, and represent it as portending the carnage of *Cannæ* by a tremendous explosion—

> Ætneos quoque contorquens e cautibus ignes
> Vesvius intenuit, scopulisque in nubila jactis
> Phlegræus tetigit trepidantia sidera vertex.
>
> *Lib.* viii. 653.

vestiges however neither disfigured its form nor checked its fertility; and it is represented as a scene of beauty and abundance, covered with villas and enlivened by population [1], when the eruption burst forth with more suddenness and more fury than any similar catastrophe on record. The darkness, the flames, the agitation, the uproar, that accompanied this explosion, and extended its devastation and its terror so widely, might naturally excite among many of the degenerate and epicurean Romans that frequented the *Campanian* coasts, the opinion that the period of universal destruction was arrived, and that the atoms which formed the world were about to dissolve their fortuitous combination, and to plunge the universe once more into chaos.

The last eruption took place in 1794; the ashes, cinders, and even water, thrown from the mountain did considerable damage to the towns of *Somma, Ottaiano*, and all the circumjacent region; but the principal mischief was, as usual, occasioned by the lava, rivers of which, as I have already related, poured down the southern side of the mountain. These and several other torrents of similar matter, but earlier date, are seen from the summit, and may be traced from their source through the whole of their progress, which generally terminates in the sea. They are narrow at first, but expand as they advance, and appear like so many tracks of rich black mould just turned up by the plough. When their destructive effects are considered, one is surprised to see villas placed in their windings, vineyards waving over their borders, and towns rising in the very middle of their channels. Ravaged and tortured as the vicinity of Vesuvius has been for so many

Then too Vesuvius from his hollow womb
Sent forth, with hideous din, Ætnæan flames,
And hurling rocky masses to the sky,
The top of Phlegra touch'd the stars of Heav'n,
That trembled at the uproar.

[1] Hic est pampineis viridis mode Vesvius umbris:
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quam Nysæ colles plus Bacchus amavit,
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi:
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ:
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi!

*Mart. Lib.* iv. *Epig.* 44.

Here late Vesuvius fed the abundant vine,
The gen'rous grape here pour'd the streaming wine;
On these fair hills their dance the Satyrs wove;
These more than Nysa's top did Bacchus love;
More dear to Venus this than Spartan ground;
This for Alcides' name was far renown'd.
All now is lost, consum'd, forlorn, and drear;
The Gods might wish their pow'rs contracted here.

ages, it must appear singular, that it has not been abandoned by its inhabitants, and consigned to the *genius of fire and desolation* as his own peculiar territory. But such is the richness of the soil, and so slight the damages occasioned by the volcano, when compared to the produce of the lands fertilized by its ashes; so delightful is the situation, and of its numerous inhabitants so small the number that suffer by its agitations, that the evil when divested of its terrific appearances seems an ordinary calamity, not exceeding in mischief the accidents of fire and inundation so common in northen countries. The alarm is indeed great on the approach of an eruption, because it is usually preceded by earthquakes; but when once the fermenting matter finds vent, the general danger is considered as over, and the progress of the phenomena becomes an object of mere curiosity to all, excepting to the cultivators of the lands which the lava actually rolls over, or seems likely to ravage in its progress.

We descended the cone or upper part of the mountain with great ease and rapidity, as the ashes yielding to the tread prevented slipping, and enabled us to hasten our pace without danger. From the *Atrio dei Cavalli* we proceeded towards a bed of lava ejected in the last eruption, and found its appearance very different from that which we had observed from the summit. Thence it resembled long stripes of new ploughed land; here it was like the surface of a dark muddy stream convulsed by a hurricane, and frozen in a state of agitation; presenting rough broken masses rolling over each other, with a huge fragment rising here and there above the rest, like a wave distorted by the tempest and congealed in its fall. The exterior parts of this torrent of fire are cold, but the sand produced by the friction and the crumbling of the interior parts, although it is now eight years since the eruption, is still too hot to hold in the hand, as is indeed the earth itself under, or in immediate contact with these once glowing masses. We continued our descent, and again reached *Portici* about eleven o'clock [1].

[1] Notwithstanding the encomium of Martial, the summit of Vesuvius is represented by Strabo, that is sometime before the eruption of 79, as flat and totally barren. It is reported that in the intervals of some of the eruptions, its summit, and even the hollow of the crater, was covered with verdure and forest trees, as *Astroni*, a long extinguished volcano, is at present. The number of eruptions, including that of 1794, is said to be about thirty-one, it is not probable that in all these eruptions more than fifteen thousand persons perished; while in one eruption of Etna three times that number were buried under the ruins of one town only, *Catanea*.

## CHAPTER II.

**Herculaneum, Papyri—Torre del Greco—Pompeii; its Theatres, Temple, Porticos, and Villa, general Appearance and Effect—Excursion to the Aqueduct, and Palace of Caserta.**

PORTICI is a small town about six miles from Naples, on the sea shore, and at the foot of Vesuvius; its principal ornament is a royal palace. Under this town and palace lies buried, at the depth of seventy feet under accumulated beds of lava, the city of *Herculaneum*, the first victim of the fires of Vesuvius. Its name and catastrophe were too well recorded to be forgotten; but its site, though marked out by the ancients with tolerable precision, was a subject of debate among the learned, till an accident determined the controversy. A peasant sinking a well in his garden found several fragments of marble. The prince *d'Elbeuf*, being informed of the circumstance, purchased the spot, and, continuing the excavations, discovered various statues, pillars, and even a whole temple of the finest marble, adorned with statues. The Neapolitan government then interposed, and suspended all further excavations for the space of twenty years; at which time, instead of satisfying the public curiosity and doing itself immortal honour by purchasing the village and buildings above, and laying open the whole city below, it bought *the* ground, but with characterestic stupidity resolved to *cover it* with a palace. The excavations were indeed continued occasionally but negligently, and rather for the purpose of profit than of liberal curiosity. However, a basilica, two temples, and a theatre were successively discovered and stripped of their numerous pillars and statues. Streets were observe, paved and flagged on the sides, and private houses, and even monuments explored. A prodigious number of statues of bronze of different sizes, pillars of marble and alabaster, and paintings and mosaics, many entire and in high perfection, others fractured and damaged, have been drawn from the edifices of this subterraneous city, and give a high idea of its opulence: to these we may add every species of ornaments used in dress, of weapons and armour, of kitchen utensils and domestic furniture, of agricultural and chirurgical instruments. More treasures, without doubt, might be extracted from this long forgotten mine of antiquity, but the almost inconceivable indifference of the court, and the indolence with which the excavations have been carried on: as well as the manner, which is more influenced by a regard for the safety of the heavy useless modern palace, than by any considerations of curiosity and interest in the

ancient city, have hitherto, in spite of public eagerness, checked or rather suspended the undertaking. At present, the theatre is the only part open to inspection; the descent is by a long flight of stairs wide and convenient, but the darkness below is too deep to be dispelled by the feeble glare of a few torches; and some of the seats for the spectators, and the front of the stage, are the only objects distinguishable. The other excavations are filled up, as the method is to open one only at a time, always filling that which is abandoned with the rubbish drawn from that which is newly opened.

Emerging from this gloomy cavern we turned to the palace, and proceeded directly to the repository of the numberless articles collected in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. Unfortunately the furniture of these apartments, which had all been packed up and carried to *Palermo* on the approach of the French, either had not arrived or had not been unpacked; we had therefore the mortification to find the numerous cases empty, and were obliged to content ourselves with the inspection of some pictures in the rooms below, and some pavements in those above. Of the former, the subjects are generally taken from mythology; some however are fantastic landscapes, and others arabesque decorations: the design is bold and graceful, but the execution oftentimes indifferent: hence they are supposed to be copies of celebrated pictures taken by ordinary painters. The pavements of the upper rooms are ancient, and some of uncommon beauty, formed of marble of the most brilliant colours, and arranged with exquisite taste and effect.

But of all the articles of this collection however curious, and of all the treasures drawn from *Herculaneum* however valuable, the most curious and most valuable are, without doubt, the manuscripts there discovered. Of these a considerable number dissolved into dust as soon as exposed to the air, while others, though scorched or rather burned, resist the action of that element. The number of the latter may, I believe, be about eighteen hundred. As a very small part of *Herculaneum* has hitherto been explored, it is highly probable, that if a general excavation were made, ten times the number of manuscripts above mentioned might be discovered, and among them perhaps, or rather very probably, some of the first works of antiquity, the loss of which has been so long lamented. The destruction of the palace of *Portici*, and of the village of *Resina*, would without doubt be abundantly compensated by the recovery of the Decads of Titus Livius and of the books wanting in Tacitus, or of the treatise of Cicero *De Gloriâ*, or of his Dialogues *De Republicâ*, that grand repository of all the political wisdom of the ancients. The first manuscripts unfolded were Greek, and as *Herculaneum* was known to be a Greek city, it was presumed that the whole collection might be in that language; but several Latin works have been found since, and there is every reason to believe that in a city so rich, and inhabited by so many wealthy Romans,

there must have been considerable libraries both public and private, and of course, complete collections of Roman authors.

The mode of unrolling these manuscripts was invented by a priest of the congregation of the *Somaschi* (a body of clergy who devote themselves to the education of youth), but as the government of Naples, though it employed him and an assistant whom he instructed in the process, did not however give much encouragement to the undertaking, the work languished, and the manuscripts long remained a neglected treasure. At length, the Prince of Wales, with a munificence that does honour to his taste and his public spirit, undertook to defray the expenses, and selected a person, not only qualified for the task by his deep and extensive information, but peculiarly adapted to it by his zeal and perseverance. The gentleman aluded to is Mr. Hayter, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is now established at *Portici*, and superintends the process of unfolding the *papyri* with indefatigable assiduity. Never indeed were vigilance and patience more necessary, as the method employed requires the most delicate touch, and the most unremitting attention. One hasty gesture may spoil a whole volume, and the most important and most laborious task of the superintendent is to prevent such accidents by repressing the eagerness of the workmen. To this tediousness, inseparable from the very nature of the operation itself, and to the difficulty of procuring steady workmen in a country where ardour and impetuosity are the predominant features of the national character, must be attributed the slow and almost imperceptible progress of this undertaking. It is indeed melancholy to reflect, that supposing the work to be carried on *with* the same zeal and on the same principles as at present, *centuries* must elapse before the manuscripts now in hand can be *unrolled*, and their contents given to the public. To which we may add, that such is the extreme frailty of the *papyri* themselves, that with all the care and precaution imaginable, not one probably can escape mutilation, and pass through the process without some detriment, or rather without material defalcation.

The fate of *Herculaneum* naturally reminds us of *Pompeii*, which was destined to perish by the same disastrous catastrophe in the first century, and to arise again from its tomb in the eighteenth. We accordingly made an excursion to this town on Monday the 7th of June. It is about fourteen miles from Naples, on the road to *Nocera*. From Naples to *Torre del Greco*, the highway is almost a street, so close are the villas, villages, and towns to each other. As the road runs along the coast, and at the foot of Vesuvius, every break gives on one side a view of the bay, on the other of the mountain.

*Torre del Greco* still presents in its shattered houses, half buried churches, and streets almost choked up with lava, a melancholy instance of the ravages of the last eruption. The depth of the de-

structive torrent is in some places five-and-twenty feet; so that the entrance into several houses is now in the second story; and into one church, through the great window over the western door. Some edifices were entirely destroyed; others were surrounded, incrusted and filled with lava, and may perhaps give a very accurate idea of the state *Herculaneum* at the time of its destruction. The inhabitants, after having seen their town in part levelled with the ground or swallowed up in the fiery deluge, and in part shaken and disjointed, would have been excusable if they had transferred the wreck of their property to some other less obnoxious quarter. But the disasters to which their country is exposed seem rather to increase than diminish their attachment; and when we passed, a new city was already rising upon the former.

A French traveller, who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very *ingeniously*, and at the same time much to the *credit* of his species, compares them to ants which never fail to repair their nests, how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to be to degrade and vilify human nature: and since that period whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in succession to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbours, and is united with the wise, the good, the great of all ages and countries in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature. In opposition therefore to the *sagacious president*, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of *Torre del Greco*, and consider their perseverance, which, undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage amid the ruins of Rome still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of *Veii*; and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter [1]?

The town of *Torre del Greco* was supposed by Cluverius to occupy the site of *Herculaneum*, because the distances nearly corresponded, and inscriptions have been found that seem to corro-

[1] Adeo nihil tenet solum patriæ, nec hæc terra quam matrem appellamus; sed in superficie, tignisque caritas nobis patriæ pendet?—*Tit. Liv., lib.* v., cap. 54.

"Is then the soil of our country, and this land which we call our mother, of no account? and is our affection for our country connected only with the plot of ground on which our house is built, and the beams of which it is composed?"

borate this conjecture. In fact, making allowances for the extent of the ancient town, there is little more than three quarters of a mile difference, so that its name and jurisdiction extended probably much farther. Hence the *Salinæ* (salt-pits), which lay on the coast further on, and probably near, if not beyond *Torre d'Annonciata*, were called *Herculanenses*. The road to this last-mentioned town crosses various beds of lava, poured out at different periods : it is, notwithstanding this circumstance, bordered with houses and villas, and enlivened by perpetual crowds and agitation.

Beyond *Torre d'Annonciata* the road turns a little from the sea, and crosses the ancient *Palus Pompeiana*, once perhaps a marsh, now a rich plain, raised and fertilized by the very ashes which buried the unfortunate *Pompeii*. We stopped at a farm-house in appearance, and, alighting in the court, found ourselves in the quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers : the destination and date of this edifice, its form and colouring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, fresh as if written yesterday, are objects sufficiently curious to interest without the aid of architecture, of which this building cannot boast; it is an oblong square, with a portico on all sides, supported by Doric pillars of brick plastered over and painted alternately red and yellow, with the exception of the two in the middle of each side, which are blue; behind are numerous apartments about fourteen feet square. Immediately behind the barracks are two theatres, one small and supposed to have been covered, the other large; both these edifices were *lined* with marble, beautifully paved, and in every respect highly finished. The pavement of the arenæ of the smaller theatre is entire, and engraved on it, in a line parallel with the stage, are the following words in large brass letters : —

M. OCULATIUS, M. F. VERUS IIVIR PRO LUDIS [1].

In other respects these theatres have very much the form of the *Teatro Olimpico* of *Palladio* at *Verona* : having like it a narrow proscenium, and three entrances (one large, the other two less) to the stage from the scenery behind. In the larger of these fabrics the seats rest on the side of a hill, above which was a colonnade or portico communicating with a public walk, or rather forming part of a forum. The side of a hill was indeed peculiarly favourable to the arrangements of an ancient theatre, and seems to have been frequently chosen for the purpose. These theatres when discovered were nearly entire; they have since been stripped of their decorations, but still retain all their characteristic features.

The temple of Isis is behind the little theatre, and occupies an angle formed by two streets. It consists of a small court supported

[1] Marcus Oculatius, and Marcus F. Verus, overseers of the public games.

by Doric pillars, at one end of which is the *cella* raised on several steps; to this *cella* there are two doors, one in front opening on the court, the other on the side; in the back of the *cella* is a piece of brick-work nearly breast high, running from side to side, and leaning against the wall; it is hollow and arched, and open at each end with steps conducting to it. This circumstance has induced the *Ciceroni* to represent it as a lurking place for the priests, who, they say, gave answers from thence in the name of the idol that stood above; and it has thus afforded the *profound president Dupaty* an opportunity of declaiming against priestcraft; while a female traveller, with all the piety and tenderness of her sex, laments the fate of the *poor deluded votaries*. It is a pity that so much eloquence and so much compassion should be thrown away, but so they have been upon the present occasion. In the first place, it does not appear that oracles were ever given at *Pompeii*, as this was a privilege reserved to the ancient and more renowned temples; in the second place, oracles had ceased every where long before this temple or edicula (for it scarce deserves the former appellation) was erected; thirdly, these entrances are too public, and the whole contrivance too gross to dupe the dullest peasant, much less the polished inhabitants of *Pompeii*. There is close to the Cella, a room in which a skeleton was discovered. There are niches where various statues of Venus, Priapus, etc., were found, which, with the furniture, marbles, and pictures, were transported to *Portici*. The whole of this edifice appeared to me ill-proportioned in form, and poor in materials; its pillars are brick plastered, and most of its ornaments are stucco.

Behind this temple is a court surrounded with a portico, supported by twenty Doric pillars: from a sort of pulpit on one side, I should suppose it intended for some public assembly. It communicates with the grand portico of the theatre, supported by nearly a hundred stone pillars of the same order, that is, Doric, but in proportion bordering upon Tuscan. Near this portico lie several fragments of columns, of a much larger size and of bolder proportions; as the excavations have been carried no farther on this side, it is difficult to form any conjecture about their destination; perhaps they belonged to the temple of Neptune, and may have been thrown down and laid in their present situation by the earthquake which nearly destroyed this city a few years previous to the eruption that buried it finally. The damage occasioned by the first disaster was never probably repaired, and seems to account for the apparent want of architectural magnificence in a city, equal perhaps in size and population to *Herculaneum*, and complimented by Seneca with the addition of "*celebrem Campaniæ urbem*[1]."

[1] A celebrated city of Campania.

The street which runs from the neighbourhood of the soldiers' quarters to the gate is narrow, that is, only about thirteen feet wide, formed like the *Via Appia* at *Itri*, and other places where it remains entire, of large stones fitted to each other in their original form, without being cut or broken for the purpose. There are on each side parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement is furrowed by two deep ruts, which show evidently that the carriages always kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder; of course they must have all moved in the same direction, and had regular hours for coming and going, as there is not room for two, and even if there were, the stone posts which are placed at intervals would oblige them to return to the track. The houses on either side stand close to each other, seem to have been shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly the same size, all paved and painted much in the same manner. In one of these buildings were found several unfinished statues, that announce the workshop of a statuary. In another, the word *Salve* (welcome), engraved in large characters on the threshold in Mosaic, indicate, it may be supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ which contained wine, still remain; and on the marble slab that served as a shopboard are the marks of cups or glasses. The gate has one large central and two less openings on the side, with parapets of the same breadth as the street; without, but close to it, are semicircular recesses with stone seats, and beyond a tomb and a palumbarium or receptacle of cinerary urns.

The most perfect and most curious object that has been yet discovered is a villa at a little distance from the town. It consists of three courts; in the centre of the last and largest is a pond, and an edicula or little temple; there are numerous apartments of every description paved in Mosaic, coloured and adorned with various paintings on the walls, all in a very beautiful style. The baths in this villa seem to have been the principal object of luxurious indulgence, and are laid out with a refinement of art and contrivance that can receive few or no improvements from all our modern inventions. In the cellars under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row with their backs against the wall: the ashes which had gradually worked their way into every corner, had hardened into a solid mass, which when removed was found in some places imprest with the form of the bosom, and even retaining part of the garment. At the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, the other with a purse grasped in his hand. This villa is said to have belonged to Arrius: the name of Arrius has no charm in its sound! what traveller, while visiting it, would not wish to persuade himself that he was ranging over the apartments

of Cicero's *Pompeianum*. It stood in the neighbourhood of this town, and *possibly* on this very spot. It was a favourite retreat, and much frequented by Cicero and his friends Atticus, Hortensius, Sulpicius, etc. From it he sailed to Greece, in order to join Pompey, after having declined the dubious offer of the three cohorts stationed at *Pompeii*. At all events, if the excavations were carried on with spirit, and on a large scale, there is no doubt but that Cicero's villa would be found, and probably some inscription, statue, or other circumstance, recording the name of the most illustrious of its proprietors.

The houses are on a small scale, generally of one, sometimes of two stories; the principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and a marble cistern in the middle; two had glass windows, in the others shutters only were used; the pavements are all mosaic, and the walls are stained with mild colours; the decorations are basso relievos in stucco, and paintings in medallions. Marble seems to have been common. On the whole, *Pompeii*, in all the circumstances which I have mentioned, bears a strong resemblance to modern Italian towns, with this only difference, that in point of general appearance the latter have, I think, the advantage. It must however be remembered, that *Pompeii* had already been damaged by an earthquake[1], that the roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of ashes and pumice stones upon them; and in short, that, as not more than a quarter of the town has been hitherto explored, buldings of greater magnificence may still remain undiscovered.

It is generally supposed, that the destruction of this city was sudden and unexpected; and it is even recorded that the people were surprised and overwhelmed at once by the volcanic shower while in the theatre[2]. But this opinion seems ill-founded; the number of skeletons discovered in *Pompeii* does not amount to sixty, and supposing it to have been ten times that number, it would still be very inconsiderable when compared to the extent and population of the city. It may perhaps be doubted, whether *Pompeii* was ever fully restored and repeopled after the earthquake of sixty-three; but it certainly was repaired in part, and inhabited by a very considerable body of citizens, as must appear from the state in which the houses and apartments are at this day, that is, painted and ornamented not only with neatness, but even with elegance.

As for the circumstance of the inhabitants, of either *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*, being surprised while in the theatre, it is so palpable an absurdity, that it is difficult to conceive how the his-

[1] Motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum, Pompeii corruit.—*Tac. Ann.* xv. 22. "Pompeii, a celebrated town of Campania, was overthrown by an earthquake."

[2] Dio lxvi.

torian above-mentioned could relate it with so much gravity. It may be questioned whether even one skeleton was found in or near the theatres at either place. The first agitation, and the threatening aspect of the mountain, must have banished mirth and amusement far from its borders, and filled every heart with awe, expectation, and terror. While the earth was rocking under their feet, and the mountain bellowing over their heads; while the country was deluged with liquid fire, and the whole atmosphere was loaded with ashes and sulphur, the people of the towns immediately within the range of destruction could not have been so frantic as to sit down quietly to theatrical exhibitions. Symptoms, indeed, of the approaching explosion had manifested themselves in numbers and manner sufficiently terrific to alarm the strongest minds, particularly when not accustomed to volcanic phenomena. Not to speak of the previous earthquakes mentioned by Pliny [1], because not uncommon on that coast, Dio relates that the summit of the mountain was thronged with spectres, who sometimes moved along its brows, and sometimes raising themselves from the ground, flitted through the air in hideous and gigantic shapes. This appearance was probably occasioned by the vapours working through the crevices of the earth, and rising and expanding as they escaped from confinement; an appearance which a superstitious and terrified populace might easily metamorphose into fiends and furies. Pliny, in the same epistle, describes the cloud rising from Vesuvius in the form of a pine, observed at *Misenus* about the seventh hour of the day, or one o'clock *post meridiem* (in the afternoon). The elder Pliny embarked shortly after; (the younger, who remained at *Misenus*, seems from his own account to have been deficient either in spirit or curiosity, on this occasion so well calculated to call forth both [2]. As the wind was fair, he must have reached the coast of *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii* about four o'clock.

As he approached, the shallowness of the sea, occasioned perhaps by the agitation and the swell of the earth under (not certainly by the ruins of the mountain, as his nephew expresses it) obliged him to change his course, and to turn to *Stabiæ*. *Stabiæ* stood on or near the side of *Castell à Mare*, which still bears its

[1] Ep. Lib. 20.

[2] Jubet Liburnicam aptari: mihi, si venire una vellem, facit copiam. Respondi studere me malle; et forte ipse quod scriberem, dederat *. *Plin. Ep.* vi. 16. What lesson could books afford equal to that which nature was then exhibiting? We find him afterwards making extracts from Livy, in circumstances still more astonishing!

* He orders his pinnace to be got ready, and offers to take me with him, if I was so disposed. I replied that I had rather attend to my studies; and in fact he himself had given me something to write.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent[1].

*Æn.* iii. 755.

Immediately above the buildings, the ground rises, not into a cliff, casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, on the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clad with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming, with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city raised from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld, must remain for ever pictured on the imagination; and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

Among the modern works that adorn the territory, or rather the vicinity of Naples, the two noblest are the aqueduct and the palace of Caserta. Both lie north of Naples; the former is most distant; the road is over a dilicious plain *Acerra,* a very ancient town, remarkable however for nothing but its attachment to the Romans, even after the battle of *Cannæ*, and in the presence of Annibal[2]. Some miles farther we passed *Sessola*, now a village, once *Suessula,* a city, noticed frequently in Titus Livius for a Roman camp, long stationary on the hills above it: we shortly after skirted *Maddoloni,* and entered the valley to which it gives its name. This valley is formed by *Mount Tifata* on one side, and on the other by *Monte Gazzona,* which is only a branch of the former. It is long and deep; its sides are rugged, and its appearance is wild and solitary.

In the midst of this lonely dell, the traveller is surprised to be-

[1] All things were full of horror of affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
*Dryden.*

[2] Liv. xxiii. 17. It is perhaps better known for the fertility of its soil extolled by Virgil, or rather for the harmony of the verses which terminate in its name.

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquis Acerris.
*Georg.* ii. 224.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields.
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius, yields;
And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflowed the unhappy coast.
*Dryden.*

The inhabitants seem to have secured themselves by embankments against the mischievous swells of the *Clanius* (new *Chiagno*, and sometimes *Lagno*) alluded to in the last line.

old an immense bridge, formed of a triple row of lofty arches, rossing with gigantic strides from one side to the other. This ridge forms part of the celebrated aqueduct of *Caserta*; it is ear two thousand feet in length, and two hundred in height, and onveys a whole river of the purest water across the valley. The tream itself is collected in the neighbourhood of *Mount Taburnus*, nd carried sometimes through mountains, and sometimes over val-eys to the palace; but though the work may in many places have een difficult, it in no other part assumes the magnificence of his aqueduct. In length, elevation, and effect, it surpasses all imilar edifices of modern construction, and may, indeed, vie with some of the noblest Roman monuments. The first row consists of nineteen arches, the second of twenty-seven, and the third of forty-three. The stream is about four feet wide, and three and a half deep. From a reservoir on the top of *Gazzano*, it s precipitated down the declivity to the plain; where collected in a long straight canal, it loses its rapidity, and assumes the appear-ance of an old-fashioned stagnant pool [1].

From the hill we descended along the side of the aqueduct to the gardens of *Caserta*, extensive and regular, and if we except a part n the English style, uninteresting. We then entered the pa-ace, one of the noblest edifices of the kind in Europe for magni-ude and elevation. It is a vast quadrangle near eight hundred eet in length, six hundred in breadth, and in height one hundred nd twenty. It is divided into four great courts; a portico, sup-ported by a hundred pillars, and wide enough for carriages to pass, extends from the grand entrance to the opposite side. An octa-gonal hall, in the centre of the edifice, opens on the portico, and at the some time on the courts, and the principal staircase. The staircase is about twenty feet wide, consists of at least one hundred steps, each of one piece of marble, and ends in an octagon vesti-bule, supported by twenty-four marble pillars. From these pillars rise arcades, which cover the entrances into the grand apartments; that opposite the staircase is the chapel, which is well propor-tioned and highly decorated. Its form is ancient, terminating in a semicircular recess, for the altar. The royal gallery is over the

[1] The arches of the upper row in this aqueduct are the highest, and those of the under the lowest, an arrangement contrary to ancient practice, and certainly not pleasing to the eye; but whether it may be considered as a defect or not, I will not presume to determine. It is to be regretted that an edifice of such magnitude and solidity is of brick with a sort of pumice stone intermingled; it ought to have been coated with marble in the Roman manner. The difference which it might have made in the expense could not have been a matter of importance in a country where marble is so common. The architect was *Vanvitelli*, a man of great, and, as may well be supposed, of merited reputation. The inscriptions on the middle arch under which the road goes are long, and as usual, pompous, and therefore misplaced. Such a work requires no eulogium.

entrance and in front of the altar; it is on the same level as the side galleries, and with them forms a most beautiful colonnade, supported by four-and-twenty pillars of the finest marble. This chapel is on the same plan as that of *Versailles;* but in size, proportion, materials, and ornaments, far superior, and may be considered, when united with the staircase, as the noblest part of the palace.

The other apartments do not seem to correspond with it in grandeur; and of the whole edifice of *Caserta,* it may be said that, notwithstanding the advantages of magnitude and regularity, it is deficient in effect, because it wants *greatness of manner.* The whole is on a great scale, and so ought the component parts to have been, but the reverse is the case. Though the building be more than a hundred feet, in height, yet the columns that adorn the front are not more than fifty. Again, the length of the front is near eight hundred feet, the colonnade, therefore, that adorns it, ought to have been extremely prominent; on the contrary, it has very little relief, and indeed scarcely seems to project from the wall behind it. The interior portico is six hundred feet in length, yet the pillars that support it are not twenty in height: it has therefore the appearance of a long gallery. Whether these defects are to be ascribed to the interference of the king himself (*Don Carlos* of Spain), who is supposed to have given the general plan, and may be suspected of having sometimes entered into the details of execution; or whether they result from the original design, we know not, but they certainly lessen the effect, and deprive this palace of the grandeur to which its materials, situation, and magnitude, entitle it.

I mean not by these observations to disparage the work, or to lower the reputation of the architect. The fame of *Vanvitelli* is above the reach of censure; as long as the aqueduct of *Maddaloni* stands, so long will his name be placed with that of *Michael Angelo* and of *Bramante;* and as long as the stranger ascends by the marble staircase of *Caserta* to its marble chapel, so long will it be numbered among the first palaces in Europe. I only lament that the former either did not, or could not, realize his own sublime conceptions; and that the latter, with all the advantages which it possesses, was not carried one degree nearer to perfection.

The observations which I have ventured to make on *Caserta,* might be extended to almost all the palaces which I have had an opportunity of visiting. The imperial residences, whether at *Vienna, Inspruck,* or *Prague,* have no claim to architectural ornament, at least externally; and it is to the exterior that my observations are at present confined The palaces of the *Tuileries* and *Versailles* are of a different description, and cannot be said to want ornament or even symmetry, but the style varies so often, and the

s so often changing on the eye, that proportions are constantly racting each other, and no part produces its full effect. he front of the *Tuileries* consists of five parts; a lofty pa- in the centre, two long low buildings on each side, and a lofty pavilion at each end. The central pavilion consists stories, adorned with pillars, the wings of two, the pavilions end, of one story, and a most enormous attic. The deco- of the two latter are Corinthian pilasters; massive, bold, and ic; and had the same style been continued throughout the length, the effect would have been truly noble; but as it is, eatness of manner so conspicuous in these two members, akes the two orders of the wings, and the three of the centre r mean and diminutive. The *Louvre*, at least the front faces the river, is simple and manly. The celebrated colon- which forms the principle front, is, with many defects, cer- beautiful.

*ailles* may be said to have two fronts; one facing the road, er looking on the garden; the former consists of several courts g into each other, and contracting as they recede from the so that angle succeeds angle, and roof sinks behind roof. The towards the garden presents a considerable length, but the which decorates it is petty; moreover, the wings fall back, breaking the line destroy the unity of the view. Thus, are ge edifices, notwithstanding their magnitude, reduced by y proportions of their component parts to *vast heaps of s*.

palace of Mafra is the most magnificent of the royal resi- in Portugal: it presents a long and stately front, and consists ral courts, containing, besides the royal apartments, a con- *library*, and a very handsome church. So far it seems to the Escurial; but its front, though its size and materials are and costly, is disfigured by a profusion of useless ornaments, proportioned colonnade, and a broken whimsical entabla- d pediment.

King of Prussia can boast of a palace which, though inferior bove-mentioned edifices in extent, is yet in *style* superior. the vicinity of *Potsdam*, and called the *Red Palace*, from or of the stone of which it is in part built: its front is sim- med of few members, and decorated with a bold Corinthian . Frederic the Great was fond of the arts; he seemed ous of giving both his capital and his residence as much ctural splendour as possible; and to a certain degree, he ceeded, as few cities present so much pillared scenery as and *Potsdam*. Unfortunately, either he has not always d the best models, or his architects have as usual deviated ncient proportions. Hence the columns are generally too and the pediments too high, and hence also those per-

petual interruptions of the *line*, and those *zigzags* and flourishes so unnatural in stone and marble, and yet so frequent in modern decorations. To these defects we may add another scarcely less reprehensible; these porticos and colonnades are frequently like a theatrical decoration, mere deceptions; so that the spectator, when he has admired a noble front and enters the portal with the expectation of seeing a church or a hall of corresponding grandeur, is surprised to find himself sometimes in a petty meeting-house, and sometimes in a narrow dirty passage. However the *Brandenburgh Gate,* which is an imperfect imitation of the *Propylæum,* has a noble appearance, and may perhaps be considered as the most faultless piece of architecture in Germany [1].

The country palace of *Willelmeshohe* in the neighbourhood of Cassel, erected by the present Landgrave, has an Ionic colonnade of considerable boldness and beauty, and is in *manner* comparable if not superior to most royal residences. The palace of *Laken* erected by the Archduchess Christina and the Duke Albert, has one fine feature, a beautiful colonnade and dome.

It has been observed that there is not in England a single royal palace fit for the residence of the sovereign of so great and opulent a nation. With the exception of the feudal mansion of Windsor, which derives not a little grandeur from its site and magnitude, and more majesty from its antiquity and connexion with the history and the literature of England, than the noblest architecture could give it; with this single exception the remark may be just. But whence comes this deficiency? It cannot be said that the Kings of England have wanted either the inclination or the means of building, as scarce a reign has passed that has not seen a new palace, castle, *box,* cottage, pavilion, or nameless and shapeless *something* arise for the royal accommodation. Nor can it fairly be objected that the King of England cannot, like other sovereigns, draw at pleasure upon the treasury. Till the Revolution the monarch could command what portion of the public income he thought proper, and since that period, sovereigns do not appear to have been too economical, or parliaments very parsimonious. The truth is, that the King of England possesses as many royal residences as any prince in Europe, and as much money has been expended upon them here as in any other country; but at the same time it is to be remembered, that *taste* has been

[1] The French have since carried off the bronze quadriga with the figure of Victory, which surmounted the pediment of this gate. I know not whether defied and challenged as they had been by the Court of Berlin, they were not justifiable in this act of plunder. *Victory* of course follows the *victor.* Prussia has recovered Victory and its reputation. It will, I hope, profit by the lesson, and never more expose itself to the danger of forfeiting *both* by duplicity, treachery, and a vile, selfish system of atheistic politics.

[redacted] in the designs, and economy in the expenditure. However, if the royal mansions be deficient in grandeur, the defect is abundantly compensated by the splendour and the grandeur of the villas and the country houses of the nobility and the gentry. Here indeed England combines all the countries in the world, and far eclipses the glories even of Italy. The palaces that rise in the most distant provinces, the châteaux and parcs that grace them, and all the temple-like magnificence that surrounds them, give a stranger the idea of so many imperial abodes, and present scenes of architecture superior to all modern exhibitions, and inferior only to the splendour of ancient Rome.

## CHAPTER III.

Excursion to Benevento—Forca Caudina—Mount Taburno—Benevento, its Triumphal Arch—Excursion—Sorrento—Cave—Salerno—Mount Alburnus—Pestum, its History and Temples.

Our next excursion was to *Benevento*, an ancient city now belonging to the Pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. The road passes through *Aversa*, and about five miles beyond enters the mountains that border the plains of *Campania*. Some beautiful scenery here amuses the eye as it wanders over the hills. To the right on the summit of a bold eminence covered with wood, stands a Gothic castle, which might, beyond the Alps, be deemed interesting, not only from its appropriate site, but from its magnitude and antiquity; but in Italy such an edifice appears misplaced and incongruous. It reminds us of the irruption of barbarians, of the fall of the arts, of the desolation of the finest region in the world, and of the many ages of disaster that have since passed over it. The eye is soon relieved from the frowns of this feudal prison, by a scene better suited to the character and the general features of the country. In the middle of a sylvan theatre formed by the bending of a hill, carpeted by deep verdure and shaded by thick foliage, swells an eminence; on that eminence, rises a rock, and on the summit of the rock, under a spreading olive-tree, stands an hermitage, that seems from its situation to be the cell of one of the holy solitaries of times of old;

Ch' in aerea magion fa dimoranza [1]. *Tasso.*

[1] ——but oft
I dwell on airy Lebanon aloft,
Or fix on Carmel's brow my high abode.
*Hunt's Translation.*

Shortly after we passed through *Arienzo;* it forms a long street at the foot of hills branching out from the *Monti Tifatini,* and it contains some good buildings intermingled with groves, orchards, and gardens. This town stands at the entrance of a defile, which contracts as it advances, and almost closes at the village called *Le Forche d'Arpaia* (the Forks of Arpaia).

*Arpaia* is generally considered as the ancient *Caudium*, and the defile is supposed to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ* (the Caudine Forks). If this supposition be well-founded, time and cultivation, aided perhaps by earthquakes and torrents, must have made a considerable alteration in its original appearance. The former have long since levelled the forests that once clothed the sides of the mountains: the latter may have swept away the sand and loose soil from the declivities, and thus lowered the hills; while the ruins of *Caudium,* and the formation of the *Via Appia,* in conjunction with the preceding causes, may have filled, raised, and widened the narrow path in the middle. Thus the difficulties of the passage may have been removed, and the gloom that hung over it dissipated. The bordering mountains are indeed on one side steep and naked; but on the other they are covered with olive, ilex, and corn fields; the interval between is in the narrowest part of the defile, at least three hundred feet; and on the whole it presents nothing to alarm any, and much less a Roman army.

On stopping at *Arpaia* we were accosted by the pastor of the place, a venerable old man, who immediately concluding that we wished to examine the defile, took us first to his house to show us an Italian work on the subject, and thence conducted us to the convent of the Capuchins; it stands on an eminence called *Giogo (Jugum) de Sta. Maria*[1] on the right, where from a threshing-floor we had a very distinct view of the ground, and could compare appearances with the description of Titus Livius. Our worthy guide cited the historian with great volubility, enlarged upon the critical situation of the Romans and the generosity of the Samnites, whom he considered as his countrymen and called *Nostri Sanniti,* and inveighed with great vehemence against the ingratitude and cowardice of the former, who returning with superior numbers almost exterminated their generous adversaries. It was amusing to see passions so long extinguished revive, and patriotism, which had lost its object for more than two thousand years, and had been absorbed in well-grounded attachment to a more glorious and more extensive country, glow with useless ardour in the bosom of a solitary individual. In truth, these generous passions that long made Italy so great and so illustrious, and turned every province and almost every city into a theatre of deeds of valour and achievements of heroism; that armed every hand, first against the ambition

[1] The hill of St. Mary.

and afterwards for the glory of Rome, the Capital and the pride of their common country; all these passions exist still in Italy, burn with vigour even in the bosoms of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.

Upon an attentive inspection of the valley now before us, it is impossible for the candid traveller, notwithstanding popular tradition [1] strengthened by some great authorities, to consider it as the defile described Livius, or consequently admit it to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. "Saltus duo," says the historian, "alti, angusti, sylvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti, jacet inter eos satis patens clausus in medio campus herbidus aquosusque per quem medium iter est. Sed antequam venias ad eum intrandæ primæ angustiæ sunt, aut eadem qua te insinuaveris via repetenda; aut si ire pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum [2]." In this *picture* we may observe, that the valley of *Caudium* is clausad at both ends and watered by a stream. The valley of *Arpaia* is open at one extremity and has no stream. Besides, the vale of *Arpaia* lay out of the way, which the Consul, whose object was despatch, could not be supposed to wish to lengthen. These reasons given by Cluverius, and confirmed as we thought beyond contradiction by the inspection of the ground, obliged us to resign, though reluctantly, the pleasure of believing ourselves on a spot described by such an historian, and ennobled by such an event [3].

When we had passed the defile, we observed on our right a noble ridge of mountains covered with verdure, and broken into various rocks and precipices; and on our left another of a less beautiful but bolder form, lifting its stony surface to the clouds, that rolled in thick mists over its brow and added to the majesty of its appearance. Naked, craggy, and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides, *Mount Taburnus*, which we are now contemplating,

[1] Popular tradition, when very ancient and very constant, may be considered as almost decisive on such subjects; it then becomes uninterrupted remembrance. In the present case it is neither ancient nor constant.

[2] There are two tall, narrow, and woody forests, joined together by continuous mountains which closely surround them; a grassy and well-watered plain of some extent, but confined in the middle, lies betwixt them, through the midst of which the road runs. But before you arrive at it, the first strait must be entered, or the same road by which you wound into it must be retraced; or if you persist in going forward, you must make your way out through another forest still more narrow and impassable.—L. ix. 2.

[3] Cluverius places the *Furcæ Caudinæ* a little higher up, and near the town of *Sta. Agatha*, where a defile watered by the *Faenza*, anciently the *Isclerus*, and closed at both ends, is said to answer the description of Livy, and to correspond with the direction of the Consul's march. The town of *Airola* he supposes to be the ancient *Caudium*. This defile almost joins the *Forche d'Arpaia* at one end.

either never possessed, or has long since resigned, the olive forests with which Virgil *wished to robe* his gigantic mass [r]. The road thence becomes stony, and continues to wind through a country less fertile indeed than *Campania,* but finely varied with hill and dale, and presenting in every view a pleasing mixture of wildness and cultivation

We were now once more on the *Via Appia,* and passed two rivers over two Roman bridges, still in good repair. From the first we had a delightful view of the mountains which we had passed, as the evening sun cast a strong golden glow over the shining verdure of their sides and summits. After having crossed the *Sabato,* which still retains its ancient name, we entered *Beneventum* about sun-set. This city is of so ancient a date as to claim Diomedes for its founder: however, though well known and much frequented, it never seems to have acquired any celebrity. It long bore the inauspicious appellation of *Maleventum,* which it changed when made a Roman colony into *Beneventum,* a name well suited as a happy omen to the occasion. After the fall of the empire, it was with the rest of Italy, possessed by the Goths, then upon their expulsion by the Greeks, and afterwards became an independent principality under the Lombards. Thence it rose to a dukedom, and after having been governed by various princes, Lombard, Greek, and Norman, and been the subject of many contests and intrigues, at length it passed under the peaceful domination of the Roman Pontiff.

*Beneventum* stands on a gentle elevation, at the foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the *Calore,* still proud of its ancient name. A lofty bridge crosses this river, and gives a very pleasing view of its banks lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of Trajan; it consists of a single arch, is of Parian marble and entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Both its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part both without and within the arch, are covered with rich sculpture representing some of the achievements of the Emperor in whose honour it was erected. This triumphal arch is by many considered as the most perfect of the kind existing; in that light it did not appear to me. The decora-

[r] Nec segnes jaceant terræ: juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.
*Georg.* ii. 37.

And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground:
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.
*Dryden.*

tions, though all of the best and purest style, are yet so compressed and crowded together as to leave no vacant space for the eye to rest on, no *plane* to contrast with the *relievo* and set it off to advantage; they seem consequently to encumber the edifice, and thus deprive it of the first of architectural beauties, *simplicity*. How inferior in this respect is the monument which we are now contemplating to that of *Ancona*.

The cathedral is a large fabric in the Gothic or rather Sarasenic manner, but of ancient materials; it is supported within by fifty columns of white marble, forming on each side a double aisle. The inward row has only half as many pillars as the outward, a circumstance which, with the arches springing from the pillars, lessens the effect of a colonnade in other respects very magnificent.

*Beneventum* has on the whole a good appearance, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and seems to have passed through the vicissitudes of so many turbulent ages without much glory indeed, but with few reverses. The inn is not remarkably good, though superior probably to that which harboured Horace and his friends,[1] if we may guess from the repast prepared for them, the accident that alarmed them, and the haste of the guests to snatch their portions from the flames[1].

I need not inform the reader that *Beneventum* is in *Samnium*, and was considered as one of its principal cities, or that the *Samnites* were the most warlike people of Italy, the most attached to independence, and the most devoted to the cause of liberty. Their stubborn opposition to the predominant fortune and genius of Rome employed the talents, and called forth all the skill and all the energies of the *Fabii* and the *Papirii*, and, with many intervening reverses, furnished the materials of four-and-twenty triumphs. Their resistance, prolonged beyond the bounds of prudence and the means of success, at length assumed the features of a war *ad internecionem* (of extermination) and terminated during the dictatorship of Sylla in the almost total annihilation of the *Samnite* race.

[1] Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Pene macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igne.
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cœnæ servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.

*Lib.* i. *Sat.* v. 71—76.

At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd,
Through his old kitchen rolls the God of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire;
But hunger all our terrors overcame;
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.

*Francis.*

There are few inns in modern Italy that cannot afford better fare and better accommodations.

The army perished in the field, or in confinement at Rome; the survivors were driven into exile, and one of the most populous provinces of Italy was almost turned into a desert.

On our return we alighted at the *Forche d' Arpaia* and proceeded through the valley on foot; the heat was great, but a strong invigorating wind blowing full in our faces rendered it tolerable. The harvest was going on and the fields around were crowded. Among other lively scenes, we particularly noticed a set of harvest men, amusing themselves with the notes of a *bag-pipe*. Mirth and music are the passions of the climate and of course did not excite our surprise; but we were rather astonished to hear the drone of a bag-pipe in a *Campanian* valley, and almost wondered how an Italian echo could repeat a sound so heavy and inharmonious. The road was lined on each side with groves of cherry-trees, and several women and children were employed in gathering their fruit. Overtaking an old woman who was carrying a large basket full of cherries on her back, one of the party took a handful, and stepping before her, asked her how she sold them. She shook her head and smiled; but on the question being repeated, she replied, that *God had given enough for all, and that we might take as many as we pleased for nothing*. She was afterwards with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept a trifle. Shortly after, as we were sitting on the wall of one of the orchards, a hearty looking man came up, and observing that the day was sultry, begged us to step in and make free with his fruit, which he assured us was particularly wholesome and refreshing. We returned to Naples very well pleased with *Samnium* and its inhabitants.

Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples, *Pæstum*, though the most distant, is perhaps the most curious and most interesting. In scenery it yields, not only to *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*, but to every town in the vicinity of the *Crater*; but in noble and well preserved monuments of antiquity it surpasses every city in Italy, her immortal Capital Rome alone excepted. It is generally supposed that the ruins of *Pæstum* were for many ages unknown even in the neighbouring country, and at length accidentally discoverrd, some say, by a shepherd, and others, by a young painter in the course of a morning's ramble from *Capaccio*. This discovery is said to have been made about the middle of the last century. The truth is, that the attention of travellers was first directed to them about that period, and that views and descriptions were published then for the first time. But they were perfectly well known at all times, not to the peasantry of the immediate neighbourhood only, and to the fishermen of *Salerno* who passed within view of them almost every day; but to the bishop and the canons of *Capaccio*, who take their titles from *Pæstum*, and may look down upon the ruins of their original residence from their windows. That it was not much visited, we know, but this

was owing rather to the indifference than to the ignorance of the learned, and perhaps a little to the state of the country, ever lawless and unsafe while under the domination of absent sovereigns. We are too apt to conclude, that nobody had seen what he did not see, and that what travellers have not recorded was not known to exist; without reflecting that the ignorance of the latter is often the consequence of the little acquaintance which many of them have with the language and with the natives of the countries which they undertake to describe.

The road to *Pæstum* leads through *Resina, Torre del Grecco, Torre del Annonziata,* and passing the gates of *Pompeii,* gives a transient glimpse of its solitary streets and lonely theatres, extending at the foot of steeps crowned with vines and mulberries. Continuing our course over the exuberant plains of *Pompeii,*

> Quæ rigat æquora Sarnus[1],
>
> *Virg. Æn.* vii. 738.

we traversed the town of *Scafati,* drove along the banks of the river, still the *Sarno,* beautifully shaded with poplars, and entered *Nocera,* formerly *Nuceria,* a town of the highest antiquity, but remarkable only for its unshaken attachment to the Romans at all times, and for the sad disasters to which it has been exposed in consequence of that attachment[2]. Its fidelity to the republic during the second Punic war drew down upon it the vengeance of Hannibal, who, after some vain attempts to seduce its inhabitants into his party, plundered and destroyed their city. Its adherence to the cause of a Roman Pontiff during the great schism roused the fury of a still more irritable enemy, *Ruggiero,* King of Naples, who again razed its walls and dispersed its citizens. They, instead of rebuilding the town when the storm was over, as their ancestors had done before, continued to occupy the neighbouring villages. Hence the appearance of the modern *Nocera,* which instead of being enclosed within ramparts, spreads in a long line over a considerable extent of ground, and displays some handsome edifices intermingled with rural scenery. It is still a bishopric, and derives the additional appellation *dei Pagani* (of the Pagans), from the circumstance of its having been for some time in possession of the Saracens.

Not far from *Nocera* we entered the mountains, where the scene improves in beauty, without losing much either in fertility or animation. Various villages, castles, and churches adorn the defile, an aqueduct intersects it, and the town of *Cava* occupies

[1] The plains which Sarnus laves.

[2] Liv. xxiii. 15.

the most elevated and picturesque point. Behind this town, the mountain *Fenestra* swells to a considerable elevation; its steep sides are covered to the very summit with one continued forest of chestnuts, forming a mass of foliage of the deepest shade and most beautiful verdure, and presenting to the eye one of the most refreshing views imaginable during the heats of a *Campanian* summer:

> O quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra![1]
>
> *Virg. Georg.* ii. 488.

is a wish that often bursts from the lips of a traveller panting up the acclivities of the Apennines under the beams of a meridian sun, and looking round with a longing eye for some hospitable thicket. In such a sultry hour the sight and the fancy repose with delight on the *immensity of shade* suspended over the defile of *Cava*.

This town is not ancient, at least not classically so. It seems to have been formed gradually, like many considerable towns, not on the continent only but in England, by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. Its origin is usually dated from the invasion of Genseric, and from the destruction of the neighbouring town of *Marciana*, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and at the persuasion of the abbot settled round the monastery of the Trinity, and built *Cava*. It has several manufactories at present, and has an appearance of life and prosperity. It stands on the borders of *Picenum*, and opens a fine view of *Salernum*, its bay, the opposite coast, the plains around, and the mountains beyond *Pæstum*. The declivity is steep, but the road which runs along the edge of the precipice and looks down upon the sea, is well guarded by a parapet wall, and excellent all the way.

As we had set out very early we entered *Salerno* about noon with an intention of proceeding to *Pæstum*; but the unexpected want of horses detained us, and indeed obliged us to stop for the night. We had however no reason to regret the delay, as *Salernum* presents a sufficient number of objects for observation and amusement. Its antiquity is acknowledged, though the date of its foundation and the names and countries of its founders are equally unknown. It became in its turn a Roman colony, but does not appear to have risen to any consequence; the mildness of its air

[1] O lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
*Dryden.*

during the winter seems to have been its principal distinction [1]. It is supposed to have stood formerly on the hills, and is ranked by Pliny among the inland towns of *Picenum*. But this writer is perhaps more eloquent than accurate in his geographical descriptions, and I doubt whether his authority is a sufficient argument to induce us to conclude with Cluverius that *Salernum* has changed its original position.

Salerno is the see of an archbishop, has an university once celebrated for medicine, and various schools and academies. Its streets are as usual narrow, and the buildings high; some few seem to deserve notice. The court before the cathedral is supported by eight-and-twenty ancient granite columns with Corinthian capitals of good workmanship, but apparently not made for the columns which they now adorn; the church itself, though built of ancient materials, and decorated with some good pictures, is a tasteless edifice. The most remarkable objects in it are the two *ambones* or ancient pulpits, one on each side of the nave before the steps of the chancel; they are both of marble, the largest is covered with beautiful mosaic, and supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of granite. The inn stands almost on the beach, and our rooms opened on the bay, which appears beautiful even when compared to that of Naples.

The promontory of *Surrentum*, which bounds it on the west, increases as it projects in boldness and in elevation, presents various crags crowned with towns, and terminates in a long lofty ridge covered with a forest. In the centre and half way up the declivity stands *Amalfi*, once so famous for its skill in the medical art; while the little town of *Vitri* seems to hang from the rock as if ready to fall into a torrent that tumbles through a deep dell below.

On the opposite side of the bay the coast gradually sinks into a plain, that extends without interruption to *Pæstum*, whose grey temples are dimly discernible, at the distance of fifteen miles. This plain is bounded by a ridge of mountains. In the bosom and centre of the bay, at the foot of a fine ridge of well cultivated hills, stands *Salernum*, equally well situated for beauty and commerce, if the neighbourhood of such a vast mart as Naples did not attract and absorb all the commerce of this coast. There is a mole to cover the harbour and to protect the shipping from the south wind, which sometimes raises a considerable swell. During the afternoon some of the party took a boat and rowed about the bay, which in the creeks and windings of the western coast furnishes objects for many delightful excursions. Such are the *Capo d'Amalfi* (the Cape of Amelfi), the *Punta di Conca* (Shell Point), and, above all, the *Syrenusæ* islands, once the abode of the Syrens,

[1] Horat. lib. i. ep. 15.

famed in ancient story, and proverbial in modern languages. They are three in number, about eleven miles from *Salerno*, and four from the point of the promontory of *Minerva* (now of *Surrentum*) but one only from the nearest land. They are now called *Galli*, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens, and are still, as described by Virgil, barren rocks, without other inhabitants than sea fowls, and other sounds than the murmurs of the waves echoing amid the crags and the caverns.

> Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
> Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos;
> Tum rauca assiduo longe sale saxa sonabant [1].
>
> *Æn.* v. 864.

It seems singular that Virgil, while he alludes to Homer's account of these islands, instead of adopting, and as usual improving the instructive fiction of the Greek poet, should upon this occasion in particular have abandoned him, and in order to avoid the appearance of imitation, fallen into a poetical anachronism. Such at least a direct contradiction to Homer, the great oracle of mythological chronology, must be deemed. Thus, while he admits the fable itself, he represents these islands as deserted at the very time, or rather before the time, when according to Homer, they were the residence of the Syrens. Æneas passed them before Ulysses, and if the Syrens had forsaken them at that period, we see no reason why they should return to them at a later. The truth seems to be, that Virgil inadvertently describes them as a geographer; Homer paints them as a poet; but why should the former in this single instance descend from the regions of poetry, and by an incongruous mixture of reality, banish one of the most moral and amusing illusions of fable?

A temple of the Syrens is supposed to have stood upon the opposite shore; the precise spot has hitherto been unexplored. Farther on, and on the most advanced point of the *Surrentine* promontory rose the temple of Minerva, supposed to be founded by Ulysses, an object so conspicuous as to have given its name to the promontory itself in ancient times.

> . . . . . e vertice Surrentino
> . . . Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundi [2].
>
> *Statius Syl. lib.* v. 3.

[1] Glides by the Syrens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
*Dryden.*

[2] The martial virgin from Surrentum's cliffs
Looks o'er the Tuscan main.

road beyond *Salerno* intersects a rich plain, bordered on ht by the sea, on the left by fine hills, which, as they wind present on their sides and amid their breaks, a perpetual sion of varying landscapes.

ut six miles from *Salerno* we went through the little town of *za,* supposed to be the ancient *Picentia.* About six miles r, during which we had Mount *Alburnus* rising full before came to *Evoli* (*Eburi*) then turning to the right we entered plain wild and uncultivated, but neither naked nor barren. herds of buffaloes, that fed on the heath and wandered h the thickets, seemed to be its only inhabitants. The royal , called *Di Persano,* covers a considerable part of this soli- and gives employment to two hundred gamekeepers, who not uard the game but serve to escort travellers over these , almost as much infested by banditti at present as was the *aria Pinus* (the Gallinarian pine-forest) in ancient times. had now reached the *Silaris* (*Silaro* and *Sele*) whose banks rdered by fertile fields and shaded by groves and thickets. iver forms the boundary of *Picenum* and *Lucania;* it re- the *Calore* in the forest of *Persano,* and higher up the *Ta-* , which, with the addition of other lesser streams, make a erable river. Mount *Alburnus* inseparably united with the r, in Virgil's beautiful lines, and consequently in the mind of classical traveller, rises in distant perspective, and adds to ne and the consequence of the stream by the magnitude of m and by the ruggedness of his towering brow. Forests of ave on the sides of the mountain, and fringe the margin of rer; while herds innumerable wander through their recesses, liven the silence of the scene by perpetual lowings [1].

[1] resemblance may be carried still farther, as the same insect, if we may credit rvation of a most accurate and indefatigable traveller, Cluverius, confirmed uthority of some Italian authors, still continues to infest the same forest, and to nd disperse the cattle over the whole mountain and bordering plains. I cannot r the fact upon my own observation or inquiries. The circumstance is trivial but it is classical because connected with the scenery of the following l lines, that is, the scenery which now surrounds us.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
Romanum est, œstron Grai vertere vocantes;
Asper acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis
Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus æther,
Concussus, sylvæque et sicci ripa Tanagri.

*Georg.* iii. 146—151.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Œstros the Grecians call; Asylus, we:
A fierce, loud buzzing breed: their stings draw blood
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

*Dryden.*

As the country still continues flat and covered with thickets, the traveller scarce discovers *Pæstum* till he enters its walls. We drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion. The good bishop had been so obliging as to send one of his chaplains to meet us, and provide every thing requisite for our comfortable accommodation, a commission which that gentleman performed with great punctuality and politeness.

Obscurity hangs over, not the origin only, but the general history of the city, though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Mazzochi, Pæstum* was founded by a colony of Dorenses or Dorians, from *Dora,* a city of *Phenicia,* the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan,* which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters *Pæstum* assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia,* of the same import as its Phenician name, because a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed by *Mazzochi* to have extended from the present ruin southward to the hill on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Agropoli.* The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia,* which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly; vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino.* The original city then recovered its first name, and not long after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans [1].

From this period *Pæstum* is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness, and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats,

> Victura rosaria Pæsti [2],

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and,

[1] U. C. 480.

[2] Th' eternal sweets of Pæstum's rosy bow'rs.





if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn, plundered *Pæstum*, and at length compelled its remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and to take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio*, *Veccio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills; the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of *Pæstum*.

It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of *Pæstum*, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: not to the Romans, who never seem to have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighbouring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? To judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and comtemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link, between the Egyptian and Grecian manner, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter. In fact the temples of *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the commencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.

The first temple that presents itself to the traveller from Naples is the smallest; it consists of six pillars at each end, and thirteen at each side, counting the angular pillars in both directions. The architrave is entire, as is the pediment at the west end, excepting the corner stones and triglyphs, which are fallen, and the first cornice (that immediately over the frieze) which is worn away. At the east end, the middle of the pediment with much of the frieze and cornice remains; the north-east corner is likely to fall in a very short time. The *cella* occupied more than one-third of the length, and had a portico of two rows of columns, the shafts and capitals of which, now overgrown with grass and weeds, encumber the pavement and almost fill the area of the temple.

The second temple has six columns at each end, and fourteen on each side, including those of the angles; the whole entablature and pediments are entire. A double row of columns adorned the interior of the *cella*, and supported each another row of small pillars; the uppermost is separated from the lower by an architrave only, without frieze or cornice. Of the latter, seven remain standing on each side; of the former, five on one side and three on the other. This double story, which seems intended merely to support the roof, rises only a few feet higher than the external cornice, and on the whole produces no good effect from the great disproportion between the under and upper columns. The *cella* had two entrances, one at each end, with a portico formed of two pillars and

two *antæ*[1]. The whole of the foundation and part of the wall of this *cella* still remain; under it was a vault. One of the columns with its capital at the west end has been struck with lightning, and shattered so as to threaten ruin if not speedily repaired; its fall will be an irreparable loss, and disfigure one of the most perfect monuments now in existence. It might indeed be restored to its original form with little expense and labour, as the stones that have fallen remain in heaps within its enclosure.

The third edifice is the largest; it has nine pillars at the ends and eighteen on the sides, including the angular columns as before. Its size is not its only distinction; a row of pillars, extending from the middle pillar at one end to the middle pillar at the other, divides it into two equal parts, and is considered as a proof that it was not a temple. Its destination has not been ascertained; some suppose it to have been a Curia, others a Basilica, and others a mere market or exchange. In the centre there seems to have been an aperture in the pavement, leading, it is said, to vaults and passages under ground; there is indeed at some distance a similar aperture, like the mouth of a well, which, as our guides informed us, had been examined, and was probably intended to give air and light to a long and intricate subterranean gallery, which extended to the sea on one side, and on the other communicated with the temples.

Such are the peculiar features of each of these edifices. In common to all it may be observed, that they are raised upon substructions[2] forming three gradations (for they cannot be termed steps, as they are much too high for the purpose) intended solely to give due elevation and relievo to the superstructure; that the columns in all rise without bases from the uppermost of these degrees; that these columns are all fluted, between four and five diameters in height, and taper as they ascend, about one-fourth; that the capitals are all very flat and prominent; that the intercolumniation is a little more than one diameter; that the order and ornaments are in all the same; and the pediment in all very low; in fine, that they are all built of a porous stone, of a light or rather yellow grey, and in many places perforated and worn away.

In the open space between the first and second temple, were two other large edifices, built of the same sort of stone, and nearly of the same size. Their substructions still remain encumbered with the fragments of the columns and of the entablature, and so overgrown with brambles, nettles, and weeds, as scarcely to admit

[1] Jambs, or square pillars, placed on each side the door.

[2] These substructions are observable in all the Doric temples of Italy and of Sicily, and seem essential to give a corresponding support as well as *relievo* to the massive forms of that order. Ordinary steps seem to sink under the weight, and are quite lost in the cumbrous majesty of the Doric column. I need not observe that the second temple is the most beautiful of the three, and the nearest to the proportions of the temples of Agrigentum.

a near inspection. It is a pity that neither the government of Naples, nor the proprietor of *Pæstum,* has public spirit enough to remove the rubbish that buries the monuments of this city, and restore to their primitive beauty edifices which, as long as they exist, can never fail to attract travellers, and not only redound to the glory, but contribute very materially to the interests of the country.

All the temples which I have mentioned stand in a line, and border a street that ran from gate to gate, and divided the town into two parts nearly equal. A hollow space scooped out in a semicircular form seems to be the traces of a theatre, and as it lies in front of the temples gives reason to suppose, that other public buildings might have ornamented the same side and made it to correspond in grandeur with that opposite; in which case few cities could have surpassed *Pæstum* in splendid appearance. The walls of the town remain in all the circumference, five at least, and in some places twelve feet high; they are formed of solid blocks of stone, with towers at intervals; the archway of one gate only stands entire. Considering the materials and the extent of this rampart, which encloses a space of nearly four miles round, with the many towers that rose at intervals, and its elevation of more than forty feet, we must acknowledge that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence.

Within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city, now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa, and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of *biferi rosaria Pæsti*[a], flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and in December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable for their fragrance. Amid these objects, and scenes rural and ordinary, rise the three temples like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.

It was now dusk, and on our entrance into the bishop's villa, we

[a] The Pæstan roses, and their double spring.
*Dryden.*

Virgil, Georg. iv. Virgil and Ovid just mention the *Pæstan* roses—Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison. Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Præstano gaudere rosaria cultu
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.
*Idyll.* xiv. 11.

The rosy bow'rs that Pæstum's vale adorn
I saw, all glist'ning with the pearls of morn.

found a plentiful repast, and excellent wines waiting our arrival. Our beds and rooms were all good, and every thing calculated to make our visit to *Pæstum* as agreeable in its accompaniments as it was interesting in its object. The night was bright, the weather warm, but airy, a gale sweet and refreshing blew from the neighbouring hills of *Agropoli* and *Callimara;* no sound was heard but the regular murmurs of the neighbouring sea. The temples, silvered over by the light of the moon, rose full before me, and fixed my eyes till sleep closed them. In the morning, the first object that presented itself was still the temples, now blazing in the full beams of the sun; beyond them the sea glittering as far as sight could reach, and the hills and mountains round, all lighted up with brightness. We passed some hours in revisiting the ruins, and contemplating the surrounding scenery.

*Pæstum* stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the west by the Tyrrhene Sea, and about a mile distant on the south by fine hills, in the midst of which *Agropoli* sits embosomed; on the north, by the bay of *Salerno,* and its rugged border; while to the east the country swells into two mountains, which still retain their ancient names *Callimara* and *Cantena*[1]; and behind them towers *Mont Alburnus* itself with its pointed summits. A stream called the *Solofone* (which probably may be its ancient appellation) flows under the walls, and by spreading its waters over its low borders, and thus producing pools that corrupt in hot weather, continues, as in ancient times[2], to infect the air, and render *Pæstum* a dangerous residence in summer. As the heats were increasing, and the season of *malaria* approached, we did not deem it prudent to prolong our excursion; and we left *Pæstum* without accomplishing the whole of our object, which was to examine the ruins of *Posidonia,* visit the island of *Licosa* (the ancient *Leucosia,* which, like Naples, takes its name from a Syren) and the *Cape Palinurus;* to explore the recesses of *Alburnus,* and to wander over the vale of *Diano* watered by the classic *Tanagro.*

The ruins of *Posidonia* which, as I have already mentioned, cover the plain that extends from *Pæstum* to *Agropoli,* cannot but exhibit, if duly examined, some monument of the opulence and the refinement of its founders, the luxurious Sybarites. These people, when enslaved by the Lucanians, and afterwards subjected to the Romans, still retained a fond attachment to the name and to the manners of Greece, and are said to have displayed their partiality to their mother country in a manner that evinces both their taste and their feeling. Being compelled, by the will of the conquerors or by other circumstances, to adopt a foreign language and foreign

[1] These hills and the neighbouring plain were the theatre of some bloody skirmishes between the Roman armies and the bands of Spartacus.

[2] Strabo, lib. v.

manners, which Aristoxenus, who relates the anecdote, emphatically calls, being *barbarized,* they were accustomed to assemble annually, on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to revive the memory of their Grecian origin, to speak their primitive language, and to deplore with tears and lamentations their sad degradation [1]. It would be a peculiar pleasure to discover some monument of a people of so much sensibility, and of such persevering patriotism. Beyond the ruins, and separated from them by a little stream now called *Pastena,* rises the hill of the *Agropolis*, where some vestige must surely remain, and might be discovered by diligent researches [2].

We returned by the same road, and regretted as we passed over

[1] As the passage alluded to is very beautiful, and at the same time uncommon, I insert it.

Διόπερ Ἀριστόξενος ἐν τοῖς Συμμίκτοις, Ὅμοιον, φησὶ, πεισῦμεν Ποσειδωνιάταις, τοῖς ἐν τῷ Τυρσηνικῷ κόλπῳ κατοικοῦσιν, οἷς συνέβη, τὰ μὲν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Ἕλλησιν οὖσιν, ἐκβεβαρβᾶσθαι, Τυῤῥήνοις ἢ Ῥωμαίοις γεγονέναι, καὶ τὴν τῆ φωνὴν μηταβεβληκέναι, τὰ τε λοιπὰ τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων, ἄγειν τε μίαν τινα αὐτοὺς τῶν ἑορτῶν τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν ἔτι καὶ νῦν, ἐν᾽ ᾗ συνιοντες ἀναμιμνήσκονται τῶν ἀρχαίων ἐκείνων ὀνομάτων τε καὶ νομίμων, ἀπολοφυράμενοι δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους, καὶ ἀποδακρύσαντες, ἀπέρχονται. Οὕτω δὲ οὖν, φησὶ, καὶ ἡμῖς, ἐπεὶδη καὶ τὰ θέατρα ἐκβεβαρβάρωται, καὶ ἐς μεγάλην διαφθορὰν προελήλυθεν ἡ πάνδημος αὐτὴ μουσικὴ, καθ᾽ αὑτοὺς γενόμενοι ὀλιγοι ἀναμιμνησκόμεθα, οἷα ἦν ἡ μουσική. Ταῦτα μὲν ὁ Ἀριστόξενος.

*Athenæus, lib.* XIV. *cap.* 31. *apud Mazzochi.*

Wherefore Aristoxenus, in his Convivial Miscellanies, says, "We resemble the "Posidonians, who dwell in the bay of Tuscany, and whose fate it was, having been "originally Greeks, to be barbarized, becoming Tuscans or Romans, and to change "their language and the rest of their institutions. Nevertheless they still keep one "of the Grecian festivals, at which having assembled, and commemorated their an-"cient names and customs, they indulge in mutual condolence, and depart with "tears. So it is with us also," says he; "since our theatres have become barbarized "and the public music been greatly corrupted, a few of us meet together to com-"memorate what music formerly was." So far Aristoxenus.

[2] The reader will observe, that I have confined myself to the general measures and appearances of the temples, in conformity to the plan of this tour; for details he may be referred to the work of Mr. Wilkins, the minute accuracy of whose measurements and delineations he may depend upon. This gentleman, in conjunction with other travellers, supposes the pillars of *Pæstum* to be covered with a sort of plaster or stucco, which by its long duration seems to have acquired the hardness, consistency, and certainly has the appearance of the stone which I mentioned.

As the plains that extend for some way on each side of the *Silarus* are very thinly inhabited, and at the same time covered in many places with woods and thickets, they are become the resort of banditti and outlaws. One of these miscreants was presented to us by the clergyman who had been commissioned by the bishop to receive us, and was recommended as an object of charity. Upon inquiring into his case, we discovered that he had shot his wife, because she had shown a partiality for *the strangers* (the French) and had *threatened him,* as he said, with poison. To avoid the pursuit of justice, he had run away from his home, and become a wanderer

the plain, that we had not sent a boat before us to take us back along the coast, and thus afford us an opportunity of examining the shore, and exploring the site of the temple of Juno Argiva, that stood at the mouth of the *Silaris;* according to Strabo, on the Lucanian bank; according to Pliny, on that of Picenum. As the former is the most circumstantial and less declamatory of the two, his authority seems preferable. This temple was of high antiquity, and attributed even to Jason, and as it was of great celebrity it may possibly have left some traces of its existence. On our way we observed several objects connected with antiquity, or mentioned by ancient writers, which we had passed unnoticed, or not particularized before. Thus in descending from the mountains of *La Cava,* we had on our left the *Monte Lattario,* so called both in ancient and modern times from its excellent milk, which was noticed and recommended by Galen.

The *Sarno,* though not unhonoured by the ancients, has yet been celebrated with more complacency by the modern poets. *Sannazarius,* whom I have before mentioned with due applause, frequently alludes to it, and on one occasion describes the river and the scenery that borders its banks with much truth and beauty.

> Vitabant æstus qua pinguia culta vadosus
> Irrigat et placido cursu petit æquora Sarnus,
> Grata quies nemorum manantibus undique rivis
> Et Zephyris densas inter crepitantibus alnos [1].

These fertile plains have often been stained with hostile blood, and once witnessed the defeat and death of a Gothic monarch. Narses was the Roman general; Teia the barbarian chief.

*Stabiæ,* now *Castell a mare di Stabia,* had in Pliny's time disappeared as a town, and given place to a villa[2]. It is now once

in the forests, and amid the ruins of the plain of *Pæstum*. Our refusal was accompanied with an observation, that he was an object of justice, not of charity. He stalked away in sullen disappointment. His figure was that of an assassin; tall, bony, and lank, with black hair and thick eyebrows, a dark complexion and glaring eyes. He was armed with a gun and pistols; and was on the whole an object very unwelcome to the eye in such a solitude.

It may not perhaps be useless to observe, that there are four mineral springs near *Pæstum,* said to be of considerable efficacy in different complaints: from these springs flow as many little streamlets, which form the *fiume salso* (the salt river), which falls into the *Solofone* close to the walls of the city.

[1] They shunn'd the heat, where through the cultur'd plain
Mild Sarnus gently journeys to the main.
How sweet the groves! where whisp'ring Zephyrs blow
Through the thick leaves, and murm'ring streamlets flow.

[2] It was destroyed by Sylla, and never seems to have revived.

Quod nunc in villam cibilt.

*Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* iii. *cap.* 5.

Because it has now dwindled into a villa.

more a populous town, and surrounded with rural retreats. At the very gates of Naples, under the *Ponte de la Maddalena* flows the *Sebethus*, with all the honours of its ancient name, but too inconsiderable a rill to be represented by Silius, as a characteristic feature of Naples.

Doctaque Parthenope, Sebethide roscida nympha [1].

We continued our route without stopping at *Salerno*, and arrived at Naples on the same day, but very late.

## CHAPTER IV.

Return of the King to Naples—Rejoicings—Ornamental Buildings—Court—Character of that Monarch—of the Queen—Illuminations—Lazzaroni—Character of the Neapolitans—Return to Rome.

We had now made all the excursions which are usually pointed out to travellers, or rather, all which the time of our arrival and the advanced season would permit us to make with convenience, and perhaps safety. Our curiosity however was far from being abated. The south of Italy, *Apulia*, *Bruttium*, and *Calabria*, which still retain the forest wildness that attracted the Romans, when they were sated with the softer beauties of *Latium* and of *Campania*[2], now lay before us, and presented so many interesting objects, that it was impossible not to feel a most ardent desire to continue our excursions. The lake *Amsanctus* was within our reach; not much farther, on the banks of the *Aufidus*, *Mount Vultur* rises; numberless lakes expand, forests spread, and cities flourish in the windings of the Apennines, as they stretch their ramifications over the southern provinces, which have never yet been visited by travellers, and scarcely noticed by geographers. In these unexplored haunts what a harvest awaits some future traveller! how much of the languages, manners, names, and perhaps even buildings of ancient Italy may be hereafter discovered! Some villages are known still to retain the Greek language, and are even said to speak it with more purity than the modern Greeks themselves; a proof that they have not been much visited by the successive invaders that have overrun the more open and frequented parts, and a presumptive argument that their manners and blood may have hitherto been but little adulterated.

[1] Parthenope, for learning fam'd, refresh'd
By the fair nymph of cool Sebethus' stream.

[2] Seneca de Tranquillitate 2.

But it was vain to long after new excursions; circumstances strong enough to control our classical projects called us homewards, and obliged us to abridge our stay at Naples. Being thus under the necessity of departing, we wished to be at Rome for the festival of St. Peter, in order to see the illumination of the dome, one of the grandest ideas of Michael Angelo, and supposed to be the finest exhibition of the kind in the world. But the return of the Neapolitan court from Palermo, and the festivities and rejoicings which were to accompany that event, induced the party to remain a week longer at Naples. This determination has since been a subject of regret, and with reason. Kings and courts are objects neither uncommon nor very curious; illuminations and balls are ordinary amusements. But the mausoleum of Adrian turned into a volcano, and the dome of the Vatican enveloped with fire, are spectacles sublime and wonderful, exhibited at Rome alone, and seldom beheld more than once by an *ultramontane*. These however we did resign, and the court of Naples we have seen.

Preparations had been making for the reception of the royal family for some time, and temples and triumphal arches, superb porticos and splendid theatres, all on the ancient model, had been erected in the widest streets and the most frequented squares. Opposite the palace stood a Corinthian, and on the road to *Portici*, an Ionic temple; on the *Largo del Castello* a theatre, which, with a Doric colonnade and some imitations of the *Pæstan* ruins, formed the principal of these temporary edifices. Their proportions, style, and decorations were in general in very good taste, and gave them an air of antique grandeur admirably adapted to the name, the history, and the scenery of the place. Every reader must have observed, that in theatrical decorations artists have a great facility in catching the manner of the ancients, and copying the *simple* and *beautiful;* while in solid and permanent fabrics they almost invariably lose sight of these qualities, and give us whim and deformity in their place. The truth seems to be, that in trivial and occasional works they content themselves with a display of knowledge only; while in grand and lasting undertakings, they aspire to the higher praise of genius and of invention, and scorning to imitate, they endeavour to surpass their masters. In vain! failure has hitherto been their invariable fate.

The inscriptions on these ornamental buildings by no means corresponded with their appearance; long, strained, and inflated, they betrayed either the barrenness of the subject or the dulness of the writer.

On the twenty-seventh of June (Sunday), early in the morning, the King's ships appeared off *Capreæ* accompanied by the *Medusa* (Captain Gore) and a few English sloops. About ten the royal family landed at *Portici*, and between five and six the King set out on horseback to make his public entry into Naples. The mul-





titudes that crowded the road, and their frantic demonstrations of joy, impeded the procession, so that it was nearly sunset before it entered the palace, when he immediately hastened to the chapel, and attended at the *Te Deum*. Thence he proceeded to the hall of audience, where a numerous and brilliant assembly, composed of all the nobility of the country, and of all the foreign ministers, were waiting to receive him. On his entrance the ladies rushed forward, and kissing his hands with tears and exclamations of joy, prevented him for some time from advancing. The King received these effusions of loyalty and personal attachment, not with kindness only, but with emotion, and returned them with many affectionate expressions and inquiries.

As he passed towards the upper end of the hall, he spoke to his old courtiers with great affability, and taking his usual place in the circle instantly addressed himself, with visible satisfaction, to Mr. Drummond, the English Minister; asked him several questions with that rapidity of utterance which great joy occasions, and without waiting to hear the names of the persons presented, exclaimed, politely at the same time directing his looks to each person — *They are English, and of course my friends; I am very glad to see them all, and bid them welcome to Naples.* After some conversation, perceiving the French Minister, who stood close by him, visibly mortified at such a marked preference, he seemed to recollect himself, and turning to him, asked the usual questions, with common politeness. About half-past nine his Majesty retired.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and straight, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long, his hair and eyebrows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely; but it is lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity and without either defect or excellency, a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turnes out like Frederick, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and to direct it; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or by the design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after

left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him, to application. The result has been, as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles known among us to every person above daily labour, and it not unfrequently shows itself in conversation, and betrays his Majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI., then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe: the King asked with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked with a look of disbelief, what King of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course answering Charles I., his majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation — *No, Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime.* He added: *depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us!* On this occasion my readers may be disposed to excuse the King's incredulity, which, however great the ignorance it supposes, arose from a generous attachment to the glory and credit of his allies.

The following anecdote may, in some degree, palliate the lamentable defect of which I am speaking, by showing that it is to be ascribed rather to the arts of others than to any natural indifference or levity in the monarch himself. A French Minister, being secretly commissioned by his court, in a very early period of the King's reign, to call his attention, if possible, to serious and becoming occupations, took an opportunity of enlarging upon the pleasures of reading in his presence, and did it with so much effect, that the young King some days after told him that he was determined to try the experiment, and asked him what book he would recommend as at once both useful and amusing. The minister ventured to mention the life of Henry IV. as a work well calcutated for the purpose, and begged leave to present it to his Majesty. A month passed, during which the minister was waiting with impatience for the result, and expecting at every levee to hear the royal opinion of the book he had recommended. In vain; the book and subject seemed utterly forgotten. At length, being admitted into his Majesty's apartment, he saw the life of Henry lying on the table, and





fixed his eye upon it, which the King perceiving, said with a smile —*There is your book untouched; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up.*

So far the royal mind appears to disadvantage; we will now place it in a more favourable light, and point out some features that never fail to delight even in the absence of intellectual accomplishments. Though nursed in the bosom of majesty, and almost cradled in the throne, of course flattered and idolized, that is hardened against every feeling but that of self-interest, he is yet reported to have shown upon all occasions a tender and compassionate disposition. The following instance would do credit to the feelings of a private citizen, and when it is considered how seldom public distress penetrates the palace, and is felt within the circle of royalty, must be acknowledged to be doubly honourable and praise-worthy in a prince.

In the year 1764, when a great scarcity prevailed at Naples, and the misery among the lower classes was extreme, some of the courtiers agreed together to give a ball and supper at *Posilypo*. The king heard of this ill-timed project of amusement, and though then in his thirteenth year only, observed, with some ill humour, that parties of pleasure were unseasonable in such circumstances, and that it would be more becoming those who were engaged in it to share than to insult public distress. The hint was of course taken, and the arrangement given up. Upon another occasion, while almost a child, he is said to have been prevailed upon by one of his attendants to beg the Council of Regency to set a certain criminal at liberty: the Council very properly rejected the King's request: upon which he went to his apartment, and with a sort of boyish resentment threw open a cage of canary birds, saying — *At least I will give liberty to these prisoners, since I cannot free any others.* One instance more I think myself obliged in justice to mention. One day, shooting, an amusement of which Ferdinand is passionately fond, happening to be the subject of conversation at court, the King expressed a dislike to double-barrelled guns, because the attendants were exposed to some danger from the unexpected discharge of one of the barrels; when a German Prince, not very remarkable for the humane treatment of his subjects, observed, that, after all, the persons so exposed were only game-keepers and servants. The King's countenance instantly reddened; and he replied with a warmth very unusual to him— *Sir, I would sooner break all my guns, and renounce shooting for ever, than hurt the little finger of the lowest human being on the face of the earth.* These instances of benevolence, strengthened and developed by an affability and good humour that seemed to increase as he advanced in life, added considerably to the partiality and attachment which the Neapolitans had conceived for him, from the circumstance of his being destined to remain with them, to govern them in person, and

to deliver them from all the evils of delegated authority. This popularity, though founded first rather upon the hopes and wishes than the experience of the people, he has had the good fortune never to forfeit; and after a reign of more than forty years, the latter part of which has been marked by reverses and disasters, he still continues to enjoy the affection of his subjects.

The queen is an archduchess of the imperial family, sister to the late Queen of France, and to the archduchess *Christina,* who once governed the Low Countries. In countenance and manner she resembles the latter; in spirit I believe the former, and has always been supposed to have a very considerable share in the management of public affairs. That queens should have influence, is natural, and howsoever mischievous, perhaps unavoidable; but that they should be admitted into the privy council and take their place at the board, is a phenomenon first witnessed I believe at Naples, at the marriage of the present queen. As the sex is very generally, without doubt unjustly, supposed to be influenced by personal considerations, and guided rather by the feelings of the heart than by the dictates of the understanding, every obnoxious and unsuccessful measure is invariably attributed to queens, where their influence is visible and acknowledged. Thus has it happened at Naples: every amelioration of the laws, every indulgence in government, are supposed to flow from the natural and unbiassed goodness of the monarch, while every unwise regulation or oppressive measure is constantly ascribed to the predominance of the queen. But the Neapolitans are by no means an ill-humoured or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to complaint and faction. Nor indeed, as far as the King's conduct was concerned, was there much room for either.

The kingdom of Naples had for ages laboured under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-regal administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population; while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interests, but to the interest of a foreign court, in its very nature, proud, suspicious, and vindictive. From the last of these evils the accession of Ferdinand IV. delivered the Neapolitans. King of the two Sicilies only, he had no distant realms to look to as a more brilliant and engaging inheritance. Naples was not to him a step to a more elevated situation; it was his home, and his and its interests became too closely interwoven in his mind and feelings to be ever separable. The feudal system was an evil that had taken deeper root, and entwined itself with so many institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, that to disentangle them without danger required time and delicacy. Those who lost by reform, and who, though few in numbers, were yet far the most powerful part of the community of course opposed it at every

step, and retarded its progress. Much however, or rather what must appear much when due regard is had to circumstances, has been done by the present king since his accession, first under the administration of *Tanucci,* who, from the chair of law in the university of *Pisa,* was advanced to the dignity of first minister at Naples; and afterwards of Sir *John Acton,* who has pursued, it is said, the beneficial plans of his predecessor.

But in a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions and customs taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled or invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must naturally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller; while the reform, whose operations are slow and silent, sometimes reaches him only as a report, and sometimes entirely escapes his notice. Certain it is, that since the commencement of Ferdinand IV.'s reign, the power of the barons has been checked; the number of ecclesiastical establishments diminished; the surplus of the income of the church applied to objects of public utility; many academies and schools established; a marine and an army almost created; the police better regulated, and the morals and manners of the common people raised and refined. Now these improvements, great in themselves, and still greater because they lead naturally and unavoidably to other ameliorations, are sufficient to entitle the reigning monarch to the love and gratitude of his people.

The assembly at court, as has been remarked, was numerous and *brilliant,* and its brilliancy augmented by the number of stars and *ribbons* that blazed in every direction. The multiplicity of these honorary badges (for where almost every individual is graced with them they can scarce be called distinctions) may contribute to the splendour of the show, but must diminish the value of the ornament; insomuch indeed, that the absence of all such decorations seemed to confer a more honourable distinction on the English minister, than any that could be derived from the united lustre of all the stars of all the orders.

*It* was dark when the court broke up; and, as the whole city was illuminated, we directed our course to the principal squares and ornamental buildings, all of which were lighted up with a profusion of lamps, arranged in such a manner as to show the form and ornaments of each edifice to the best advantage. In illuminations both the French and Italians surpass us; and on this occasion the Neapolitans, I thought, showed more taste and magnificence than I had witnessed before in any country. The most splendid, and to us the most novel object was the Carthusian abbey of *San Martino,* which stands on the same hill as the fortress *St. Elmo.* The regularity of this edifice, its magnitude, and its elevated situation, adapt it in

a peculiar manner to the display of well combined lights and show off to advantage the whole plan of a regular illumination. This abbey is perhaps the most beautiful site in the vicinity of Naples; it stands so high, and is placed at the same time in so central a point, that it commands the whole city, which spreads immediately under it, the bay with all its borders, islands, and windings, Mount *Posilypo*, and the promontory of Misenus on one side; and on the other Mount *Vesuvius*, and the promontory of Surrentum; a view that might charm solitude itself, if the tediousnes of *ever-during* solitude was susceptible of any charm.

When the immense front of this edifice is illuminated, and all its divisions are traced in light; when its windows are framed in flames; when its pillars become masses of fire, and their capitals so many crowns of stars; when its cornice is converted into one long lambent blaze, and its roof glows from end to end with brightness, it appears like a fairy fabric seated in the clouds, or a palace of fire suspended in the sky, the residence of some genius superintending the welfare of the city below. A vast mass of darkness immediately under and around it forms a strong contrast, while a few lamps scattered here and there down the side of the hill seem to mark the way from this aerial mansion to the earth. The effect of this, and indeed of the general illumination, might be seen to most advantage from the bay, a little beyond the *Castel del Uovo*; whence the eye could take in at once the whole city and its vicinity, with the towns of *Portici* and *Castel* à *Mare*, the lights of which spread over the hills were reflected from the bay, and played in long lines on the surface of the water.

The illuminations were renewed for three successive nights, during which the streets were thronged with a population surpassing even that which swarms in the most frequented streets of London at the very hour of business. On account of this crowd, carriages with the exception of those belonging to the court and to a few privileged persons, such as foreign ministers, strangers, etc., who did not abuse the exemption, were prohibited; a precaution both prudent and popular. Yet notwithstanding this pressure we witnessed no disorder, not a single scene of riot, drunkenness, quarrelling, or indecency. In many streets, particularly in the *Strada di Toledo* and along the *Chiaia*, there were little tables and cook-shops, where the passengers stopped and supped as appetite prompted them; these tables, with the parties grouped around them in different attitudes and dresses, with their gestures and lively tones, gave a sprightliness and animation to the scene quite peculiar to the place and climate.

It is impossible to witness the general good humour that reigns amid such an immense populace at all times, and particularly when the joy of the moment lays them most open to sudden impulse, and not to conceive a good opinion of their temper, and to

reflect with surprise on the very unfavourable accounts given of the Neapolitans, as indeed of the Italians in general, by some hasty and prejudiced observers, who have not hesitated to represent them as a nation of idlers, buffoons, cheats, adulterers, and assassins. Of these imputations some are common, I am afraid, to all countries, and others are grounded upon misconceptions, ignorance, and sometimes a quality still less excusable, a propensity to censure and misrepresentation. That animation of gesture, and that imitative action so much recommended by the ancient orators when under the management of taste and judgment, is the result of deep sensibility and common both to the Greeks and Italians. In the higher class, when polished by education, it is graceful and pleasing; in the lower it is lively and natural, but sometimes apt, at least in the opinion of a *phlegmatic northern*, to degenerate into buffoonery. Yet even this buffoonery shows great quickness of apprehension, and constitutes the groundwork of that pantomime which was a favourite amusement among the ancients, even during the most refined ages. To reproach them therefore with it, is only to say, that the lower class in Naples has not sufficient discernment to employ the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and that their talents are not improved and perfected by education.

The imputation of idleness cannot be founded on the appearance of the country, cultivated as it is on all sides to the highest degree of perfection; it seems rather to have arisen from the manners and appearance of the *Lazzaroni*, a class whose very existence has been represented as a political phenomenon, a reproach to the government and the character of the country. The fact is, that this peculiar tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the labouring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but willing to work at all, and to take any job that is offered. If in London, where there is a regular tide of commerce and a constant call for labour, there are supposed to be at least twenty thousand persons who rise every morning without employment, and rely for maintenance on the accidents of the day; it is but fair to allow Naples, teeming as it is with population and yet destitute of similar means of supporting it, to have in proportion a greater number of the same description, without incurring the censure of laziness.

The *Lazzaroni* are the porters of Naples; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *Facchino della Casa* (house-porter), to perform commissions for servants, and to give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty, and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trowsers; their diet maccaroni, fish, water melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or of a palace. Their athletic forms

and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such plain food and simple habits. Yet these very circumstances, the consequences, or rather the blessings of the climate, have been turned into a subject of reproach, and represented as the result of indifference and indolence in a people either ignorant of the comforts of life, or too lazy to procure them. It would be happy however if the poor in every other country could so well dispense with animal food, and warm covering.

The name, or rather nickname by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar; its derivation is a subject of conjecture; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacero*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn, or ragged, pronounced by the Spaniards as by us, *lassero*, and converted by the Neapolitans into *lazzero, lazzeroni*. It ill became the Spaniards after all to give contemptuous appellations to a people whom they oppressed, pillaged, and degraded; and to ground those appellations on the misery, nakedness, and general poverty, produced by their own injustice.

Several anecdotes are related of the *Lazzaroni*, that redound much to their credit, and imply feelings which do not superabound in any rank, and would do honour to the highest. They are said to have shown a rooted aversion to the inquisition, and to have prevented its establishment in the kingdom of Naples, by their resolute and unabating opposition, while the other inhabitants submitted to the measures of the court, and received it without a struggle. They have manifested, whenever an opportunity enabled them to express their feelings with energy, a warm attachment to the cause of liberty, and an abhorrence of oppression, which have more than once checked the career of government in its way to despotism. In these exertions they had the danger and the glory entirely to themselves, and may with reason boast that where the nobles yielded they made a stand, and by their perseverance saved from utter hopeless slavery that country which their superiors were ready to betray. Even in the late invasion, they generously came forward, and offered their persons and lives to their sovereign, and finding neither chiefs to command nor officers to lead them on, they reluctantly submitted to inaction, but with a surly silence and a threatening aspect, that awed the invaders, and checked for once the insolence and rapacity of a French army. Such is their public spirit—their private feelings have oftentimes been displayed with equal advantage.

When in 1783, the coasts of Calabria were desolated by a most extensive earthquake, and thousands of families reduced to absolute misery; while the court, the nobility, and the clergy at Naples, exerted themselves with becoming zeal to alleviate their distress, and to supply them with clothes, provisions, and other articles

of absolute necessity; the *Lazzaroni* gave all they could command, their daily labour, and volunteered their services in collecting, transporting, and accelerating the conveyance of the different stores to the place of their destination.

The truth is, if we may believe some Neapolitan writers, the *Lazzaroni*, properly so called, are the most laborious and disinterested part of the population, attached to religion and order, simple and sincere in their manners and expressions, faithful to those who trust them, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood sooner than betray the interests of their employers. It is however to be observed, that they confine these encomiums to the true born Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*, who are to be carefully distinguished from a set of beggars, who infest the churches and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places, endeavouring to procure by begging what the others earn by labour; these, they assure us, are in general strangers, who resort to Naples on account of the climate, and beset the doors of inns and force themselves upon travellers under the appellation of *Lazzeroni*. From these vagrant and unprincipled mendicants, many writers seem to have taken the odious picture which they have drawn of that hard-working, faithful class of people[1].

With regard to the third charge, that of debauchery, it must be recollected that nations, like individuals, have ther favourite virtues and vices; their attachment to the former, they fondly imagine may compensate their indulgence in the latter. The northern nations were anciently distinguished by their chastity [2], and have at all

[1] These vagrants are oftentimes known by the contemptuous epithet of *Banchieri*, from the benches in public places on which they sleep at night. The others take their appellation from their stands, as *Li Lazari del Mercato, del Lavinaro, del Molo*, (Lazaroni of the market, of the pier), etc. It is remarkable, that they were once called *Vastasi*, a word derived from the Greek so long prevalent in Naples.

[2] Cæsar and Tacitus have, as is generally known, praised the chastity of the Germans. Near four centuries after we find, not the Germans only, but the Goths and Vandals celebrated for an exemplary display of the same virtue. Salvian, a presbyter and afterwards bishop of *Marseilles*, witnessed the invasion of Gaul, Spain and Africa, by the Goths, Visigoths, and Vandals, and ascribes their success to their chastity. The picture which he has drawn of the universal and almost incredible corruption of the Roman provinces, and the description which he has given, by way of contrast of the chastity and even innocence of the barbarians, appear both overcharged; yet he speaks of the manners of the times, and records events actually passing under his own observation, and of course he could scarce have indulged himself in any material exaggeration. Thus speaking in the name of the Romans, he says, "Inter pudicos barbaros impudici sumus. Plus adhuc dico offenduntur barbari ipsi impuritatibus nostris. Esse inter Gothos non licet scortatorem Gothum; soli inter eos præjudicio nationis ac nominis permittuntur impuri esse Romani . . . . fornicatio apud illos crimen atque discrimen est, apud nos decus." Of the Vandals, who had overrun Spain, he says, "Accessit hoc ad manifestandam illic impudicitiæ dam-

times been reproached with a strong propensity to intemperance. The inhabitants of the warmer and more genial regions of the south, have ever been prone to the enjoyments equally sensual, but more sentimental, of lawless love; while they have been remarkable for their moderation in the pleasures of the table, though surrounded with all the means of convivial indulgence. This latter virtue still remains a characteristic quality in Italy, while the preceding vice seems to have extended its empire over the North, and kindled there its lawless fires, that now spread as widely and burn as fiercely under the frozen as under the torrid zone. This vice, pernicious as it is in its consequences, and destructive of the best qualities and of the sweetest enjoyments of human nature, unfortunately seems to accompany riches and refinement; it has infected all civilized nations, and is at once the bane and the scandal of the *humanized* world.

> In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem [1].
>
> *Virgil, Georg.* iv. 244.

The guilt is, I fear, common to all; and so far is it from being confined to the south, that for libertinism in all, even its most odious and disgusting forms, Berlin and Petersburg equal any two cities that lie between them and the equinoctial.

In this general depravity, to divide the guilt and to portion it out to different nations, would be presumptuous and unjust; it would also require more intimate acquaintance with them than a traveller

nationem ut Wandalis potissimum, id est pudicis barbaris traderentur." He afterwards gives the character of the different tribes of barbarians, "Gothorum gens perfida; sed pudica est; Alanorum impudica, sed minus perfida; Franci mendaces, sed hospitales, Saxones crudelitate efferi, sed castitate mirandi"—*Salvian de Gubernatione Dei*, vii. 6, 7. 15. The Romans, when they conquered Greece, adopted not the vices but the arts of the subjugated nation; the northern barbarians, on the contrary, seem to have copied not the arts but the vices of the enslaved Romans; for chastity soon ceased to be a predominant feature of the invading tribes, while barbarism constituted the ground-work of their character for many ensuing ages.

[1] All rush into the guilty delights of lawless love.

" In the midst of chaste barbarians, we are unchaste. I say still more; the barbarians themselves are scandalized at our impurities. Amongst the Goths, a Goth is not permitted to be a whoremonger: with them, the Romans alone are allowed to be impure, through a prejudice attached to our nation and our name, . . . . . With them fornication is a crime and a disgrace; with us, an honour.

" To make still more manifest the condemnation of their unchastity, they were delivered over to the Vandals in particular, that is to chaste barbarians.

" The Gothic nation is perfidious, but chaste; the Alans unchaste, but less perfidious; the Franks false, but hospitable; the Saxons, distinguished by a savage cruelty but admirable for their chastity."

can possibly supposed to acquire. I will not say in one, but in many years of residence. This much we may venture to say, that in Naples, even in the very highest classes, there are women of a most depraved and shameless character, who seem to have resigned all the delicacy of their sex, and abandoned themselves without reserve to the impulse of passion. This conduct is not accompanied by that disgrace and public reprobation which among us brands lawless indulgence, and compels impudence itself to withdraw from the walks of life, and to hide its infamy in retreat and obscurity. The titled prostitute makes her appearance at court, and is received with the same smile; she flaunts in parties of pleasure, and is treated with the same distinction as the most virtuous and exemplary matron; a mode of conduct which the moralist will reprobate as a crime in itself, because a connivance; and which the man of the world will lament as a degredation of the sex, upon whose honour and reputation depend the domestic comforts and the happiness of mankind. Whatever tends to diminish the delicacy of women, or weaken that keen sense of honour which Providence has made their best protection and their surest claim to love and respect, is a certain source of private misery, and a step towards public infelicity and ruin [1].

The untravelled reader will ask with surprise the motives of a conduct so contrary to the common feelings and interests of the sex, as well as to the lessons of religion imprinted deeply on their minds in their earliest infancy. Many reasons have been assigned; and in the first place the mode in which marriages are contracted, with little regard to the feelings, but a great and almost exclusive consideration of the interests of the contracting parties. This inattention to the affections has sometimes produced very serious evils in *England*, where it seldom occurs, and may without doubt occasion *similar* inconveniences at Naples, or rather on the continent at large, where it is perhaps too general; but taken singly, it does not seem capable of effecting such extensive mischief. The parties, it is to be remembered, are generally of the same age, always of the same rank, and not often remarkable for any defect, moral or physi-

[1] Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.
*Hor. Carm. lib.* iii. *Od.* vi. 17.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.
*Francis.*

No nation ever neglected the lesson so emphatically expressed in these lines with impunity.

cal, on either side ; of course they cannot be said to be ill-assorted, and in such cases, mutual attention and habitual intimacy cannot fail to produce attachment.

The qualities of the climate have been sometimes supposed, and not without reason, to influence the moral feelings ; but allowing such causes their full effect, it must be recollected that they are not all-powerful, and that they frequently counteract each other. Thus, if a genial climate softens the mind, it also unbraces the body, and by that means weakens the temptation while it diminishes the power of resistance. But the truth seems to be that a warm atmosphere produces neither of these effects, as the greatest instances of self denial on one side, and of sensual excess on the other, occur under suns almost tropical, and in climates far south of Italy. May it not be ascribed to the corruptions of the national religion, to the facility of absolution, and to the easy purchase of indulgences? Their religion teaches the pure morality of the gospel: they know full well that absolution is an empty form, unless preceded by thorough heart-felt, well tried repentance; as for *indulgences*, as they are called, they extend not to guilt, but to canonical punishments only ; or in other words, they are a change of fasts and corporal punishments imposed by ecclesiastical authority, into alms, prayers, pious lectures, and charitable works.

Perhaps the real cause of this lamentable depravity may be found in the defects of the government, which, by confining the whole management of public business to the councils of the sovereign, deprives the nobility of their natural and only honourable employment. Hence, without inducement to application, without motive for exertion, they allow the nobler faculties of the soul, which have no object to engage them, to slumber in lethargic indolence, while the sensual appetites, whose indulgence is always within reach, are in full activity and engross all their time and attention. Hence their days are spent in visits, gaming and intrigue, and their minds are confined to the incident of the hour, the petty cabal of the court, and the vicissitudes of their own circle. They are never called to the country by the management of their estates, which they leave entirely in the hands of stewards ; they live in the capital and forgetting themselves and their duties in an uninterrupted vortex of dissipation, have neither opportunity nor perhaps inclination to harbour serious reflection.

Literature may, and certainly does engage the attention of some men of genius and talents; but the charms of information are too feeble to influence the multitude, unless information leads to emolument or renown, and little of either is to be expected from it at Naples. Idleness therefore is the curse and the misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign, nobility; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the

spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very sources of domestic happiness. The remedy is in the hands of government.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis artes [1].

*Ovid. de Rem. Amor.* 139.

Let the higher classes have that influence in public administration, which they may claim as their birth-right, and let the nobler passions have that exercise and scope which become them! then as their importance increases, their morals will improve; with more manly pursuits they will assume more manly feelings, and from the fatigue of public business they will learn the value of domestic enjoyments [2].

But having admitted that a spirit of libertinism pervades the higher classes, and infects too many females of rank, I would not be understood to sanction the exaggeration of many travellers, and represent the sex at Naples as totally lost to all sense of duty and delicacy. There are in this capital, and in the very class which are most liable to just censure, many persons of virtue and reputation, who might be considered as patterns of conjugal affection and domestic virtue in any country. But unfortunately, ladies of the former description are of much easier access; they may be seen in every large party and at every public amusement, and are seldom deficient in affability and condescension, particularly to foreigners; while the latter appear in select societies to which few strangers are admitted, and receive the visits of such only as are introduced by their intimate and habitual friends. Superficial observers therefore, who are well acquainted with the former, and scarcely know the existence of the latter, to whom they have no access, naturally form their notions of the morality of a city from those instances that fall under their observation.

It must be recollected that in every great capital, and particularly in Vienna and Paris, there are certain houses occupied by persons of an intermediate rank, and occasionally of dubious character, where the best and the worst company are sometimes and not unfrequently seen intermingled; where at the same time there

[1] Cease to be idle — Cupid's shaft is broke.

[2] . . . . . teneræ mimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis.

*Hor. Carm.* iii. *Od.* 14.

With manly toils a firmer soul inspire.

*Francis.*

is much splendour and magnificence, much ease and affability, and where every thing is combined that can give an idea of fashion, and raise consideration. To such houses introduction is not difficult, and strangers, particularly when young and inexperienced, are generally so far deceived by appearances, and by the rank of the persons whom they often meet at such *rendez-vous*, as to imagine themselves in the very best company, and content themselves with it as a fair specimen of the first society of the place. To give particular instances would be both odious and ungrateful; for in many such houses, travellers receive very flattering attentions, totally free from interested views or sinister motives; for such kindness grateful acknowledgments are due, and to expose them because their society is made up of heterogeneous particles, would be ungenerous. But from these mixed companies, writers have not unfrequently formed their ideas of foreign manners, and have given the public descriptions in *caricature* as just and accurate representations. Of this mode of drawing national characters, foreigners frequently and justly complain, and every man of candour will join with them in condemning such partial and injurious sketches [1].

The style of society in a country is not that which takes place merely between two and three, or even ten persons of rank and fashion at an accidental interview; there are in every capital occasional parties where conversations may take place, and liberties be allowed, which not one of the same party would take or encourage in his own family. The style therefore of good company is the general behaviour and manner of persons of fashion in their *own* societies, whether domestic or more extensive. Now in such society no indecorum either in word or manner is allowed in Naples, nor I believe in any capital in Europe; and all pretended conversations or secret anecdotes that represent such company in any other light, are mere fictions, intended to show either the importance or the wit of the writer, and to impose on the simplicity of the credulous untravelled reader.

As for the remaining charge of assassination, it has been treated of in the account given of the Italian character at large; however, a few additional remarks applicable to Naples in particular may not be misplaced. In this city the streets are not regularly lighted; the lamps before the *madonnas* and the chapels give indeed some light, but not sufficient for the security of passengers. The police is by no means either vigilant or active; its agents keep too much in a body, and are not sufficiently spread through the different streets; the passions of the inhabitants are easily inflamed, and

[1] I do not mean to reproach English travellers as peculiarly guilty in this respect, I merely wish to caution them; if attacks can justify retaliation we need only open some French and German accounts of England.

the multitude of poor and of vagrants is considerable; yet with all these temptations and opportunities, the number of murders is inconsiderable. Even jealousy itself, which is reported to have been in former times the most mischievous passion of the place, seldom or never produces bloodshed at present; and robbery, and above all, that most odious and diabolical species of assassination, murder planned and executed in cold blood for purposes of profit, are crimes rarely known at Naples. *Mr. Swinburne* and *Mr. De la Lande*, made this observation so favorable to Napolitan morality many years ago, and at a time when it was generally believed, beyond the Alps, that it was impossible to walk the streets of Naples without feeling or witnessing the effects of a *stiletto*. The police, as indeed almost every branch of public administration, has been considerably improved since the period alluded to by those travellers; so that what was then rare, is now almost unknown.

Drunkenness, one of the great causes of quarrels and of bloodshed, and an invariable source of poverty, distress, and consequently of robbery, is very seldom observable, and thus one of the incentives of so many dangerous passions is extinguished, and all their perilous effects prevented. When to this exemption we add, that there are few temptations to perjury, a crime to which the regulations of our system of taxation exposes our people on too many occasions, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that the Neapolitans are not infected by so many vices, and cannot be such a vile degraded race as some travellers have represented them. I speak not here however of the inhabitants of the whole kingdom of Naples, as I am aware that the oppression of the barons, the injustice of magistrates partial and mercenary, as too many of them are said to be, and the folly of former governments alternately negligent and cruel, have almost *barbarized* certain districts in Calabria, and have peopled the mountains and forests with outlaws and banditti. I confine my observations and panegyric to the inhabitants of *Campania, Samnium,* and *Picenum,* and of them I will say that they are in general gifted with some great, and many amiable qualities; and I will even venture to apply to them the poetical compliment which *Tasso* has paid to a tribe in mind and body, as in country and climate, far inferior,

> La terra molle, e lieta, e dilettosa,
> Simili a se gli habitator produce [1].
>
> *Gier. lib.* i. *canto* 62.

We are now about to take our leave of this people and of the *Felix Campania,* and we regret that circumstances had not per-

[1] Worthy her sons the land from which they sprung,
For ever smiling, joyous, light, and young.
*Hunt's Translation.*

mitted us to make our visit at an earlier season, and do not allow us to prolong our stay for some months. The beauty of the country is unequalled, and leisure is required to see it in perfection; the climate is delicious, but to enjoy its sweets, leisure again is indispensable; excursions are both instructive and amusing, but here also leisure is essential both to pleasure and to improvement: the heat of summer, tolerable to those who repose on the verge of the sea, or in the numberless recesses of the bay, and circumjacent islands, may be rendered insufferable by perpetual motion. Tours succeeding each other, with little or no interval of repose, harass the body, and new objects crowding on each other too rapidly leave nothing in the mind but confused images and shadowy recollections. In short, leisure is the very genius of the place, and still, as anciently, reigns over *Parthenopen, in otia natam*? In this respect indeed, and in many others, Naples still retains its ancient character; the same ease, the same tranquillity, the same attachment to literary pursuits[2], and the same luxurious habits of the Greeks, so often ascribed to it by the ancients[3], still distinguish it, and render it, as formerly, the favorite retreat of the aged and of the valetudinarian, of the studious and of the contemplative.

> Pax secura locis et desidis otia vitæ
> Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti[4].
>
> *Stat Sylv.* iii. 5.

To enjoy such a place in all the vicissitudes of season and scenery; to observe such a people under every variation of character; to visit all the towns and isles, and mountains of *ancient fame*, without hurry or fatigue, is a most desirable object, and may claim a whole year, and fill up every day with pleasure and improvement. But our time was no longer at our disposal, and on the seventh of July we were dragged reluctantly from *Parthenope* and the *Campanian* coast[5].

[1] Ovid. Met. xv. 711.—Born for ease.

[2] The reader will recollect that this expression, and others of a similar tendency employed in a former chapter, do not extend to the nobility.

[3] Strabo, v.

[4] With careless ease, and peaceful quiet blest,
Unbroken slumbers and untroubled rest.

[5] Naples retains all the features of its Grecian origin, excepting its language, which at present is more Roman than ever it was in ancient times; it is a singular circumstance that Latin, though spoken in Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, and Africa, with their dependent islands, yet never became the language of *all* Italy. Greek still kept its ground in the southern provinces, and enjoyed a pre-eminence over the *imperial* language, even to the fall of the western empire, and during the two succeeding centuries.

" Pausilypi colles, et candida Mergellina,
Et myrteta sacris consita littoribus." . . .
Me tibi, terra beata, dico; tu meta laborum,
Jamque senescentis grata quies animi.
Tu, dum fata sinunt lucemque auramque ministra;
Tu, precor, exstincti corporis ossa tege [1].

Such were the wishes of *Flaminius;* such might have been our's were not *England* our country!

The first stage from Naples, is *Aversa,* a well-built modern town. A few miles from thence we crossed the *Clanis*, now called *Chiagno,* and sometimes *Lagno,* and proceeded rapidly over the plain of *Campania.* We arrived at *Capua* rather too late to visit the ruins of the ancient city of the same name, which lie about two miles from the modern town. They are shapeless masses spread over a vast extent of ground, or so at least they appear when viewed from the walls of the present city; the theatre retains somewhat of its original form, and if disinterred, might perhaps display some remains of the grandeur for which it was once celebrated. So great indeed was the magnificence of *Capua,* that while Carthage stood it was compared to it, and long after the fall of Carthage, and even after its own humiliation and disfranchisement, it is represented by Cicero [2] himself as superior to Rome, for the wideness, convenience, and appearance of its streets and edifices.

Capua was built by the Etrurians, that singular nation to which Italy owes its arts, and its noble tuition; but it was occupied partly by force and partly by treachery by the Samnites; afterwards it was united to the Romans by interest and alliance; then it became hostile to Rome under the influence of Annibal, and soon after it was taken, plundered, and stripped of all the honours of a city, that is, of its senate, its magistrates, and its popular assemblies. In this chastisement the Romans punished the body of the state, that is, the ringleaders only, but spared the populace, and the town itself, which continued to stand a monument of the power, the justice, and the clemency of the conquerors. "Concilio ad omni parte laudabili," says Titus Livius (xxvi. 16) "severe et celeriter in maxime noxios animadversum . . . non sævitum incendiis ruinisque in tecta innoxia murosque . . . . quæsita lenitatis species

[1] Pausylipo, and Mergyllina's dome!
And sacred shores, where groves of myrtle bloom . . . .
Receive me to yourselves! my labours there
Shall find repose, and age forget its care.
Thou, happy soil, the means of life supply,
And take me to thy bosom when I die!

[2] Cic. de Leg. Agrar. Or. II. 32.

incolumitate urbis nobilissimæ, opulentissimæque[1]." He adds a consideration that had no small influence in the decision of the senate on this occasion, "confessio expressa hosti, quanta vis in Romanis ad expetendas pœnas ad infidelibus sociis, et quam nihil Annibale auxilii ad tuendos[2]." In truth, *Capua* was taken, and its magistrates put to death, almost in the presence and under the eyes of the indignant Carthaginian.

There are few events recorded in Roman history, that display the great prominent features of the character of that magnanimous people to more advantage, than the siege and fall of *Capua*. Their perseverance, justice, and humanity, here shine in their full lustre; the reader shares their well earned triumph, and only laments that *Corinth*, a city more renowned and less guilty than *Capua*, was not treated with the same indulgence, and like it allowed to stand a monument of Roman forbearance. *Capua* therefore still flourished, not as a corporate body, but as a delicious residence, surrounded with beauty and pampered with plenty. It was reserved for a more ignominious fate, and destined under the feeble Honorius to fall by the hands of Genseric, King of the African Vandals. It never recovered from this catastrophe, and has remained a heap of uninhabited ruins ever since.

The modern town was built about the middle of the ninth century by the count, and the bishop of the title of *Capua*, on the site of the ancient *Casilinum*, remarkable for its fidelity to the Romans in the second Punic war, but decayed and sunk into insignificance even in the time of Pliny. This city is neither large nor well-built, and contains no very remarkable edifice; its greatest recommendation is its name. The cathedral, supported by pillars of granite collected from the neighbouring ruins, and the church of the *Annonziata*, supposed to be an ancient temple, though much disfigured by modern decorations, deserve a visit. The *Vulturnus* bathes the walls, a river now, as formerly, rapid, muddy, and in some places shallow: thus it still retains both its name and its characteristic qualities.

> . . . . . multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
> Vulturnus[3]. *Ovid. Met.* xv. 714.

We here entered the *Falernian* territory, and as we drove over

[1] With a wisdom in every respect to be praised, the most guilty were quickly and severely punished . . . . . no anger was wreaked upon the innocent buildings and walls by burning and destroying them . . . . there was a studied appearance of lenity, in preserving uninjured a noble and wealthy city.

[2] A confession was extorted from the enemy, how great was the power of the Romans to take vengeance on their faithless allies, and how little Annibal could do for their protection.

[3] Vulturnus, rolling his discolour'd waves.

its delicious plain we contemplated on the right *Mount Callicula*, and in front *Mount Massicus*, both remarkable, independently of other circumstances, as enclosing and indeed in part forming, the scene of the manœuvres of Fabius and of Annbal. The celebrated stratagem of the latter [1] took place in a defile of the right.

We then crossed the *lazy Savone* and proceeded to *Francolisi*, whence, ascending the hills, we took a parting view of the delicious region which lay expanded behind us. We had traversed it in every direction, and examined its features in all their combinations. Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst, *Vesuvius* lifting his scorched front, and looking down upon cities, towns, and villages rising promiscuously round his base. And to these a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties, that pourtray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in the *garden* of Italy, the *happy Campania* [2].

But the scenery was now fading away with the light, and a deep azure sky, bespangled with stars all sparking with a brilliancy unusual to our more troubled atmosphere, guided us on our way. Lighted by their beams we crossed the Liris,

> Qui fonte quieto
> Dissimulat cursum ac nullo mutabilis imbri,
> Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas [3].
>
> *Sil.* iv. 350.

We just distinguished the black masses of *Minturnæ* on its banks, with the arches of its ruined aqueduct, and at a late hour in the evening we entered *Mola*.

The bay of *Gaieta*, though seen before, had not with its novelty forfeited its charms; inferior as it is to that of Naples, it had still influence sufficient to delight and to detain us. Ascending the

[1] Tit. Liv. xxii. 4.

[2] We had intended to return by the inland road, and visit the great Parent abbey of the Benedictine Order situated on the summit of *Monte Cassino*; *Venafrum*, so celebrated for its olives; *Arpinum* and the *Fibrenus*; *Sora*, *Anagnia*, and *Preneste*. But the state of the country, which had not yet recovered from the convulsions of an invasion, rendered such a journey imprudent at the moment, and on the representations of some friends, we reluctantly gave up our projected route.

[3] Whose tranquil stream
Scarce seems to move, and undecreas'd by show'rs,
Eats with his crystal wave the silent banks.

hill, we revisited the grove where Cicero fell, and the tomb which popular tradition has erected to his memory, without permitting any hypercritical doubts to disturb our feelings. "*Famâ rerum standum est,*" says Titus Livius, "*ubi certam rebus derogat antiquitas fidem*[1]." At the foot of the tomb sat a little shepherd boy reading a book with great attention, while his flock spread along the sides of the road before him. He smiled when I looked at the book; it was *La vita della SS^ma. Vergine — estratta della Scrittura santa, coi riflessioni,* etc.[2] — lessons of purity, humility and piety! examples of filial love and of parental tenderness. His pastoral predecessors in Virgil and Theocritus, were not so well employed, and must yield to the modern Alexis in innocence and in simplicity. After having winded through the defiles of *Mont Cæcubus*, we descended into the plain of *Fondi*. The beauty of this fertile spot was now enlivened by occasional groups of country people collected with their dogs and flocks, under the shade of the thickest clumps of trees, and indulging themselves in rustic mirth and festivity.

We entered the Roman territory shortly after, and stopped to refresh ourselves at *Terracina*. We again passed *Feronia*, now a solitary scene, once remarkable for the splendour of its temple, which, as Livy relates, was plundered by Annibal in his return from Rome, in order to avenge on the goddess his late disappointment. We crossed the *Pomptine Paludi* (marshes), then delightfully shaded, with great rapidity. The season of *malaria* was now commenced, and to sleep while passing the marshes is supposed to be extremely dangerous. The death of the archbishop of Naples, which had taken place some days before our departure from that capital, was attributed to his having merely passed this swampy tract, though with all possible precaution. It is to be recollected however, that the archbishop was in his seventy-sixth year, and if at such an age a man be carried off very suddenly, his death may be accounted for without the aid of marshy exhalations. Still it must be admitted that the air of this territory both is, and must probably continue, in a certain degree, unwholesome during the summer months, because it must ever remain a flat intersected by many streams, and of course always humid. We indeed found that several drivers were ill at the different post-houses, owing partly to fatigue, during the heats, and partly to the bad qualities of the atmosphere. To take every precaution therefore is prudent, and of course to abstain from sleep, however difficult it may be in such heat, especially when confined to a carriage.

While a traveller is conveyed smoothly and rapidly over the

[1] We must abide by tradition, when antiquity derogates from the certainty of facts.

[2] The life of the Most Holy Virgin, extracted from the Holy Scripture, with reflections, etc.

at *Via Appia* (Appian Way), he must naturally reflect on the and almost creeping pace of the ancients. Horace, while he wledges his own indolence in dividing one day's journey into seems to consider *Forum Appii* as the regular stage from , which was a distance of about thirty-five miles. He passed econd night on the canal. On the third, he seems to have at *Anxur* or *Terracina;* and the fourth, after a *fatiguing* ey, at *Formiæ* or *Mola.*

In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus [1].

*Hor. lib.* I. *Sat.* v. 37.

*fatiguing* journey was not more than thirty miles. But Mæ- might well have considered it as such, as he is related to taken two days to go from Rome to his villa at *Tibur,* only een miles distant. Augustus is also said to have travelled very y and loitered much on the road in his excursions from Rome different parts of Italy. The mode of conveyance was not at me either pleasant or convenient, and whether managed by a *a* (litter or sedan) or a *rheda* (chariot), was in the first in- e slow, in the other rough, and either way far inferior in case, ity, and even dignity, to a post-chaise. The inns seem to been no better, if not worse, than the modern, and to have as ill provided both with fare and furniture; of the fare we some account in Horace, when describing the spare diet of *rentum;* and as for furniture, we have a short inventory of a room in *Petronius,* viz. a bedstead and a bed without curtains, wooden candelabrum with a table. The inns in fact were or the same reason then as now; travellers of rank, instead of enting inns, went from villa to villa, and abandoned such re- icles to the lower orders; a custom very general at present in ; so much so indeed, that an Italian nobleman, hearing an ishman complain of the accommodation at country inns, ex- ed his surprise that he frequented such places, and observed, with a few recommendatory letters he might traverse Italy one extremity to the other, without being once under the ssity of entering an inn.

e intended to pass the night at *Velletri,* in order to visit some es in the town, and some interesting places in the neighbour- , and at the same time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Al- Mount, in our last passage over it. But in this we were dis- inted: we entered *Velletri* rather late, found the inn full, and obliged most reluctantly to pursue our journey in the dark-

[1] From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests.

*Francis.*

ness of the night to *Albano*, and thence for a similar reason to Rome.

As we approached, the beams of the rising sun darted full on the portico of the *Basilica Laterana*, in itself, from its elevation and magnitude, a grand object, and now rendered unusually splendid and majestic, by the blaze of glory that seemed to play around it. The groves of deep verdure that arose on each side, and the dark arches of the ruined aqueducts bending above the trees, formed a striking contrast, and gave the approach a magnificence and solemnity highly conformable to the character and the destinies of the Eternal City.

## CHAPTER V.

**Magnificence of Ancient Rome—its Cloacæ—Aqueducts—Viæ—Forums—Temples—Thermæ—Theatres—Instances of private Magnificence—Greatness, the Characteristic of Roman Taste at all times.**

I KNOW not whether the traveller is not more struck with the appearance of Rome on his return from Naples, than he was on his first entrance. Not to speak of the grandeur of the objects that meet his eye, even at the gate, and are certainly well calculated to make a strong impression, it has been justly observed that the stir, the animation, the gaiety that pervade the streets of Naples, still fresh in his recollection, contrast singularly with the silence and solemnity that seem to reign undisturbed over all the quarters of Rome. The effect of this contrast is increased by the different style of building, the solidity and magnitude of Roman edifices, and the huge masses of ruin that rise occasionally to view, like monuments of a superior race of beings. We seem in our journey to have passed over not miles, but ages, and to have arrived at a mansion where the agitations of the *present* are absorbed in the contemplation of the *past*, and the passions of this world are lost in the interests of that which is to succeed it. Rome is not therefore like Naples, the seat of mirth and dissipation; of public amusement, or even of private conviviality. The *severe majesty* that seems to preside as the genius of the place, proscribes frivolity, and inspires loftiness of thought and gravity of deportment. It imposes even on scenes of relaxation a certain restraint, that without infringing on the ease of conversation, and the confidence of familiar intercourse, gives a serious bias to the mind, and disposes it imperceptibly to reflection [1].

[1] *Il decoro* (decorum) is the word used at Rome to express this restraint so pe-

ut if in Rome, we seek in vain for the lighter amusements, such alls, routs, and operas; we are supplied with other enter- ments of a much higher, and to a man of solid judgment, of a ch more satisfactory nature. Independently of the arts and the nces, that seem to expand all their treasures, and to court our ervation at every step; he who delights to range in thought the past, and to converse with the great of ancient times, will find an inexhaustible fund of occupation in every street, and memory of some noble achievement or illustrious person meet- him at every turn. "*In quidem infinitum est in hac urbe,*" s Cicero, speaking of Athens, "*quacumque enim ingredimur, aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus*[1]," an observation far re applicable to Rome, because it is a grander theatre, more tile in events, and more productive of heroes.

To these recollections, which spring from the very soil itself, l are inseparably attached to its localities, we must superadd the ique statues that fill the cabinets both public and private, and ce the worthies of ancient times before us in all the dignity of ss and attitude. The Capitol, in fact, was never so crowded h heroes and senators, with consuls and dictators, as it is at pre- t; never were so many kings assembled in its halls, and never s it visited by so many emperors in succession, as are now ted in one grand assembly under its roof.

The same may be said of the collection in the Vatican, where g galleries and capacious temples are lined with rows, fre- ently double, of busts and statues representing all the demigods d heroes, the statesmen and orators, the poets and philosophers, short, all the great persons, real or imaginary, that have figured the history and literature of the ancients, and have filled the rld with their renown for so many ages.

> Ora ducum et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum[2].
>
> *Stat. Syl.* ii. 2.

Private cabinets, some of which are almost as considerable as two great repositories just mentioned, increase the prodigious ck, and give altogether a number of statues that equals the ulation of some cities; combining the most perfect specimens,

er to the place; a word little used, as the quality expressed by it is little known ther parts of Italy. English is the only transalpine language, I believe, that pos- s the word, as indeed England is almost the only country where its influence is h felt or acknowledged.

De Fin. lib. v. 2. In this city that is a thing which is inexhaustible; for which- way we move, we tread upon some history or other.

The busts of Sages, Poets, Chiefs of old.

not of Greek and Roman only, but of Etruscan and Egyptian art, and expanding before us, in the compass of one city, all the treasures of the ancient world [1]. Encircled with such company, and surrounded with such monuments, who shall dare to complain of occupation: especially as the classics are always at hand to heighten the enjoyment; and where can they be perused with more pleasure or advantage than at Rome, amidst the monuments of the heroes whom they celebrate, and on the very theatre of the actions which they describe.

But to proceed to the immediate object of this chapter—On our first visit we contemplated ancient Rome as she *now* appears, and from thence we passed to the consideration of the modern city. We will now turn to ancient Rome again, and while we still tread the spot on which *she stood*, we will recollect what she *once* was, and endeavour to trace out some of her majestic features still faintly discernible through the gloom of so many ages. The subject is intimately connected with the views of a classical traveller, and is indeed forced upon him in every morning walk. While he ranges over the seven hills, once so crowded with population and graced with so many noble fabrics, now inhabited only by a few friars, and covered with piles of ruin, he cannot but recollect that under the rubbish which he treads lies buried Imperial Rome, once the *delight and the beauty* of the universe. Deep interred under the accumulated deposit of fifteen centuries, it now serves for the foundation of another city, which, though the fairest in the world, shines only with a few faintly reflected rays of its tarnished glory. If then the magnificence of modern Rome be an object of admiration and wonder, what must have been the majesty of the ancient city? Greater probably than the imagination of moderns, little accustomed to works of unusual beauty or magnitude, can conceive, and capable of astonishing, not strangers only, but even the Greeks themselves, though the latter were habituated to architectural scenery, and almost educated in the midst of temples and colonnades.

Constantius, a cold and unfeeling prince, who had visited all the cities of Greece and Asia, and was familiar with the superb exhibitions of *Ephesus*, *Magnesia*, and *Athens*, was struck dumb with admiration as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the streets; but when he entered the forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he felt for once a momentary enthusiasm, and burst into exclamations of surprise and astonishment [2]. Strabo who had traversed Greece in every direction, and

[1] "On trouve ici," exclaims the *Abbé Barthelemi*, on his first visit to the Capitol, "l'ancienne Égypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome!"

We here find ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, ancient Rome.

[2] The Emperor is said to have fixed his attention on the equestrian statue of Trajan, that stood before the Basilica, and asked where such another horse could be found?

was without doubt intimately acquainted with all the beauties of his country, and like every other Greek [1], not a little partial to its claims to pre-eminence, describes the magnificence of Rome as an object of transcendant glory, that surpassed expectation, and rose far above all human competition.

If Greeks, so jealous of the arts and edifices of their native land; if Emperors of the East, who idolized their own capital, and looked with envy on the ornaments of the ancient City, were thus obliged to pay an involuntary tribute to its superior beauty, we may pardon the well founded enthusiasm of the Romans themselves, when they represent it as an epitome of the universe, and an abode worthy of the Gods [2]. And indeed, if Virgil, at a time when Augustus had only begun his projected improvements, and the architectural glory of the city was in its dawn, ventured to give it the proud appellation of *Rerum pulcherrima* [3], we may conjecture what it must have been in the reign of Hadrian, when it had received all its decorations, and blazed in its full meridian splendour. Even in its decline, when it had twice experienced barbaric rage and had seen some of its fairest edifices sink in hostile flames, it was capable of exciting ideas of something more than mortal grandeur, and raising the thoughts of a holy bishop from earth to heaven [4]. After the Gothic war itself, which gave the last blow to the greatness of Rome, when it had been repeatedly besieged, taken and ransacked, yet then, though stript of its population, and abandoned with its tottering temples to time and desolation; even then, deformed by barbarism, wasted by pestilence, and bowed down to the ground under the accumulated judgments of heaven, the "Eternal City" still retained its imperial features, nor appeared less than the Mistress of the World, *and the excess of glory obscured.*

Rome was in this state when Gregory the Great made those pathetic complaints, of the scenes of misery and ruin that surrounded him; and yet the magnificence of Trajan's forum, which was still standing, though disfigured, was such as to draw from that Pontiff, who neither wanted taste nor feeling, an exclamation of affectionate regard towards its founder [5].

when a Pe[illegible] Prince who accompanied him, answered, "Supposing we find such a horse, who will build him such another stable?"

[1] Græci genus in gloriam suam effusissimum. *Plin.*
"The Greeks, a race intensely partial to their own glory."

[2] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

[3] The fairest city that the world can boast.

[4] The period I allude to the reign of the Goth Theodoric, and the prelate is the eloquent Fulgentius.

[5] When I say that Gregory wanted neither taste nor feeling, I am aware that I speak in opposition to Gibbon, who represents him as deficient in both, as well indeed

**The modern capitals of Europe, and indeed most ancient cities, derived their fame from one, or at the utmost, a few edifices. Thus**

as in every other generous and liberal accomplishment. Gregory lived at a period perhaps the most disastrous recorded in history; when Italy and Rome itself had been successively visited and desolated by the four severest scourges that Heaven employs in its anger to chastise guilty nations—war, inundation, famine, and pestilence. The war was the Gothic war, the most destructive contest ever carried on in the bosom of Italy, not excepting the invasion of Annibal in ancient, and of the French under Charles of *Anjou* in modern times. This contest was followed after a short interval by the irruption of the *Langobardi*, who continued to waste and convulse Italy from the end of the sixth to the beginning of the ninth century. The inundation was occasioned by the Goths, who imprudently during the siege, broke several of the aqueducts, and let the rivers confined in them range without control over the plain; to which we may add an overflow of the Tiber, that rose a prodigious height, and not only deluged the country but flooded the streets, and undermined several edifices in the city itself. Famine is the natural consequence of war, when carried on without mercy or precaution; and in a warm country, stagnant waters and swampy grounds, the unavoidable effects of inundations, emit vapours that never fail to produce infection. So violent was the pestilence, that in a procession in which the Pontiff marched at the head of the people, he had the mortification to see seventy of his flock fall down and expire in his presence.

To alleviate these calamities, was the occupation of Gregory, and in the discharge of this melancholy duty, he could have had little time and little inclination to indulge himself in the pleasures of literary pursuits. To which we may add, that such researches are the amusements of leisure and prosperity, when the mind, free from external pressure and distraction, can expatiate at ease over the region of fancy and invention, and cull their flowers without fear or interruption. But in the fall of empires, when misery besets every door, and death stares every man in the face, it is timely and natural to turn to objects of greater importance, and while *the fashion of this world passeth away*, to fix the thoughts and affections on more substantial and more permanent acquirements.

But with all these disadvantages Gregory possessed talents and accomplishments that would have entitled him to consideration, even in more refined ages, and whoever peruses his epistles, will acknowledge that he was not deficient either in imagination or in judgment, and still less in the nobler qualities of a benevolent and lofty mind. His style, though deeply tinged with the increasing barbarism of the times, is genuine grammatical Latin, and in purity and perspicuity superior to that of some authors who flourished in the preceding age; such as Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus. It is indeed related to his honour, that he endeavoured to support upon all occasions the language, the manners, and the dress of the Romans, in opposition to the remains of Gothic corruption, and to the uncouth jargon and savage demeanor of the *Langobardi*. About his person and in his court he employed none but native Italians, free from every Gothic mixture in blood, or dialect, and by his attachment to his country, his active benevolence, and his mild but steady patriotism, he has deserved the honorable appellation of the *Last of the Romans*.

After his death, the barbaric inundation spread without obstacle, and swept away almost every remnant of civilization; the language hitherto spoken at Rome, at least with grammatical accuracy, was rapidly mutilated and disfigured; the number of inhabitants continued to decrease, and the few surviving Romans, though still

London glories in *St. Paul's*, *St. Martin* in the Fields, the two *St. Georges*, etc. Paris boasts of the *Colonnade* of the *Louvre*, the *Front* of the *Tuileries*, the *Church of the Invalids*, *St. Genevieve*, *St. Sulpice*, etc. Berlin has its *Brandenbourgh Gate*, and Dresden its *Electoral Chapel*. So anciently Ephesus had its *Temple of Diana*; Harlicarnassus its *Mausoleum*; Rhodes its *Colossus*. Athens itself, the mother of the arts, could not exhibit more than twenty edifices of extraordinary beauty, among which the *Parthenon*, the *Temple of Theseus*, the *Propyleium*, and the *Portico*, were the principal. Rome seems to have presented a perpetual succession of architectural scenery, and exhibited in every view groups or lines of edifices, every one of which, taken separately, would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city.

But to enable the reader to form a clearer idea of this magnificence, I will descend to particulars, and give a concise account of some of its principal edifices, such as the *Cloacæ* (sewers)—*Aqueducts*—*Viæ* or *Roads*—*Forums*—*Porticos*—*Thermæ* (baths) and *Temples*: after which I will subjoin some singular and striking instances of private grandeur.

free and still spectators of the most stupendous monuments of ancient grandeur, began to lose sight of their country, and to forget that their ancestors had once been masters of the universe.

This Pope is abused by Gibbon, because he reprimanded a bishop for teaching (not for studying as the historian chooses to word it) the Latin poets, and opening a grammar-school in his palace. Yet it will surely be admitted that a bishop may justly be expected to devote his time to duties of a more elevated nature, than the avocations of an ordinary schoolmaster, and that he exposes himself to censure if he devotes to literary amusement the time and attention which he owes to his flock, and to the sublime studies of his profession. A most respectable prelate of the church of England, when promoted to the episcopacy, is said to have renounced the study of chemistry, which he had prosecuted before with zeal and success, as inconsistent with the more important labours attached to his new dignity. The reader will probably applaud a resolution so conformable to the dictates of religion, and will consequently approve of the conduct of Gregory, who enforced the same principle at a time when the prevalence of barbarism and increasing ignorance required all the zeal and all the efforts of the episcopal body.

He is also accused of having burnt the Palatine library, and destroyed several temples, etc. The Palatine library was burnt in the conflagration of Nero, and when restored, if restoration were possible, a second time under Domitian, and finally and utterly by Genseric. As for temples, he orders St. Augustin, the monk, to spare them in England *, and to convert them into churches; why then should he destroy them in Rome? These accusations cannot be traced farther back than the twelfth century, that is five hundred years at least after this Pontiff's death. His real crimes in the eyes of both Bayle and Gibbon, are, that he was a Pope, and that he converted England to Christianity!

* Bed. Hist. Ecclesi. lib. 1, cap. 30.

A Greek author [1] has observed, that Roman greatness manifested itself most conspicuously in the *Cloacæ*, the *aqueducts*, and the *high roads*, works peculiarly Roman, and from a singular combination of utility, solidity, and grandeur, indicative in a very uncommon degree of the genius and character of that wonderful people. Some of these works, such as the *Cloaçæ*, were built in the very infancy of the city, and seemed to have been considered as omens and pledges of its duration and future greatness. Many of the aqueducts, and I believe most of the roads, were of the republican era, when magnificence was confined to public edifices, and the resources of architecture were employed for the convenience or the amusement of the people at large. To treat of each separately.

## CLOACÆ.

It appears singular to rank *sewers* among objects of admiration, yet no edifices are better calculated to excite it. The *Cloacæ* were arched galleries carried under the city in every direction; they were wide enough for a loaded cart or boat to pass with convenience, and all communicated with the *Cloaca maxima* (the greatest, or principal sewers). The latter is about sixteen feet in breadth and thirty in height; its pavement, sides, and arch, are all formed of blocks of stone, so solid in themselves, and so well connected together, that, notwithstanding the weights that have rolled over them, the buildings that load them, and the ruins that encumber them, not one has given way during the space of more than two thousand years. To cleanse them, various streams were introduced, which rolled along with a rapidity sufficiently violent to weaken any ordinary edifice; when obstructed, the expense of clearing them was enormous, and upon one occasion amounted to a sum exceeding one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The *Cloaca maxima* was erected, as is well known, in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, and shows to what a degree of perfection

[1] Dion. Halic. Antiq. Rom. lib. iii. cap. 57.

[2] . . . . Ad alia traducebatur opera foros in circo faciendos, cloacamque maximam, receptaculum omnium purgamentorum urbis: quibus duobus operibus vix nova hæc magnificentia quicquam adequare potuit.—*Tit. Liv.* i. *cap.* 56.

"He turned his attention to other works, to making the galleries in the Circus, and the Great Cloaca, the receptacle of all the filth of the city; to which two works the magnificence of modern days has scarcely been able to produce any thing equal."

Sed tunc senes agg.eris vastum spatium et substructiones insanas Capitolii mirabantur; preterea cloacas, operum omnium dictu maximum . . . . . durant a Tarquinio Prisco annis prope septingentis inexpugnabiles.—*C. Plin. Hist. lib.* xxxvi. *cap.* 15.

"But at that time old men were astonished at the vast space of the mound, and





s were carried at Rome then in its infancy. They were all nimpaired in the reign of Theodoric; and drew from that some exclamations of surprise and admiration. The *Cloaxima* stands even now (though almost choked up with h and weeds and damaged at one end not by time, but by inand folly) a monument of proportion and of solidity.

## AQUEDUCTS.

ent Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of the first was opened by Appius, and bears his name. The were, *Anio Vetus—Martia—Tepula—Julia—Virgo—Al*s (Augusta)—*Claudia—Anio Novus*[1]. These aqueducts ran nce of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground metimes supported by arches to the centre of the city[2]. Two in ular, the *Clodia* and *Anio nova* (New Anio), were carried over for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than ndred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The el through which the water flowed in these aqueducts (and in them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other) ways wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry als for repair; and all were lined with a species of plaster nd impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients, *opus tum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern

nense substructions of the Capitol; not to mention the Cloacæ, the most wonf all works . . . . . they have continued entire from the time of Tarquiius, a period of almost seven hundred years."

e reader will observe, that in the names and number of the aqueducts I constatements to the reign of Nerva; succeeding emperors increased the numd changed the names.

e short description which Statius gives of some of the principal aqueducts is , and indeed in his best style: —

Vos mihi quæ Latium, septenaque culmina Nympha
Incolitis, Tybrimque novis ottollitis undis,
Quas præceps Anien, atque exceptura natatus
Virgo juvat, Marsasque nives, et frigora ducens
Martia, præcelsis quarum vaga molibus unda
Crescit, et innumero pendens transmittitur arcu.

*Syl. lib.* i. 5.

Ye Nymphs who dwell in Latium, who rejoice
In serv'n-hill'd Rome's high honours, and increase
Proud Tiber's stream with waters not his own;
Whose waves o'er many a pendent arch roll on,
Huge and stupendous aqueducts! o'er that
From rapid *Anio* call'd, and that which bears
The *Virgin's* name, where sportive swimmers play,
And *Martia*, from the Marsian hills that brings
Cold, chilling snows . . . . . .

Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabundantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must the nine have poured continually into the ancient city!

As I have already given some account of these aqueducts, I shall here confine myself to a few additional observations. Authors differ as to their number, because the same great channel often branched out into lesser divisions, which on account of the quantity of water which they supplied, were sometimes considered as separate aqueducts. To this we may add, that the same aqueduct sometimes bore different names. I have adopted the number given by Erontinus, who was employed by the Emperor Nerva to inspect and repair these important works, and must of course be considered as decisive authority. Most parts of the city were supplied by two aqueducts, in order to prevent the inconveniences occasioned by derangements and reparations; and one aqueduct, which conveyed a stream of less pure and wholesome water was appropriated exclusively to supply the Naumachias, Circuses, and Cloacæ. The number of public reservoirs of water, called from their depth and extent *Lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible; since Agrippa alone, as has been noticed elsewhere, opened one hundred in the space of one year. When the extent, the solidity, the decorations, and above all, the utility of these immense works are taken into consideration, the reader will find no difficulty in preferring them with Frontinus, to the idle bulk of the pyramids, and even to the graceful, but less useful edifices of Greece[1].

I have already hinted at the ornaments that graced the *lakes* and fountains, such as pillars, temples, and statues. The latter generally represented river gods, and among them were the *Nile*, the *Tiber*, the *Ardus*, the *Achelous*, the *Tigres*, the *Euphrates*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and many others discovered at different periods amidst the ruins; some of which still remain, and others have been transported to Naples, to Florence, and recently to Paris.

Many inscriptions have also been found belonging anciently to these fountains. That which Pope translated for his grotto, seems to have been of the number. It is now in the grotto of Egeria. Another is well known, comprising the same sense in three words,

[1] Tot aquarum tam multis necessariis molibus, pyramides videlicet otiosas comparem, aut cætera inertia, sed famâ celebrata Græcorum opera?—*Front. De Aquæd. Romæ. lib. i.*

"To these immense aqueducts, so numerous and so necessary, shall I compare the idle pyramids, or the other useless, though celebrated works of the Greeks?"

NYMPHAE LOCI
SIEE LAVA TACE [1].

The ruins of these prodigious edifices towering far above all modern buildings, attract the eye on the *Celian* and *Esquiline* Mounts, but fix the attention still more powerfully when sweeping in broken lines over the solitary *Campagna*, they present in the midst of desolation one of the most awful instances ever perhaps exhibited of magnificence in decay.

## VIÆ.

Rome was indebted to Appius Claudius for her aqueducts; to the public spirit and talents of the same censor she owed also her viæ or roads. As these works, though they show the taste which the Romans had for the great and the useful, yet have little connexion with the magnificence of the city, I shall confine myself to very few observations. In the first place, there stood in the Roman Forum a pillar of gold, on which were inscribed the distances of the great cities of Italy, and of the empire, which pillar was from these two circumstances called *Milliarium Aureum* [2]. At this column the roads commenced, and thence branched off from Rome to every part of Italy, and were carried on in straight lines, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and sometimes raised on arches. They were literally speaking *viæ stratæ*, not paved but flagged, and composed frequently of vast blocks, neither hewn nor shaped by art, but fitted together in their original form. This method had an uncommon advantage, as the natural coating, if I may so call it, of the stone, enabled it to resist with more effect the action of the weather, and the friction of carriages. Hence such parts of the *Via Appia* as have escaped destruction, as at *Fondi* and *Mola*, show few traces of wear and decay after a duration of two thousand years. When hewn stones were used they were cut out into large blocks of two, three, or even five feet square, and laid together without any cement, yet so firmly and closely connected, as to appear rather a continued rock, than an artificial combination; they have resisted both the influence of time and the pressure of the enormous loads that have passed over them, in a manner altogether inconceivable. These roads were in process of time extended to

[1] To the nymph of the place:—Drink—Bathe—Be Silent.

[2] The golden mile-stone.—This column was erected by Augustus, and stood near the temple of Saturn. Notwithstanding its name we may suppose it to have been of brass gilt.

the most distant provinces of the empire, and formed an easy communication between *Britain* and *Mesopotamia*, between *Dacia* and *Egypt*. Thus the civilized world owes to the Romans the first establishment and example of a commodious intercourse; one of the greatest aids of commerce, and means of improvement that society can enjoy.

The barbarians who overturned the Roman power were for many ages so incredibly stupid as to undervalue this blessing, and almost always neglected, sometimes wantonly destroyed, the roads that intersected the provinces which they had invaded. But the example of the Roman Pontiff, the authority of the clergy, and the remains which they still beheld, gradually though slowly opened their eyes and called their attention to an object of such prime importance. I have said *slowly*, as to this day, the different governments of Germany[1], Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and Greece, are still so far immersed in barbarism as to leave the traveller to work his way through their respective territories with infinite fatigue and difficulty, by tracks and paths oftentimes almost impassable. Even in countries where the greatest attention has been paid to the roads, how inferior are all modern works in firmness and durability to the ancient *Viæ*. I know it has been said, that there was barely sufficient room on the *Via Appia* for two carriages to pass each other, and this, if the observation be confined to a very few narrow passes, such as sometimes occur in our best and newest roads, may be true; but if meant to be general, it is certainly ill-founded, as the average breadth of the *Via Appia* is from eighteen to twenty-two feet.

The reader will recollect without doubt that all these magnificent outlets and approaches to the imperial city were bordered on each side, not with rows only, but with streets of tombs, and thus converted into so many avenues of death, and scenes of mortality. The last object that a Roman beheld at his departure, and the first that struck him on his return, was the *tombs of his ancestors*. The sepulchres of the heroes of the early ages were, during the reign of liberty, the most conspicuous; but under the Cæsars, they were eclipsed by the funereal pomp of the freedmen, the parasites, the sycophants of the emperors. Hence that indignant epigram,

> Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet: at Cato parvo,
> Pompeius nullo: credimus esse deos? [2].

[1] The Austrian territories in Germany are excepted from this censure.

[2] For Licinus a marble tomb is made;
Cato beneath a narrow stone is laid;
No tomb, no stone great Pompey's ashes find;
Who now shall say the gods regard mankind?

Though every road presented the tombs of many illustrious persons, yet the *Via Appia* was ennobled by the greatest number of celebrated names, and beheld on its sides rising in melancholy state the sepulchres of the Servilii, the Metelli, and the Scipios; of Archias and of Ennius. Most of the inscriptions that marked these receptacles of departed greatness, were like the views of the *minute philosophers*, who pricipitated the fall of Rome, narrow, earthly, and mortal,

> Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde, quid egi,
> Mutus in æternum sum cinis, ossa, nihil [1].

How mean, how pusillanimous, how unworthy the high-minded Roman! The following Christian epitaph would have been more appropriate on the tomb of a Cato, a Scipio, or a Cicero [2]: —

> Ingenio superest *Cordus*, mens ipsa recepta est
> Cælo, quod terræ est, maxima Roma tenet [3].

But to pass from roads which, as I have already hinted, are not immediately connected with my present object, the ancient Greeks pretended, and their admirers at present are often heard to maintain, that Rome owed all her magnificence to the arts of Greece, which she learned during the Etolian and Macedonian wars. Horace's acknowledgment seems to confirm this pretension so flattering to Grecian pride and vanity [4]. But however ancient or general

The satyrist might have spared the gods; perhaps in *their* eyes the *barber* (for such was Licinus) might have been superior both to the hero and the philosopher.

[1] My name, my past pursuits inquire thou not,
How into being rais'd, by whom begot;
Dumb are my lips, life's transient journey o'er;
Earth, dust, and ashes, I exist no more.

[2] "Maximum vero argumentum est," *says the latter, with his usual magnificence of language*, "naturam ipsam de immortalitate animorum tacitam judicare, quod omnibus curæ sunt et maxime quidem quæ post mortem futura sint. . . . . quid propagatio nominis . . . . quid testamentorum diligentia, quid *ipsa sepulcrorum monumenta*, quid elogia significant, nisi nos futura etiam cogitare?" *Tuscul. lib.* i. 15.

"But the strongest argument is, that nature herself tacitly concludes the soul to be immortal, is, that all men take the most lively interest in what is to take place after their death. . . . What is implied by the continuation of our names . . . . what by the careful attention we pay to our wills, what by our very monuments, what by inscriptions and eulogies, if it be not that we are anxious about futurity?"

[3] Still Cordus lives: heav'n is the home of mind;
Great Rome contains the clay he left behind.

[4] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. *Lib.* ii. *Epis.* i. 156.

this opinion may be, it stands on no solid foundation; the truth is, that of the three grand works which I have mentioned, the first was erected at a time when Grecian architecture was in its infancy, and the two others, before any regular intercourse had taken place between the Greeks and Romans. The latter derived their arts and sciences from their neighbours, the Etrurians, a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, for some ages before the Greeks began to emerge from their primitive barbarism; and to them the Romans probably were indebted for that solid taste which distinguished them ever after. They seem indeed in all their works and edifices to have had constantly in view the three great qualities, which in architecture give excellence without the aid of ornament, and by their own intrinsic merit command admiration. This simple and manly style showed itself in the very infancy of the city, expanded with the greatness and the resources of the republic, and displayed itself, not in the capital only, but in the most distant provinces; it survived the fall of the empire, it struggled for ages of convulsion with the spirit of barbarism, and at length, as a monument of its triumph, it raised over the fanes, the porticos, the triumphal arches of the mistress of the world, the palaces, the obelisks, the temples of the *Modern City*.

Whether this effect be attributed to the example and lessons of the Etrurians, and to the architectural school established by Numa, or to that magnanimity which seems to have grown out of the very soil, and to have been inhaled with the air of ancient Rome, I know not; but it cannot be ascribed to the influence of the Greeks, as it arose before they were known, and flourished long after they were forgotten, among the Romans. At a later period they certainly borrowed the Greek orders, but they employed them upon a scale commensurate with their own greatness and far above the means of the Greeks. The latter seem, in a great measure, to have confined their magnificence to gates, mausoleums, and temples; while the former, allowing their splendour a much wider range, extended its influence to baths, circuses, forums, curiæ, and Basilicæ. Nay, they seem, even in the opinion of the Greeks themselves, who speak of the wonders of Rome with an admiration that could have arisen from a sense of inferiority only, to have surpassed them even in those very fabrics in which the principal boast and glory of Greece consisted, and to have left them at length the sole advantage of having first invented the Orders. In reality it would be difficult to find a

> When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
> She triumph'd o'er her savage conqu'ror's hearts.
>
> *Francis.*

The arts to which Horace alludes are the arts of Poetry, Criticism, and Rhetoric, and to these his acknowledgment must be confined.

temple equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to that of Peace, and in splendour to that of Jupiter Capitolinus. The tomb of Hadrian, in materials, elevation, and ornament, equalled, perhaps excelled, the Halicarnassian mausoleum[1], and all the theatres of Greece sunk into insignificance before the enormous circumference of the Coliseum.

Some travellers, in order to disparage the monuments of Roman grandeur and to raise the fame of Greece, have remarked, that the former are of brick and were lined or cased only with marble, while the edifices of the latter were entirely of marble; but this remark originated in hasty and imperfect observation, and is inaccurate in both its parts, as many of the public buildings at Rome were of solid stone or marble, and several of the Grecian edifices were of brick cased with marble pannels. Of this latter kind was the mausoleum above-mentioned [2]. Mausolus, indeed, is said to have first invented the art of incrusting brick walls with marble, a practice introduced into Rome in the reign of Augustus, by Caius Mamurra. Part of the walls of Athens were formed of the same materials, as was the palace of Crœsus, of Attalus, and several public edifices at Lacedæmon. Pliny goes so far as to assert, that the Greeks preferred brick to stone in great buildings as more durable, and adds that brick walls, when the perpendicular line is duly attended to, last for ever.

## FORUMS.

We next come to the *forums* or squares, which are represented by the ancients as alone sufficient to eclipse the splendour of every other city. There were two kinds of forums, the *Fora Venalia* [3] and the *Fora Civilia* [4]. The former were merely markets, and were distinguished each by a title expressing the objects to which they were appropriated, such as the *Forum Boarium*, *Piscatorium* [5], etc.; of these of course, the number was indefinite, though commonly supposed to be

[1] The dimensions of the latter were, according to Pliny, sixty-three feet in length, somewhat less in breadth, and in height twenty-five cubits or about forty feet; its whole circumference, including a square or open space around it, was four hundred and eleven feet. On the mausoleum rose a pyramid of the same elevation as the mausoleum itself, that is, between thirty-eight and forty feet, and on its summit stood a quadriga. The elevation of the whole was one hundred and forty feet. It was supported by thirty-six pillars, and its four sides were sculptured by four of the most eminent artists. I leave the task of reconciling these dimensions with the rules of proportion to professed architects. I must however add, that they are far inferior to those of the Roman mausoleum.

[2] Pliny, xxxv. 14.

[3] Forums for sale.

[4] Forums for transacting civil business.

[5] The ox-market, fish-market, &c.

about twelve. The *Fora Civilia* were intended, as the name implies, for the transaction of public business, and were five in number; the *Forum Romanum — D. Julii — Augusti — Nervæ*, frequently called *Transitorium* and *Trajani*.

The *Forum Romanum* was in rank the first, its name was coeval with the city, and its destination was connected with all the glories of the Republic. It was indeed the seat, or rather the throne of Roman power. It was encircled with buildings of the greatest magnificence; but these buildings were erected at different periods, and perhaps with little regard to regularity. They circumscribed its extent within very narrow limits, but these limits were consecrated by omens and auguries, and ennobled by fame and patriotism; they were too sacred to be removed. It was therefore found inadequate to the reception of the crowds which flocked to the public assemblies, and Julius Cæsar took upon himself the popular charge of accommodating the Roman people with another forum, without however violating the dignity and pre-eminence of the first, which always retained exclusively the title of *Great*, and the appellation of *Roman*.

Nomen terris fatale regendis [1]. *Prop.*

Of this new forum, called the *Julian*, we only know, that the ground on which it stood cost nine hundred thousand pounds, and that its principal ornament was a temple of Venus Genitrix [2].

The forum of Augustus was lined on each side by a portico, and terminated by the temple of Mars Bis Ultor [3]. Under the porticos, on one side stood in bronze the Latin and Roman kings, from Eneas down to Tarquinius Superbus; on the other were ranged the Roman heroes all in triumphal robes. On the base of each statue was inscribed the history of the person whom it represented. In the centre rose a colossal statue of Augustus [4].

[1] A name, by fate ordained to rule the world.

[2] Venus the procreatrix.

[3] Ovid. Fast. Lib. v. ver. 552.—The twice avenging Mars.

[4] The account given by Suetonius is highly honourable to Augustus. Proximum a Diis immortalibus honorem memoriæ ducum prestitit qui imperium populi Romani ex minimo maximum reddidissent. Itaque . . . . . statuas omnium triumphali effigie in utraque Fori sui porticu dedicavit. Professus est edicto, *Commentum id se ut illorum velut ad exemplar et ipse dum viveret, et insequentium ætatum principes exigerentur a civibus.—Oct. Cæs. Aug.* xxxi.

"To the memory of the chiefs, who from small beginnings had raised the Roman empire to the highest pitch of greatness, he rendered an honour next to that of the immortal gods. He therefore erected triumphal statues to all of them, in each of the portico of his own forum. He made it known by an edict, that he had come to this resolution, in order that both he himself during his life-time, and all succeeding princes, might be tried, as it were, by their fellow-citizens, after the standard of those illustrious men."

The *Forum Nervæ,* or *Transitorium,* so called because it formed a communication between the three other forums and that of Trajan. There are still some remains of this forum, as part of the wall that enclosed it, some Corinthian pillars belonging to one of its porticos, and the portal of the temple of Minerva. It was begun by Domitian, but finished by Nerva.

The *Forum Trajani,* or *Ulpianum,* was the last in date, but the first in beauty. The splendour of these edifices was indeed progressive; the Julian was supposed to have surpassed the Roman; that of Augustus is ranked by Pliny among *pulcherrima opera quæ nunquam* [1], and yet it was acknowledged to be inferior to that of Nerva; the latter yielded in its turn to the matchless edifice of Trajan. This forum consisted of four porticos, supported by pillars of the most beautiful marble: the roof of the porticos rested upon brazen beams, and was covered with brazen plates; it was adorned with statues and chariots all of brass gilt: the pavement was of variegated marble. The entrance was at one end by a triumphal arch, at the other and opposite was a temple; on one side a Basilica, on the other a public library: in the centre rose the celebrated column crowned with the colossal statue of Trajan. Apollodorus was the architect of this wonderful pile, and so great was the beauty, I might almost say, the perfection of the architecture, and so rich, the materials, that those who beheld it seem to have been struck dumb with astonishment, and at a loss to find words to express their admiration [2].

When this wonderful edifice was destroyed it would be difficult to determine; the triumphal arch which formed its entrance was dismantled so early as the reign of Constantine, as its materials, or at least its ornaments, were employed to grace the arch erected in honour of that emperor. The forum itself existed, as I have already observed, in the time of Gregory the Great, and consequently had survived, at least as to its essential and constituent parts, the repeated sieges and disasters of the city. It seems, from an expres-

[1] The most beautiful of all possible works.

[2] Such at least appears to have been the sensation experienced by Ammianus Marcellinus, who, in his semi-barbarous style, betrays the confusion both of his feelings and his language. His words are *untranslateable*—Cum ad Trajani Forum venisset, (Constantius) singularem sub omni cælo structuram ut opinamur, etiam Numinum assertione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per giganteos contextus circumferens mentem, nec relatu effabiles, nec rursus mortalibus expetendos.—Among the statues that decorated this forum, two were remarkable for their materials, one of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, of ivory; the other of amber, representing Augustus. The celebrated equestrian statue of Trajan was in front of the Basilica.

[1] When he (Constantius) arrived at the Forum of Trajan, a building, in our opinion unrivalled beneath the sun, and which even the gods themselves have affirmed to be wonderful, he stood still, in utter amazement, examining its gigantic construction, of which no idea can be conveyed by words, and which the eye of man must never expect to see again.

sion of John the Deacon, to have existed in the beginning of the ninth century; its destruction must therefore be ascribed to the avarice or the fury of the Romans themselves in their intestine contests.

## PORTICOS.

From the forums we pass naturally to the porticos, so numerous and so frequently alluded to by the Roman writers. It would be difficult to state the precise number of these buildings, though we know it to have been considerable; and it would be still more difficult to describe their site, extent, and various decorations. Of the following however we have some details, by which we are enabled to form an idea of the others. It must be observed, that I speak not here of such porticos as merely formed the vestibules or decorated the entrance of temples, as these made part of the edifices to which they were annexed, but of those only which were erected solely for the convenience of the public in sultry or inclement weather.

The *porticus duplex*, so called from its double row of pillars, was erected by Cneius Octavius, after the defeat of Perses; it was of the Corinthian order and ornamented with brazen capitals; the walls were decorated with paintings, representing the achievements of the founder. It stood near the *Circus Flaminius*.

The portico of Pompey, annexed to his theatre, was supported by one hundred marble columns; it opened on both sides into groves of plane trees, and was refreshed by fountains and streams. It was therefore in summer the favourite resort of the young, the gay, and the gallant [1].

Augustus, attentive as he was to the general embellishment of the city, did not neglect a species of edifice so ornamental, and at the same time so useful as the portico. We find accordingly that he erected several porticos himself, and that prompted by his example, his most distinguished and opulent friends vied with each other in similar works of magnificence [2]. Among the former were the portico of Caius and Lucius, with a basilica annexed to it;

[1] Propertius describes it with its characteristic ornaments—

> Scilicet umbrosis sordet *Pompeia* columnis
> Porticus aulæis nobilis Attalicis;
> Et creber pariter platanis surgentibus ordo,
> Flumina sopito quæque Marone cadunt.
>
> *Lib.* ii. 32.

> Though rich with tapestry from the conquer'd East,
> Despis'd is now great Pompey's portico,
> The plane-trees tall, in order'd ranks that rise,
> And the pure streams, whose gentle murmurs late
> Lull'd Maro's muse to rest.

[2] Suet. in Aug. 29.

via, which rose near the theatre of Marcellus, and con-
a little to its beauty as well as convenience; that of
the Roman forum. The latter was ornamented with a
f ancient pictures, and shaded by a vine of prodigious
Ovid alludes to it in his usual lively manner.
and every edifice of the kind prior to this era, was
the splendour of the *Palatine* portico, dedicated to
was supported by pillars of Numidian marble, enli-
exquisite paintings and statues, and emblazoned with
old. It enclosed the library and temple of Apollo, so
d to by the writers of the Augustan age, and was deser-
d among the wonders of the city [a].
portico erected by this emperor, was called *Ad Nelle*-
he statues with which it was furnished, representing
ions in their respective habits. It was perhaps still

iption which Propertius gives of this portico is the best extant, and
cient number of details to enable us to form a very accurate idea of its

Aurea Phœbi
Porticus a magno Cæsare aperta fuit:
Tota erat in spatium Poenis digesta columnis:
Inter quas Danai fœmina turba senis.
Hic equidem Phœbo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
Quatuor artificis vivida signa boves.
Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
Et patriâ Phœbo carius Ortygiâ.
Auro solis erat supra fastigia currus,
Et valvæ Libyci nobile dentis opus:
Altera dejectos Parnassi vertice Gallos,
Altera mœrebat funera Tantalidos.
Deinde inter matrem, Deus ipse, interque sorores
Pythius in longâ carmina veste monet.

Lib. ii. 31.

The golden portico, from Phœbus nam'd,
Was open'd by imperial Cæsar's self.
In fair array dispos'd, tall columns rose,
From Punic quarries brought, whose ranks among
Old Danaus' daughters stand, a lovely train.
A marble Phœbus, whom the breathing god
Had scarce surpass'd in beauty, in his hand
Held the mute lyre, and from his unclos'd lips
Pour'd forth to Fancy's ear his loudest song.
Four oxen round the altar seem'd to low,
The boast of Myron's art; and in the midst
Stood the proud temple, rais'd of Parian stone;
His own Ortygia to the god less dear.
High on the roof the chariot of the sun
Blaz'd in refulgent gold; th' expanding valves
Were form'd of whitest iv'ry; one display'd
The sculptur'd Gauls, from sacred Delphi driv'n,
And one, the tragic doom of Niobe.
Then, 'twixt his mother plac'd and sister fair,
The Pythian god, in flowing vestments clad,
Sings heavenly music.

more remarkable for a statue of Hercules, standing neglected on the ground. That such a divinity should remain thus neglected and dishonoured is surprising; but the reason of a conduct, apparently so impious, is highly honourable to Roman feeling. The statue thus degraded had been brought from Carthage [1], and was the very one to which the Carthaginians were accustomed to offer human victims, "*Sacrum*," as Titus Livius remarks, "*minime Romanum* [2]."

The *Porticus Septorum*. Cicero speaks of this portico as *about* to be erected, and intended to embrace in its whole extent the space of a mile. Pliny [3] gives us to understand that it was finished or repaired by Agrippa, and enclosed not the *septa tributa comitia*, where the people assembled to vote, but the *Diribitorium*, or place where the legions were mustered and paid. These edifices were all of marble, and the latter in particular unusually magnificent.

Agrippa also built and gave his name to another portico, which some suppose to have been connected with the present portico of the Pantheon, and to have been carried round it. But as he had erected *Thermæ* and other noble fabrics near that edifice, it is more probable that his portico enclosed the whole, and united them together in one grand circumference. That it was extensive is evident from Horace, who represents it as a public walk, much frequented:

> Cum bene notum
> Porticus Agrippæ et via te conspexerit Appi [4].
>
> *Hor. lib.* i. *epis.* vi. 26.

The materials were, as in all Agrippa's works, rich marbles; and the ornaments were paintings and statues.

The Portico of *Hercules* or of *Philippus*, so called because rebuilt by the latter at the instigation of Augustus, and dedicated to

[1] See Tit. Liv. xx. 57. Inhonorus est nec in templo ullo Hercules, ad quem Pœni omnibus annis humanâ sacrificaverunt victimâ, humi staus ante aditum porticus ad nationes. *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* xxxvi. *cap.* 5.

"The Hercules, to which the Carthaginians every year used to offer human sacrifices, is unhonoured, and not placed in any temple, but stands on the ground at the entrance of the Portico *Ad Nationes*.

[2] A sacrifice by no means Roman.

[3] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xvi. cap. 40.

[4] For though Agrippa's awful colonnade,
Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd.
*Francis.*

ercules, whose temple it enclosed, under the appellation of *Mu-igetes,* or leader of the muses. It was erected solely for the orna-ent of the city, and of course was decorated with an unusual pro-sion of splendid objects, as the reader will easily conceive when e is informed, that the paintings of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Antiphi-s, formed part of its furniture.

Several porticos took their appellations from the temples to which ey were annexed, and seemed to have formed either vast squares r courts before, or immense galleries round their respective tem-les, thus detaching them from ordinary buildings, and giving them solitary grandeur [1].

The Portico of *Quirinus* and that of *Europa,* are mentioned by lartial [2] as fashionable places of resort, and must consequently ave been very spacious. That of *Isis* was remarkable not only r paintings but mosaics. It would be an useless repetition of the me terms to enumerate more of these edifices, especially as, in rder to give the reader some idea of the numbers, it will be suf-cient to inform him, that the approach to the Curiæ, the Basilicæ, e Forums, was generally by porticos; that several ranges of por-cos led to the Capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the *ampus Martius* was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; at almost every Emperor distinguished himself by the erection of new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius [3], to ave lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself ad rebuilt) with a continued portico [4].

[1] The temple of Jerusalem, both first and second, was surrounded by a portico; nd most of the ancient churches in Italy are separated from the street by a court ge-erally supported by pillars. Such is the Ambrosian Basilica at Milan, the cathedral f Salernum, and the most ancient of all churches, St. Clement's, at Rome. This ode of insulating places of worship, so conformable to taste and reason, has been dopted and applied with unparelleled magnificence to the Basilica Vaticana.

[2] Lib. xi. epig. i.—Lib. ii. epig. 14.—Lib. iii. epig. 20.

[3] Suet. Ner. 16.

[4] Several porticos were erected by latter Emperors of astonishing extent. Such as that of Gallienus, extending near two miles along the *Via Flaminia,* that is, from he *Via Lata* to the *Pons Milvius:* that of Gordian in the *Campus Martius,* which as a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, open-ng upon plantations of box, cedar, and myrtle. The Gordian family were remark-ble for their opulence and magnificence. Their villa on the *Via Prenestina* con-ained baths as large as some of the *Thermæ* in Rome; three basilicæ of one hundred eet in length each; and a portico supported by two hundred pillars of the rarest marbles.

Before I give up this subject, I cannot but express both my surprise and my regret hat the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the ecoration of the capital. If we consult utility, no edifice is better adapted to a old and rainy climate; if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded with

## THERMÆ.

There were in Rome sixteen public baths, usually called *Thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water, and open at all hours of the day. Though they differed both in magnitude and splendour, yet they had some features in common, and contained spacious halls for bathing and swimming; for reading and declamation; for conversation and exercise. These halls were all lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable statues and paintings. They were surrounded with plantations and walks, and combined every species of polite and manly amusement. The account which I have already given of the baths of Diocletian, Caracalla, and Titus, render any further description useless in this place. I must however observe, that it is to be regretted that we have deviated so widely from the ancients in this particular, and that the use of baths both hot and cold, so wholesome and sometimes so necessary, should not be rendered more easily attainable to those who stand most in need of them, the poor and labouring class of mankind. It must indeed be acknowledged that in cleanliness the moderns are far inferior to the ancients, or rather to the Romans, who seem to have carried this *semi*-virtue to a degree of refinement almost incredible [1].

It is not surprising that the *Thermæ*, covering such a space of ground, and enclosing so many different buildings, and so much wood and water within their precincts, should be compared by one of the ancients to *provinces*, or that the noblest and most opulent provincial should look with envy on the lot of a Roman, who could enjoy every day, without trouble or expense, scenes of splendour and luxury, which the proudest monarch might in vain attempt to emulate.

## TEMPLES.

There were in Rome four hundred and twenty temples. Of the far greater part of these edifices we have at present no account.

porticos; the want of them around places of public resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.

[1] The following verse of Lucilius shows how many operations a polite Roman underwent even in that rude age, before he finished, or rather before he began his toilet.

Scabo, suppilor, deruncamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expolior, pingor . . . . . .

"I scratch myself, pluck out my superfluous hairs, rub off my scales, pumice my skin, decorate, polish, and paint myself."

Of some of the few with which we are acquainted, I have already spoken: I will therefore confine myself at present to a few additional remarks.

The temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, though not the largest in Rome, was from its destination the most sacred, from its site the most conspicuous, and from its furniture and decorations the most opulent. It was filled with the treasures of vanquished monarchs, adorned with the plunder of palaces and temples, and enriched with the spoils of the conquered world. It was in fact the treasury of Rome, the deposit of the accumulated triumphs of ages of victory and conquest. Crowns, shields, and statues of gold, the offerings of kings, emperors, and heroes, blazed on all sides, and adorned with equal profusion the interior and exterior of this palace of dominion, this throne of empire and of religion. Its threshold was bronze, the valves of its portals were gold; the roof was bronze, but bronze doubly and triply gilt [1]; the pediment, the sides, and the summit of the roof, presented horses, chariots, heroes, and gods, the Roman eagle and its attendant Victory, all of bronze, silver, or gold, glittering to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of the spectator [2].

> Acies stupet igne metalli,
> Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro [3].
>
> *Claud.*

The temple of *Peace* was probably the largest in Rome, and is ranked by Pliny among the noblest edifices in the world. Of its architecture we can form no distinct idea, as we find no regular description of it. The ruins which now bear its name have not the slightest resemblance to a temple, but much the appearance of the great hall of a bath, such as that of the *Thermæ* of Diocletian. However, as popular tradition and the consent of antiquaries has affixed to these remains the appellation of the temple of *Peace*, it would perhaps be deemed presumption to question its propriety at present. This edifice seems to have answered the purposes of a Museum, and to have been the general repository of the various statues and paintings collected by Vespasian and the Flavian family.

[1] The gilding alone amounted to the enormous sum of three millions sterling. This costliness belonged to the Capitol as restored by Domitian. The conflagration of this edifice, the seat of Roman power, was deemed by the Gauls, a certain prognostic of the fall of the empire, and of the transmission of the power to the Transalpine nations, "superstitione vana" (a vain superstition), says Tacitus.—*Hist.* iv. cap. 54.

[2] Vide Claudian, Tacitus, &c.

[3] From the bright gold reflected lightnings fly,
And flashing metals mar the shrinking eye.

The sacred spoils of the temple of Jerusalem formed part of its decorations, and numberless masterpieces of sculpture, to several of which Pliny alludes, were arranged around it; so that if we may believe Josephus, it comprised in one grand collection all the wonders of art, which had formerly been dispersed over the various provinces of the empire. A library formed part of its furniture, enriched probably by the numberless manuscripts which Vespasian and Titus might have collected in the eastern provinces.

The temple of *Peace* was consumed by fire in the reign of Commodus. It had been erected by Vespasian as an omen and a pledge of that general peace which commenced on the conclusion of the Jewish war, and lasted with little interruption till the death of the former prince. Its destruction, occasioned by an invisible and unknown agent, was ascribed to divine vengeance, and considered as a portent that announced war and disaster. This apprehension was increased by the extent of the conflagration, which reached the temple of *Vesta*, consumed that cradle of the religion of Romo, and for the first time exposed the *Palladium* itself to the gaze of the profane [1]. These presentiments of disaster were unfortunately justified by the event, and the fall of the temple of *Peace*, was followed by centuries of war, rebellion, and convulsion.

The reader will perceive that I do not pretend to do full justice to the subject, or attempt to draw a perfect picture of the ancient city. It would fill an ample volume were I to detail the *Basilicæ*, the *Curiæ*, the *Theatres*, and the *Circuses* [2], that rose in every quarter, especially as they were all of the most solid and beautiful architecture, and all adorned with statues and paintings. The number of statues indeed was incredible, they crowded not the public buildings only, but even the streets and the lanes. They were of various sizes and materials; eleven of colossal magnitude adorned the Capitol alone, and nineteen of gold, and thirty of solid silver, shone in different parts of the city. Those of bronze and marble appeared on all sides in such profusion as to form, if we may credit the hyperbolical expression of Cassiodorus, *a population* equal in number to the living inhabitants.

It is to be remembered, that all the above mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or of marble oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and

[1] Herodian, lib. i. cap. 14.

[2] There were five theatres two amphitheatres, and seven circuses. The circus *Maximus* contained, according to some authors, three hundred thousand spectators.





rticos of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea f the beauty and magnificence that must have resulted from the equent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pil- ared perspectives. Well indeed might foreigners contemplate ch a city with astonishment, natives behold it with pride, and the lm philosopher feel the enthusiasm, and assume the language of e poet, when he describes its matchless wonders. "Verum," ays Pliny, "ad urbis nostræ miracula transire conveniat..... et ic quoque terrarum orbem victum ostendere; quod accidisse ties pene quot referentur miracula apparebit; universitate vero cervata, et in quemdam unum cumulum conjecta, non alia magni- ndo exsurgit, quam si mundus alius quidam in uno loco narrare- ur [1]." (*Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi. c. 15.)

But I have already observed that Rome, in every period of its xistence, from its infancy down to its modern decrepitude, has ver been distinguished for grandeur in design, and for magnifi- ence in execution. Nor was this characteristic spirit confined o the public works and edifices which I have enumerated above; t showed itself even in fabrics raised for such transient objects as ccidental or annual amusements. Two instances deserve notice. ne is of Marcus Scaurus, who, when edile, erected a *temporary* heatre, and adorned it with three hundred and sixty *marble* co- umns and three thousand *bronze* statues [2]. The other is perhaps till more astonishing in execution, though less magnificent in ppearance. It was a wooden edifice erected by Curio, for the elebration of funeral games in honour of his father, and was so ontrived as to form, according to the nature of the exhibition, ither a theatre or an amphitheatre. In the morning the semi- ircles were placed back to back, so that the declamations, music, nd applauses of the one did not reach the other: in the afternoon hey were rolled round face to face, and the circle was completed. t is to be observed that these changes were performed without isplacing the spectators, who seem to have trusted themselves ithout scruple to the strength of the machinery, and to the judg- ment of the artist. These two instances must, to the unlearned reader, appear incredible, and will perhaps be admitted with some degree of diffidence by the scholar, even though he knows that they

[1] But let us turn to the wonders of our city . . . . and thus also show that she has conquered the world; an achievement, which will appear to have happened as many times as there are wonders to be recounted; but when they are all collected, and as it were thrown together in a heap, there arises an infinity of grandeur, as if in that one spot we were giving an account of another world.

[2] This theatre was capable of containing eighty thousand persons. The lower range of pillars were thirty-eight feet in the shaft, and their weight such that Scaurus was obliged to give security for the reparation of the Cloacæ, if damaged by their conveyance.

rest on the authority of the Elder Pliny, and from their great publicity were well known to him [1] and his contemporaries. These works were, I admit, not the display, but the prodigality of magnificence. As such, they are justly censured by the philosopher, and placed far below the more solid and more permanent, though less showy splendour of the *Martian* and *Claudian* aqueducts. Yet they are stupendous both in conception and execution, and show the natural tendency of the Roman mind to the grand and the wonderful [2].

The same noble taste shone forth with unusual spendour at the restoration of the arts in the sixteenth century, and displayed itself in numberless instances, too well known to be enumerated; but above all in the removal of the Vatican obelisk, and the conception and erection of that stupendous edifice, the *Basilica Vaticana*. Nay, even in our days, and almost under our eyes, works have been planned and executed in or near Rome, which would have reflected honour on the greatest of the Roman emperors. Among these we may rank the restoration of three of the ancient obelisks, the formation of the Museum *Pium Clementinum*, and above all, the draining of the *Pomptine* marshes. The late Pontiff shares the honour of the two first of these undertakings, and may claim the exclusive credit of the last, the most difficult, the most useful, and consequently the most glorious. He had formed two other projects, which, if executed, would have contributed in a singular manner to the spendour of the city. The first was the erection of a forum at the *Porta del Popola*, on the plan of Vitruvius, which would have made the grandeur of the principal entrance into Rome adequate to the expectation of the traveller, and to the fame of the city. The other was on a scale still greater than the preceding, and intended to form a becoming approach to St. Peter's, by a double colonnade from the *Ponte St. Angelo*, to the entrance of the portico. The distance is nearly a mile, and the extent of such an edifice, combined with the unequalled magnitude and elevation of its obelisk, front and dome of the Vatican, would have formed a scene of beauty and grandeur, equalling, perhaps surpassing, any single perspective in the ancient city.

[1] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

[2] When we consider the prodigious number of pillars, and various species of marble alluded to above, we shall cease to wonder that Rome still exhibits so many superb columns, which a late learned French writer * represents as including in granite only six thousand, or that her ruins, even after so many ages of research, form a quarry still unexhausted. We may even conclude, that the pillars dug up bear a small proportion to those that still remain interred, and indulge a hope that in more tranquil times many a forgotten colonnade may once more arise in all its ancient beauty.

* Abb. Barthelemi.

I need not add, that these and several other similar designs were frustrated by the agitations of the revolution, the invasion of Italy, and the occupation of Rome itself; but in justice to the deceased Pontiff, I must repeat what I have elsewhere related, that his last project was the most noble and most glorious, because, if crowned with success, it would have been more beneficial to Rome, to Italy and to Europe, than all the others united. The design I allude to was no less than a confederation of all the states, and an union of all the forces and means of Italy in order to protect the common country against a French invasion[1]. The infatuation of the different governments defeated the patriotic efforts of the Pontiff; they were annihilated, and he was dragged into exile. These disasters have for the present time, and probably for many years to come, checked all public exertions, and suspended the numberless projects which had been formed for improving and beautifying the city.

[1] The attitude and feelings of the Italian sovereigns is not inelegantly expressed in the following lines of the poet *Monti*.

Spumava la Tirrena onda soggetta
Sotto le Franche prore; e la premea
Il timor della Gallica vendetta;
E tutta per terror dalla Scillea
Latrante rupe la selvosa schiena
Infino all' Alpe l'Apennin scotea.
Taciturno ed umil volgea l'arena
L'Arno frattanto; e paurosa e mesta
Chinava il volto la regal Sirena.
Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa;
E all elmo polveroso la sua donna
In Campidoglio remettea la cresta,
E divina guerriera in corta gonna,
Il cor piu chè la spada all ire e all onte
Di Rodano opponeva et di Garonna.

Beneath the stern invader's keel
White grew with foam the Tuscan main,
And tost and restless, seem'd to feel
The vengeance of the Gallic train.
From the tall Alps, to where the waves
Roar round black Scylla's howling caves,
His spacious woods of lofty pine
Shook on the back of Appennine.
Silent meanwhile, submiss and slow,
Fair Arno's stream was seen to flow,
And sad, and fill'd with coward dread,
The royal Siren * hung her head.
Ilis front alone majestic Tiber rear'd;
Indignant on her dusty helm in haste
Her plumy crest the Roman Dame replac'd,
An heav'n-born champion she appear'd:
Though long to her martial deeds unknown,
Proud she oppos'd her gallant heart alone
To the fierce threats of Garonne and of Rhone.

This poetical representation of Rome is a description of the famous statue in the Capitol.

* Naples, so called from the Siren Parthenope.

How long the destructive influence of France may last, it is difficult even to conjecture; but this we may affirm, that if it should extend to many years, it will half dispeople Rome, open its deserted palaces and temples to the rains and the tempests, and bequeath the Vatican itself, shaken and dismantled, to the wonder and the regret of posterity.

> Immortale nihil mundi compage tenetur
> Non orbis, non regna hominum, non aurea Roma! [1]

## CHAPTER VI.

**Observations on Ancient Names—On Roman Architecture—Defects of the Modern Style—Progress of the Art—Papal Government—Its Character—Consequences of the French Invasion and Preponderance on the present and future State of Rome.**

I now proceed to state various observations as they occurred during my solitary walks, without order or connexion with each other, prompted sometimes by the scenery before me, sometimes by the recollections of the past, and not unfrequently by the precarious state of the present times.

As the principal charm and attraction of Rome is its connexion with antiquity, I have often wondered that more care has not been taken to preserve or to restore the ancient names of the streets and the public buildings. The turbulence of the middle ages may serve as a justification, or at least may plead as an excuse for former negligence; but what can have prevented the government, during the two last centuries of peace and tranquillity, from turning its attention to this object? All the members of this government are literary men, and in no capital are the knowledge and love of antiquity more prevalent. What more easy than to change *Strada* into *Via*, the ancient general appellation of street, still in use at Florence, Naples, Milan, and Palermo. *Via Lata* is as pure Italian and sounds better than *Il Corso*; *Capitolio* has the same advantages over the barbarian *Campidoglio*; and *Foro Romano* is surely in sound, in sense, and in dignity preferable to *Campo Vaccino*. I will not criticise the name of the river, because the ancient Romans, like the modern Greeks, may very possibly have pronounced the *b* as we now do the *v*, so that the difference may be very slight; but *Porta del Popolo*, the *Porta Pia*, the *Porta San Sebastiano*, *San Pancrazio*, *San Lorenzo*, might with much advantage both

[1] No sublunary grandeur is immortal;
Not the great globe itself, nor empires vast
Built up by human pow'r, nor glorious Rome!

to sound and recollection, be restored to their ancient appellations of *Porta Flaminia, Nomentana, Capena, Aurelia*, and *Esquilina*: The *Porta del Popolo* may be ancient, as it derives its name not from the people, as many have imagined, but from the poplar grove that surrounded the mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in its neighbourhood.

The *Piazza*, though derived from *Platea*, might be replaced by the ancient *Foro*, and in some cases by the *Circo*; and euphony at least would not suffer from the change of *Piazza Navona* and *Piazza di San Pietro* into *Circo Agonale* and *Foro Vaticano*[1].

The seven hills still retain their ancient appellations, except the Quirinal, which is more frequently called *Monte Cavello* by the common people[2], in allusion to the two celebrated horses, which, however, notwithstanding their beauty, ought not to be put in competition with the founder of the city, Quirinus himself.

Next to the restoration of the ancient names, which would awaken so many delightful recollections, and greatly increase the reverence of the classic traveller, I should propose the reparation of some at least of the ancient edifices: and here it is impossible not to express once more both surprise and indignation at the miserable manner in which many of the noblest monuments of antiquity have been disfigured by modern barbarism. I speak not of the depredations made upon such edifices for the sake of the materials, but I allude to the alterations, additions, and adaptations which under various pretexts have taken place in almost every quarter of Rome, and have always been carried on without the least regard to the nature of the monument, or to the embellishment of the city. I have already pointed out some instances of this absurdity: here one

[1] Some German writers insist that *Piazza* comes from *Platz* (a place): I cannot agree with them. The Germans were unacquainted with the thing signified by the word *Platea* (a broad street), and of course with the word itself, till in some degree civilized by their intercourse with the Romans. They had no towns originally, and consequently neither streets nor squares. "Nullas Germanorum populis," says Tacitus, "urbes habitari, satis notum est: ne pati quidem inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti ac diversi ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit," etc. This custom of living in separate hovels remained long after their acquaintance with the Romans, as Ammianus Marcellinus, in his account of the Roman wars in Germany three hundred years after the time of Tacitus, makes no mention of towns. At last they adopted the more commodious mode of dwelling in use among their neighbours, and with it they probably borrowed the names annexed to it, giving them as usual a rougher sound and harsher termination. Thus *Platea* barbarized became *Platz*.

[2] In all papal briefs or letters, written from the palace of *Monte Cavello*, the ancient name is preserved.

[*] Tacitus Germania, xvi. — "It is well known that the German nations do not dwell in cities, and that they do not even permit their habitations to join one another. They dwell separately and by themselves, as they happen to have been attracted by a fountain, a field, or a grove."

more will be sufficient. The magnificent remains of the temple or portico of Antoninus Pius, now converted into the *Dogana*, in which the intercolumniations of one of the noblest porticos of ancient Rome have been walled up to form magazines for a custom house.

But to pass to modern works; in a city where so many masterpieces of architecture still remain, and every day presents their beautiful forms to the eye of the artist, it is natural to expect that good taste should prevail, and that every public building should exhibit some similarity in design and proportion to the ancient models. But by some strange fatality, the greater part of the Roman architects seem to have conceived an antipathy to imitation, and in order to avoid every appearance of it have studiously deviated into the new, the grotesque, and the whimsical. How far the moderns have profited by abandoning the tracks of antiquity in other arts and sciences, I will not inquire; but I may venture to affirm with regard to architecture, that every deviation from ancient forms and proportions is a step towards deformity, and that every attempt to innovate, however it may have been applauded at the time, has always terminated with disgrace to the artist. Such has been the case at Rome, where architects of great fame have succeeded each other in an uninterrupted line, and with all the models of ancient perfection before them have indulged themselves in fancied improvements, and left behind them works remarkable only for the folly, which contrived to turn the finest materials to the most insignificant purposes, and to provoke criticism where admiration might have been commanded. Unfortunately, the most fantastical fashions have generally had the greatest run, and of all the modern architects few have had more employment than the absurd *Borromini*[1]. This man seems to have laid it down as a rule, that a straight line is a mark of deformity, and of course that the grand study of an architect is to avoid it upon all occasions. Hence cornices for ever broken and interrupted, angles and curves in succession, niches, twisted pillars, inverted capitals, and all the freaks of a delirious imagination playing with the principles and the materials of architecture. It is easier to imitate extravagance than simplicity; it has followed therefore that while the plainer, nobler, and more graceful models of *Bramante* and *Palladio* have been often neglected, the absurd deformities of *Borromini* have been very generally copied, and after having infected Rome itself, have spread over Italy, Spain, and indeed almost every region of the world.

From the contemplation of this evil, which has disfigured some of the noblest edifices, and squandered away the richest materials for near three centuries, we will now turn to the consideration of

[1] *Borromini* was born in the year 1597, and died 1667.

rogress of the art at Rome, and follow it in its different stages. his purpose we may divide the history of Roman architecture five eras, the boundaries of which are strongly marked.

e first era commences with the kings, includes the infancy of epublic, and may be considered as extending to the destruction e city by the Gauls. The architecture of this period was en- Etruscan, and its characteristic qualities were solidity and deur, in both which features it resembled the Egyptian, with gigantic but more graceful forms. The principal edifices of ge were constructed by the kings, and prove that the foun- ns of Roman taste and Roman greatness were laid at the same . Of these early monuments that seem formed for eternal tion, the principal, the Cloaca Maxima, still remains, and some y traces of the foundations of the Capitol laid by Tarquinius rbus, may be seen under the palace of the Senator. It is to bserved, that these edifices were all of public utility or rather sity, and that their magnificence was the result and not the t of their destination.

e second era commences with the restoration of the city, and ds to the fall of the commonwealth. Public utility was still bject, and grandeur still accompanied the progress of the art. celebrated roads, and more celebrated aqueducts, were its first uctions, and even now continue its noblest monuments. A tombs simple and solid, such as that of Caius Publicius erected e public expense, and that of the Scipios lately discovered, a few temples now disfigured, such in particular as that of na Virilis, attest the same manly taste, though on a smaller e.

wards the termination of this period the public temper, in- ced by the luxuries and the opulence of Asia then flowing in ide into the Republic, seemed to demand more splendour and ment, and was gradually prepared for the magnificence and of the third and imperial era, which opened with the reign ugustus. As this prince retained himself and encouraged in rs the simplicity of republican manners, so like his uncle Ju- Cæsar, and the other great popular leaders before him, he was ent to inhabit a plain unadorned mansion, while he displayed is riches and munificence in edifices devoted to public use[1]. was the first who ventured to expend the public treasures in rection of an imperial residence; and he built that celebrated ce of which Pliny[2] relates some wonderful particulars, and h, from the gold that shone in such profusion on every side,

[1] Suet. Oct. 72.
[2] Lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

was called *Domus Aurea* (the golden house[1]). His example, however, was deemed opposite to the civic character affected by the earlier emperors, who, as Tacitus judiciously observes, satisfied with the reality avoided the parade of power. Hence Vespasian ordered the *Domus Aurea* to be destroyed, and he and his immediate successors, Titus and Domitian, erected on its site, various edifices of less costliness perhaps, but of equal magnificence and greater utility; such as the temple of Peace, the *Thermæ* called by the name of Titus, and the Flavian amphitheatre or *Coliseum*, etc. Forums, porticos, thermæ, triumphal arches, and mausoleums, still continued the favorite objects of imperial pride and expense, and Rome daily increased in beauty for the space of three hundred years, till the empire was divided under Diocletian, when the seat of the sovereign was translated to the East, and the Capital of the world was abandoned to hostile attacks and rapacity. However, its decay was slow and gradual. The solidity of its edifices guarded it against the sudden devastations of time or weather; while the barbarian was often checked in the full career of victory, and awed into reluctant reverence by the irresistible majesty that still encompassed the Imperial City.

The most remarkable edifices erected during the fourth long era, first of declining taste, and then of barbarism, were the churches, the principal of which were raised by Constantine, and the Christian emperors, on the model and oftentimes with the very materials of the ancient Basilicæ. Of these some still remain, and display in their different appearances, strong features of the greatness of manner that still survived, and of the bad taste that too much prevailed in their respective ages. One of the most striking peculiarities of these edifices is the construction of arches over the pillars instead of a regular entablature, a deformity introduced a little before or during the reign of Diocletian, and adopted or rather imitated in our modern arcades. All the buildings that rose successively on the ruins of the ancient city, so long the sepulchre of Taste and of Beauty, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, were formed indeed of costly materials, but these materials were heaped together with little regard to order, proportion, and symmetry.

[1] Suet. Nero. 31.—The latter gives some curious details of this enormous edifice. In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height; there were three porticos, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars; the garden seems to have resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, and pasture ground, herds, and even wild beasts. On the banks of the lake rose various edifices that resembled towns. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother of pearl. The ceilings of the dining rooms were adorned with ivory pannels, so contrived as to scatter flowers, and shower perfumes on the guests. The principal banqueting room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens; the baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the *Albula* (now *Solfatara*) near *Tibur*.

At length a happier period succeeded in the fifth era, the arts and sciences smiled once more upon their ancient seat, and architects of high name and reputation succeeded each other; their exertions were called forth and rewarded by the authority and munificence of Pontiffs; they had sites formed by nature before them, and every material ready prepared at hand. In such circumstances, and with such models as Rome presents on every side, who would not have expected to see architecture carried to its highest perfection, and even the ideal fair and beautiful, so long conceived in theory, at length realized in practice? But such was not the event. Architects imagined that with so many advantages it would be mean to copy, and easy to surpass antiquity. They sought in the luxuriancy of an irregular imagination forms more fair, combinations more majestic, and even proportions more beautiful than the ancient world had beheld. They all made the attempt; they have all failed; and have proved by their failure that in the same proportion as we follow or abandon the ancients, we approach or deviate from perfection.

It must be acknowledged however, notwithstanding the censure which I have ventured to pass upon modern architecture, that it has produced edifices splendid, rich, and magnificent, with all their defects inferior only to the moderns of antiquity, and still sufficiently great and numerous to render Rome the first of cities. The grandeur that results from these modern structures, combined with the majesty of the ancient monuments, induced a French writer [1] to observe, that Rome is a map of the world in relievo, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Asia, of Egypt, and of Greece; of the Roman, Macedonian, and Persian empires; of the world ancient and modern[2]. But the glory of man, although consigned to marble and bronze, is doomed to perish; even those noble features which it was believed would bloom for ever and confer immortal beauty

[1] Montaigne.

[2] This compliment is nearly copied from Propertius—

> Omnia Romanæ cedent miracula terræ;
> Natura hic posuit quidquid ubique fuit:
> Armis apta magis tellus, quam commoda noxæ.
> Famam, Roma, tuæ non pudet historiæ.
>
> *Lib.* iii. *Eleg.* 11.

> All the world's wonders to great Rome must yield:
> Whate'er the globe through all its various realms
> Contain'd, is plac'd by bounteous Nature here.
> In arms illustrious, but averse from crime,
> Nought in her peerless history is found
> For Fame to blush at.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and some other imperial monsters, nearly deprived Rome of the eulogium contained in the two last verses.

on the city fondly entitled *Eternal,* have, each in its season, flourished and faded away.

Of all the five eras of architecture, four have already departed, and left vast and often shapeless heaps of ruins to mark the spot where their lofty structures once rose; the fifth age is on the decline; some of its proudest palaces are deserted, and not a few of its noblest temples are already forsaken and neglected. A century or two will probably strew the seven hills with its splendid embellishments, and the future traveller may have to admire and to deplore the ruins of the Medicean as of the Augustan age, the fragments of pontifical as of imperial grandeur [1].

## OBSERVATIONS.

The contemplation of the ancient monuments, and the study of Vitruvius, had first excited attention, and then, wakened a spirit of emulation. *Bramante* and *Sangallo* began the work of reformation with spirit, and at the same time with singular modesty, and a well-founded apprehension of the danger of forsaking the traces of antiquity. *Peruzzi* and *Raffaello* pursued the work with equal intelligence, but more boldness. The principles of Vitruvius were

[1] The *Villa Manliana*, *Villa Sacchetti*, etc. are in ruins; *Villa Medici*, *Palazzo Farnese*, *Palazzo Giustiniani*, etc. etc. are uninhabited, unfurnished, almost abandoned.

Vos operum strata moles, collesque superbi,
Queis modo nunc Romæ nomen inane manet;
Vosque triumphales arcus, exloque colossi
Æquati, Pariis cæsa columna jugis:
Edita Pyramidum fastigia, templa deorum,
Digna vel æthereis amphitheatra locis:
Vos ævi tandem attrivit longinqua vetustas!
Vos longa tandem fata tulere die.
At Romæ Æneadum magnum et memorabile nomen
Tempus edax rerum tollere non potuit.
Nec poterit, donec clari monumenta vigebunt
Ingenii, quæ non ulla senecta rapit.
Cætera labuntur tacito fugientia cursu;
Calliope æternum vivere sola potest.
*Bonamico. ap. Fab.*

Ye prostrate fabrics, and ye lofty hills,
That nought can boast, save Rome's undying name;
Ye arcs of triumph, and ye statues tall,
Uplifted to the skies; ye pillars huge,
Torn from the entrails of the Parian rocks;
Ye sacred temples, lofty pyramids,
And theatres that Heav'n itself might claim,
Ye all are conquer'd by the lapse of ages!
The fates have brought at length your day of doom.
But Time, the grave of all things, has not quench'd,
Nor e'er shall quench the glorious name of Roman,
While those great monuments of genius live,
Which years can never wither nor destroy.
All other mortal works must pass away;
The Muse alone exults in endless youth.

into a system, and adapted to modern edifices by *Palladio*: ere was much to praise, and little to criticise in the new

But the genius of Michael Angelo, sublime, daring, and nt of control, is accused of deviating from antiquity and of ing innovations, which, copied and exaggerated by his fol- soon degenerated into defects, and became at length the the art itself in the following century, when the check of his y was removed, and the impulse only which he had given, d. The defects of the style to which this great man is sup- have given rise, and which *Barromini* finally carried to height of deformity and folly, are principally the follow- . Pillars that support nothing, that are coupled together, or iches and recesses.— 2. The repetition of the same order ferent scale, or the introduction of another order in the ory or on the same plane.—3. The same order carried different stories and the consequent confusion of propor- . Multiplicity of pedestals and pilasters.—5. Prodigality ents.—6. Breaks, interruption, or waving of the cornice. fusion of pediments, and pediments of various forms, such s, semicircles, arcs of circles, advancing, receding, etc. — of the rustic.—9. The introduction of low stories, called *ini*, and little windows between the principal stories.—10. uberance of columns in the shaft.— 11. Multiplication of olumns and pilasters, with portions of capitals crowded in the angle of edifices. Though many more might be men- hese are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the censure y the rigid admirers of antiquity on the modern style; and is, that if greatness of manner consist in presenting few, essential parts to the eye, the more breaks, interruptions, ions there are, the more the appearance of the whole must tleness and deformity *.

## THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

Roman government the reader may expect some account, ere these pages become public, that government may cease to that can be said of it at present is, that though despotic and controul, it is exercised by the Pontiff with mildness, and to by the people with respect. The sacred character of p influences both the sovereign and the subject. The everence with which it inspires the latter may be useful;

* rge upon this subject is the business of a professed architect, whose might easily enable him to fill an useful and entertaining volume on the is a pity that some gentleman of the profession, whose mind has been d whose taste has been matured by travelling, does not undertake the

but its effects on the former are perhaps less beneficial, as the justice of the prince is often suspended, and sometimes defeated by the indulgence of the pastor. But of this inconvenience we ought not to complain; it is not now, nor ever was it, a common or characteristic defect of any government, and few sovereigns recorded in history are reproached with want of severity. The worst consequences of pure unmixed monarchy, the general indolence which it inspires, and the lethargy in which it involves all the powers of the mind, by excluding the nation from all share in the management of its own interests, are felt without doubt in the Roman territory, but perhaps in a less degree than in other countries under the influence of the same perverted system. The government is elective; promotion depends in a great degree upon talents and virtues, and consequently there is a stimulus to exertion, and a scope for honourable ambition; moreover many salutary regulations have been made by the present Pontiff, and some vague reports have been circulated, and have excited a hope that he intends to establish a senate, and to govern his states by their advice and with their concurrence. Such a step, the result of an enlightened policy, would contribute more to the prosperity of Rome and to the independence and union of Italy, than all the edifices he can erect at home, and all the alliances he can contract abroad. But this report is probably the effusion of patriotism, or perhaps the modest expression of the public wish and opinion. But be it as it may, Rome is now under the iron sceptre of the French ruler; no change can take place without his approbation, and the amelioration of its government, most undoubtedly, forms no part of his system.

As for the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes it may, without any reference to imperial donations real or imaginary, be most honourably and firmly established on the free consent of a grateful and admiring people [1]. After the expulsion of the Goths, when the arms of the Eastern Emperors had reconquered, but were incapable of protecting Italy; when the incursions and menaces of the Lombards kept the city in constant alarm, and pestilence and famine preyed upon it, the Romans naturally turned their eyes to their bishops, and found in them the support which they had vainly solicited from their sovereigns. The Pontiffs had till that period been as eminent for their virtues as for their station, and when forced by public distress to take a considerable share in the administration of the state, they displayed a prudence equal to their sanctity, and a benevolence as extensive as the possessions of the Roman church, even when augmented by their own private fortunes [2]. We see

[1] Gibbon.

[2] If the reader wishes to know how great were the exertions, how extensive the charities, how active the patriotism of the Popes in the sixth and seventh centuries, he need only peruse the epistles of Gregory the Great.

them in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries protecting Rome on one side against the attacks of the Lombards, and securing it on the other from the rapacity and treachery of the Exarchs, repairing its walls, feeding its inhabitants, engaging distant princes in its interests, and finally restoring the majesty of its name in the new empire. Rome indeed seems to owe her existence to her Pontiffs, and had not the chair of St. Peter replaced the throne of the Cæsars, and the seat of empire become the sanctuary of religion, Rome would probably have sunk into a heap of uninhabited ruins, and left to posterity nothing more than the *whistling of a mighty name.*

From the re-establishment of the Western Empire to the tenth century the Popes employed their influence in opposing the growing power of the Saracens, and in protecting the coasts of Italy and the Capital itself against the predatory incursions of those barbarians. Shortly after commenced their contests with the German Cæsars, contests which arose more perhaps from Roman pride and a rooted hatred to Transalpine, that is, in their eyes, barbarian domination, than from prelatical arrogance; the cause to which they are very generally and very confidently attributed. That such arrogance existed is indeed sufficiently evident, and that it operated as a very active principle is equally clear; but it may be questioned whether the insolent claims of universal dominion advanced by Gregory VII. did not originate as much from the lofty spirit of the Roman, as from the ambition of the Pontiff. Certain it is, that this extraordinary personage seemed better formed to fill the imperial throne than the pontifical chair, and that if he had been a prince only and not a bishop, he might, with such a daring and intrepid spirit, have restored the grandeur of the empire, and fixed its seat once more on the seven hills.

But however we may censure the Popes as ecclesiastics in these bloody and destructive quarrels; as princes and as Romans they may claim our indulgence, as they struggled against foreign influence, and finally succeeded in freeing Italy from the yoke of a German, that is, a barbarian and absentee ruler. The disputes of the Popes with the barons and the Roman people were founded on the just opposition of a firm government, to the arrogance and the tyranny of an aristocratic body on the one side, and to the licentiousness of a turbulent populace on the other; but Rome has just cause to deplore and to condemn the folly and the perversity of her pastors, when they forsook her venerable walls, and instead of discharging in the Vatican the sublime duties of prince and of pastor, submitted to while away their unprofitable days in voluntary exile, alternately the instruments and the victims of French intrigue and ambition.

Of all the disasters that befel Rome in the long series of her eventful history, this, perhaps, was the most pernicious both in its immediate effects and distant consequences; and to it may be as-

cribed the degradation of the noblest monuments, the depopulation of the Capital and its neighbourhood, and the multiplicity of evils that anarchy and tyranny never fail to bring in their train. These evils continued to operate, as is natural in political as well as physical distempers, long after their efficient causes had ceased to exist; and the Popes, during many ages after their re-establishment in Rome, had to struggle with the restless and unbridled passions excited by the guilt or the folly of their absentee predecessors. Sixtus at length succeeded in the arduous undertaking, and after having broken the stubborn spirit of the barons, and tamed the people to submission, restored order, peace, and industry in the Roman states.

From this period Rome rapidly increased in prosperity, riches, and population, and became the seat of the arts and sciences, the centre of political negociation, and not unfrequently, of courtly intrigue. Most of the succeeding Popes did not fail to take an active part in the public transactions of the times, sometimes indeed as mediators, a character well becoming the common Father of Christians, but too frequently as parties concerned, with a view to national interests or to family aggrandizement. Their conduct in this respect, though little conformable to the principles of their profession, was however very advantageous to their territories, as it brought wealth to the inhabitants, and reflected lustre on a city, at the same time the metropolis of the Christian world and the Capital of an extensive and flourishing country.

The reformation produced at the time little or no diminution of the temporal greatness and consideration of the Popes; so little indeed that, in the century following that event, Rome seems to have enjoyed a splendour and prosperity not witnessed within her walls since the fall of the empire. Hence, a judicious historian has observed, that if Pyrrhus' ambassador could with propriety call the Roman senate in his time a congress of kings [1], a similar appellation might with equal veracity be applied to the modern senate of Rome, the college of cardinals, during the seventeenth century. That assembly was, strictly speaking, composed of princes, the sons, nephews, brothers, or uncles of the first sovereigns in Europe; men who not unfrequently, as statesmen and ministers, had held the reins of empire at home, or as ambassadors, represented their royal relatives abroad. They either generally resided or frequently assembled at Rome, not only to discharge their duties about the person of the Pontiff, but to support the interests of their respective courts; and in order to attain this object the more effectually, they displayed a splendour and a magnificence nearly royal. The officers of their household were often nobles of high rank; their secretaries and chaplains were men of talents and business; a long train of guards, servants, and retainers attended their per-

[1] Denina Rev. d'Italia.

when they appeared in public, and the blaze of the purple, in
f so dazzling, was heightened by all the adventitious circum-
ces of birth, power, and opulence. The union of so many
trious personages, vying with each other in talents and magni-
ce, gave Rome the appearance of an universal court, where all
sovereigns of Europe were assembled to discuss the general
ests of Christendom, and to display their rival glories in peace
security. Such indeed was its state under the Pontiffs of the
*hese, Barberini* and *Panfili* families, as it had been before
r those of the Medicean and Farnesian houses; nor is it won-
al if at such periods of glory it should have recalled to the me-
y of the spectators the republican era when Pompey and
ar, Crassus and Lucullus were seen to parade the streets and
m, surrounded by their friends and clients.

om this epoch the character of the Pontiffs became more epis-
l and pacific; occupied with the government of the Catholic
ch over which they preside, and with the civil administration
eir own territories sufficiently extensive to engross their
st attention, they seem to have lost sight of foreign, or at least
*ltramontane* politics, and have only interfered, as far as
ncy permitted or necessity required their interposition. Their
ness for their families, a defect pardonable in an old man, has,
re it may have existed, betrayed them perhaps into hasty pro-
ons, but has seldom engaged them, as formerly, in mischievous
ects of aggrandizement. The arts and sciences have at all
s, but particularly during the latter centuries, met with their
ial encouragement; and Rome, enlivened by their constant
ence, embellished by their munificence, and fed by the produce
veral extensive, populous, and well cultivated provinces, had
lually resumed her robes of glory, and began to promise her-
once more the return of ease, dignity, and permanent pros-
ty. She had been great even in her fall, and venerable in her
sters. She had ceased to be the mistress of the world in arms,
she still remained the mistress of the world in arts; she was no
er the capital, but she was the metropolis of Europe, not the
dence of the first sovereign, but the see of the first pastor. She
not been subjected to slavery as Athens; she had not been
uced to a heap of ruins as Babylon. She still reigned, wi-
ed, but independent; and still claimed and enjoyed the venera-
of kings and of nations. Without fleets or armies she reposed
arless tranquillity: public reverence, more mighty than mili-
power, covered her head with an invisible Ægis, guarded her
tiers, and secured her repose [1]. Even the nations which had

[1] Forti eserciti allor ti armaro; ed ora . . .
T'arma il rispetto. *Filicaia. Canz.* xx.

*Then* mighty armies guarded thee, and *now*
Respect and rev'rence are thy sure protection.

forsaken her communion, and in days of irritation had defied the thunders of her fulminating Pontiffs, now looked towards her with respect, and beheld with affection and reverence the benevolence, the sanctity, and the humility of her pastors [1]. Such was the state of Rome during the eighteenth century; a state happy in the present enjoyment of peace, plenty, and increasing improvement, and big with the hopes of future and accumulating prosperity. The French invasion closed the scene [2].

[1] A passage from a speech of Mr. Pitt may explain this observation. Alluding to the suppression of the papal government by the agents of Bonaparte, he says, *a transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff, in spite of the sanctity of his age, and the unsullied purity of his character, which even to a Protestant, seem hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege.*—Speech of Mr. Pitt, *Feb.* 3, 1800.

[2] Here it may not be improper to mention, that we went (July 22, 1802) to *Frescati*, to pay our respects to Cardinal York, who receives all English visitants with cordial hospitality. It is impossible to behold this prince without emotion; he is in the seventy-second year of his age, stoops much, but retains a glow of health and ruddiness, the remains of early beauty, in his countenance; he talks English with ease and accuracy, and seems to speak it with pleasure. There is, however, in his pronunciation, as may easily be supposed, somewhat of that thickness or heaviness which is observable in the accent of Englishmen who have been long accustomed to converse with foreigners only. His manners, though dignified, are easy and unaffected. He speaks of England with warm affection, and to employ his own expression, is always happy to see *his countrymen*, for he glories in being a Briton. His generosity to his attendants of every denomination is boundless; hence they all flourish under his influence, and soon grow up into fortune and independence. The poor of his diocese bless his benevolence, and owe to the charity of their pastor a degree of comfort, which the inhabitants of few towns in Italy are so fortunate as to enjoy. He resides at *Frescati*, and seldom visits Rome, unless when some public function requires his presence, as Dean of the Sacred College, Archpriest of St. Peter's, or Chancellor of the Roman Church. He passes his mornings in his cathedral, and in the library of his seminary, where he transacts business with his clergy, and where about eleven or twelve o'clock he receives the visits of such persons of rank, or foreigners, as come to wait upon him. He soon dismisses them, and if English, sends his carriage to convey them to such places as they may choose to visit in the neighbourhood. About one he drives out himself, and returning at two dines with his family and guests, always placing the English near him, and addressing his conversation to them with visible complacency. His table is served, plentifully, but without any affectation either of magnificence or simplicity. About four o'clock he withdraws, and according to the Italian custom reposes for some time; after which he returns to business, and finally terminates the day with the accustomed acts of devotion.

Such is the ordinary tenor of the Cardinal's life, plain, useful, and unruffled, and I doubt much whether his days would have flowed so smoothly had his brother's daring attempt succeeded, and placed him on the steps of the throne of Great Britain. Disappointment or failure in this enterprize can therefore scarce be considered by him as a misfortune; especially as the dignities which he enjoyed in various countries, and the pensions which he received from the *Bourbon* princes, not only raised him above want, but enabled him to support the dignity of his title and family with

The reader may expect some account of the conductof the republican army while in possession of Rome, and of the consequences of their invasion. On the first of these topics little need be said; the public papers have given various details, and where they are silent, there are accounts in every body's hands that make up the deficiency. From these we learn that the behaviour of the soldiery and subalterns was in general civil and orderly, but that of the generals and their immediate dependents in the highest degree insolent and rapacious. For this assertion, we have the best authority, that of the army itself, expressed, first, in a representation to *Massena,* then commander, and next in an address to the citizens of Rome, published the 23d and 24th February, 1798.

With regard to the public plunder of the churches and pontifical palaces, as also of some private houses, many of the masterpieces in statuary and painting were sent to Paris, a valuable collection of gold medals dispersed, several inestimable manuscripts purloined, and without doubt much mischief done in every respect. But when the reader recollects that there are sixty thousand ancient statues in Rome, that of most of the masterpieces in painting that have been

sufficient splendour. Some pretend that his income amounted to forty, but others more moderate calculate it at thirty thousand pounds a-year; a sum fully adequate, particularly in Italy, to all the purposes of episcopal charity and of princely magnificence. But the consequences of the French revolution, a revolution which has cost the human species so many tears, and so much blood, reached the venerable cardinal, drove him from his See, stript him at once of his whole income, and sent him in his old age a needy wanderer, to seek for refuge in Austria, in Corfu, and in Sicily. He relates his adventures during this distressing period with satisfaction, and enlarges upon them as a favourite topic of conversation. In this state of exile and dejection he was suddenly relieved by the well-timed, but unexpected generosity of his illustrious relation, our gracious Sovereign. George the Third, accustomed to deeds of benevolence, distinguishes every month of his honourable life by some act of generosity. But never did he confer a benefit with better grace, or place it to more advantage. A pension of four thousand pounds a-year, paid in advance, relieved the Cardinal from the prospect of present want, and placed him above the reach of future distress. The nation, I may venture to assert, applauded the generosity of its sovereign, while I can assure the public, that the Cardinal feels and expresses the most grateful acknowledgment, and glories in owing to his country only his present comfort and independence. He is, as is well known, the last of the illustrious line of the Stuarts, which, elevated in all its branches, and peculiarly unfortunate in some, has never sunk either into meanness or contempt, and will terminate ere long its chequered career in religious dignity and virtuous resignation *.

* The Cardinal's defects are those of his rank and age: fond of the ancient glories of his family, he delights in the sound of royalty, and is offended if the title of *royal highness* be not frequently used by those who speak to him; a title which, as grandson to a king of Great Britain, he perhaps has a right to claim. Prince Augustus, while at Rome, frequently visited the Cardinal, and with that delicate politeness which distinguishes the present race of British princes, gratified his eminence's ear with the frequent introduction of the favourite epithet. Some unrelenting revolutionists may perhaps condemn this piece of innocent flattery, but men of feeling and men of the world will unite in applauding it.

carried away, there are mosaic copies superior in colouring and duration to the originals; nay, that the first of paintings, those which form the very school of the art itself, are imprest on the walls of the Vatican, and may indeed be disfigured, but cannot be removed; and, in short, that the models of modern skill and the monuments of antiquity stand yet untouched, he will agree with me that so far the evil is neither very great nor irreparable. Rome is still the seat of the arts; and the painter, the sculptor, the architect, must frequent its schools, if they wish to attain perfection and aim at any reputation. I mean not to excuse, much less defend, the atrocious deed of the French government or the conduct of its generals. How far such acts of plunder are justifiable even in a legitimate war, carried on according to the lenient maxims of modern times, I know not; but neither Louis XIV. nor Louis XV. thus pillaged the libraries, galleries, or churches of the Netherlands, notwithstanding the allurement which the works of *Vandyke* and *Rubens* held out to them, particularly at Brussels and Antwerp. Nor did Frederic of Prussia, though passionately fond of pictures, and not easily controlled by considerations of justice and humanity, take from the gallery of Dresden one painting, not even the *Notte*[1] of *Correggio*, notwithstanding his enthusiastic admiration of that masterpiece. But the war which the French waged on Rome (I may add, on Venice, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, etc. etc.) was an unprovoked attack, a speculation of rapacity, an act of wanton violence, an abuse of confidence, and a cowardly stratagem, where every means had been employed first to deceive, and then overturn an unsuspecting and, as they themselves at their first entrance into Rome called it, a friendly government. In such a ruffian aggression, for it merits not the appellation of war, every subsequent deed of rapacity is a violation of the law of nations, and every life sacrificed to usurpation is a murder.

The example of the Romans has, I know, been adduced in justification, or at least in extenuation of this national felony. But, in the first place, the Romans did not take one statue from the Greeks during the first war, nor even the second, till the Etolians and their allies brought down upon themselves a reluctant and long-suspended chastisement. In the next place, this high-minded and generous people never by public authority compelled the Greeks to surrender the masterpieces that adorned their cities; they never entered as friends and acted as enemies; they never employed cunning and intrigue, to deceive their enemies, but open declaration to caution them, and power and wisdom to subdue them. The destruction of *Corinth*[2] was a signal act of vengeance justifiable by

[1] Night.

[2] That very Mummius, who destroyed Corinth, rebuilt the temple of Jupiter on or near the site of that city, erected a brass statue to Jupiter at Olympia, and con-

the laws of war as then admitted; but yet it was more the act of the general than of the Roman people, and not altogether sanctioned by the senate [1]. When the Romans became corrupt, their prætors and pro-consuls were often personally unjust; but never was such pillage publicly authorised till the maxims of Roman justice were neglected, and the majesty of public rule was abused and turned into an instrument of tyranny by the emperors. The French since the revolution have indeed often compared themselves to the Romans; but the resemblance is only in vice; here indeed they surpassed the original [2].

But to come to the consequences of the French invasion; the evil here is of very different, and indeed of very alarming magnitude. In the first place, they have separated the opulent city and territory of *Bologna*, and almost all the Adriatic coast from the Roman state, thus retrenching near one-half of its income, and one-third of its population; a defalcation which must considerably affect the dignity and resources of the capital, and consequently reduce the number of its inhabitants. In the next place, by the enormous contributions which they raised, they annihilated the credit, and swallowed up the income of the state, burthened the rich with debt, and deprived the poor of employment. The fall of public credit occasioned the ruin of the greater part of the hospitals, schools, and charitable establishments, which, generally speaking, derived their income from the apostolical exchequer. However the fertility of the soil, and the industry of the inhabitants, aided by the exertions of government, might perhaps repair even this evil; and it is said that Cardinal *Ruffo*, by an improved system of finance, by the suppression of exemptions, and by a more equal distribution of burthens, has already made a very considerable progress towards that desirable object.

tributed very largely to the embellishment of the temple of Delphi. In fact, the Romans were so far from depriving the cities which fell under their power of their statues and public ornaments, that they even restored to the owners those which had been carried away. Thus when Scipio took and destroyed Carthage, he restored to the Sicilian cities the various articles, and particularly the statues and paintings, which the Carthaginians, a cruel pilfering people, had deprived them of. He extended this benefit not to Italy only, as that was just and natural, but even to Africa, and directed that every community should be allowed to resume all the articles of public property which it could identify.—*Liv. Supp.* li. 50.

We find moreover, that so late as the era of Pliny, when Greece had felt not the resentment of Sylla only, but the madness of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, the different cities were in possession of several of the masterpieces which had distinguished them at an earlier period.—*Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* XXXIV et XXXV.

[1] Cicero hints censure of this act of severity.—*De Off.* i. 11.

[2] Nero, it is true, took *five hundred* statues from Greece in the course of his reign (fourteen years). The French took twice as many from Italy in one year.

But another and greater evil still remains. A secret and, it is much to be feared, a well-founded suspicion exists that the French have other and, if possible, far more mischievous designs in contemplation than any they have hitherto attempted to execute; and so deep is the policy and so great the influence of the First Consul, that the success of his projects, whatever they may be, is scarcely problematical. In such circumstances, when the last years have been all calamity, and the future are all uncertainty, there can be no energy, no decision, and little dignity in public administration. To what purpose, it will be said, are ameliorations in a system not destined to last? or regulations shortly to be abrogated? why ornament a city which may be plundered again next year? why repair ancient monuments to be again disfigured by a barbarian soldiery? or why discover and restore statues to see them borne away by our enemies? While such are the fears of government, individuals cannot indulge themselves in much security. Why embrace a profession, one may say, from which I may perhaps derive no adequate provision? why, says another, build a house in a city open to a second attack? The nobles partake, as may well be supposed, the general apprehension; and while on the one side they are obliged to sell the valuable furniture of their cabinets and galeries to meet the exigencies of the moment, on the other hand they have no means to replace them, nor indeed can they have any inclination to amass, with great difficulty and expense, objects to allure and gratify foreign rapacity. The French therefore have deprived Rome of its credit, its resources, its dignity, and its independence; they have robbed it of all that constitutes the prosperity and security of a state, and have thus caused it more real and permanent injury than the predatory attacks of Genseric and Bourbon, or the transient fury of Odoacer and Totila

The Gauls have, indeed, at all times been the bane of public felicity, and the torment of the human species; in ancient times, restless, bold, and ferocious, they invaded and ravaged Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. Tamed by the power and civilized by the arts of Rome they slumbered for a few centuries, till they were conquered and barbarized again, first by the Franks and then by the Normans, when they arose with redoubled impetuosity to disturb the neighbouring states, and to convulse all Europe with an uninterrupted succession of ambitious projects, plundering excursions, and unprovoked attacks. One consolatory reflection is suggested by the history of this turbulent race, and upon its solidity we must for the present rest all hopes of liberty and independence in Europe. It is this, that while the ardour, the impetuosity, and the numbers of the French have almost constantly given them the advantage in the beginning, the insolence and frivolity, apparently inseparable from the national character, have as invariably foiled them in the end, and involved them in shame and disaster. Their present

leader, it is true, is an Italian : his depth and perseverance may perhaps fix for a time the volatility, and with it, the fate of the nation over which he presides; but durability, so seldom granted to the wisest of human institutions, can never be annexed to French domination.

It may perhaps be asked, what will be the probable of fate Rome? Is it destined to be a dependence, or the capital of the Italian republic? or rather may it not be left in its present state as the destined seat of the Consul's uncle, when placed by his influence in the papal clair? Rome, if united to the Italian republic, would probably in a short time become the capital of all Italy, and form as anciently a state of such power and magnitude as might rival and perhaps humble France herself[1]. To raise such a rival cannot be the object of the First Consul. To keep Rome in a state of dependence is certainly his intention; but whether as a republic under the government of one of his brothers, or as the pontifical residence of his uncle, is still a matter of mere conjecture. The latter may be the most probable destination of Rome.

As the Catholic religion is the most extensive Christian communion, and has numerous votaries, not only in the countries where it is exclusively established, but even in those where the reformation prevails, it is without doubt the interest of every government, that the head of such a body should be independent, and that his residence, for different motives, should he regarded as sacred. Here the piety of the Catholic and the prudence of the politician must agree. To this consideration another may be added. The residence of the common Father of Christians ought to be the seat of universal charity and untroubled peace; its gates ought to be open to *all* nations; and all tribes of the human species, whatever their variances and wars may be elsewhere, ought there at least to meet as brethren, and find the comforts of a common home. It would indeed be an inestimable advantage to have one city thus exempt from the destructive influence of human passions, impervious to the horrors and alarms of war, and wholly consecrated to peace, benevolence, and humanity; to the study of religion, to the improvement of science, and to the perfection of art.

## CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

One of the most striking objects in the approach to Rome is, as I have elsewhere observed, that vast uninhabited, and in many places uncultivated extent of country that surrounds it on all sides, and is called the *Campagna*. Its present state of desolation is certainly sin-

[1] To realize this event is the interest and ought to be the grand political object of England, of Austria, and of Russia.

gular, and naturally calls for inquiry. Some travellers attribute it to the destructive influence of papal government and of catholic *superstition* working here as in their very focus, and with all their pernicious activity. It must appear fortunate in the eyes of such *observers,* that causes which strike the earth with barrenness and taint the air with pestilence, have not also darkened the face of heaven and involved Rome in clouds and tempests. And singularly lucky it must be considered that their malignity is restricted to the plains, and that while it extends on one side to thirty, it is on the other confined to twelve or sixteen miles; that they sometimes spare certain favoured regions, and now and then fix on others apparently more distant from their sphere of action; and in short, that they are not very regular and systematical in their progress; as otherwise they must have reached the mountains of *Albano, Tibur,* and *Sabina,* extended over *Umbria,* and spreading from the Tuscan to the Adriatic Sea, from *Bologna* to *Terracina,* they must have long since turned one of the most fertile countries in the world into a dreary desert. But as these causes, so active in the *Campagna,* are perfectly inefficient in every other part of the Roman territory, and particularly at *Loretto, Ancona, Fano,* and in all the delicious environs of *Bologna,* though as much under their deadly influence as Rome and its immediate neighbourhood, the reader may be disposed to seek for some more satisfactory solution of the difficulty. To obtain it we must go back to antiquity.

Strabo observes, that the coasts of *Latium* were in some places unhealthy, and ascribes that quality to the marshes that border them [1]. It naturally follows that in ancient as well as in modern times the air of the coast must not unfrequently be carried by sea breezes into the interior, and as the *Campagna* is surrounded by mountains on every other side, these vapours may, particularly in the calm and sultry months of summer, remain suspended in the air, and considerably affect its salubrity. The same effect is produced in the gulph of *Corinth* by a similar cause every autumn, when the exhalations from the swamps and marshes at the mouth of the *Achelous,* are carried up the gulph, and being confined by the high hills and mountains that border it, hang brooding over the sea and neighbouring shore, and oftentimes rise so high as to render *Corinth* itself, though seated on an eminence, for some months almost uninhabitable. To confirm this conjecture, I need only observe, that several ancient writers, and among others Horace, Mar-

[1] Lib. v.—Columella indeed seems to consider the vicinity of the sea as generally insalubrious. "Præstat," says he, "a mari longo potius intervallo quam brevi refugisse, quia media sunt spatia gravioris halitus."

"It is better to be at a great distance from the sea, than a short one, because the atmosphere of the intervening space is unwholesome."

tial, and Frontinus represent the air of Rome itself as unwholesome during the great heats; and at present, the wind which blows from the coasts in summer, particularly since the forests that formerly covered them have been thinned by the late Pope, is considered as peculiarly noxious [1]. A marshy soil, under the influence of a warm sun, must naturally emit gross exhalations, and the more serene the sky, the more permanent and destructive must be their influence.

We must recollect at the same time, that the *Campagna* is not the only unhealthy tract in Italy; that *Etruria* has its *maremmæ*, and that its coasts were never remarkable for salubrity. "*Est sane*," says the younger Pliny, "*gravis et pestilens ora Tuscorum, quæ per littus extenditur* [2]." Rutilius confirms this observation when he describes *Graviscæ* and *Cosa*.

> Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus
> Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor.....
> Cernimus antiquas, nullo custode ruinas,
> Et desolatæ mœnia fœda Cosæ [3].....
>
> *Rutil. Iter. lib.* i. *ver.* 281.

Silius, speaking of another town on the same coast, alludes to its insalubrity produced by the same cause.

> .....obsessæ campo squalente Fregellæ [4].
>
> *Lib.* viii. 475

[1] Agues, intermitting fevers, and phthisical symptoms were common in Rome anciently as well as now, according to Asclepiades, who flourished in the time of Pompey, and is quoted by Galen, who confirms his report.

Of the insalubrity of the immediate neighbourhood of Rome we have a striking instance in Columella, who, speaking of Regulus, says—Nam Pupiniæ *pestilentis* simul et exilis agricultorem fuisse eum loquuntur historiæ *. Now this tract gave its name to the *Tribus Pupinia*, and was only seven or eight miles distant from Rome towards *Tusculum*.

The Vatican valley, now called *Val d'Inferno*, and anciently *Vallis Infera* (the lower valley), was formerly, as it is at present, though close to the city, deserted because unhealthy.—*See Tac. Hist.* ii. 93.

[2] L. v. Ep. 6.—The coast of Tuscany, which extends along the sea-shore, is unwholesome and infectious.

> [3] Graviscæ's scanty roofs we next descry,
> By fetid air from stagnant swamps annoy'd . . .
> And soon th' unhealthy ruins met our eye
> Of Cosa, long deserted and destroy'd.

[4] Fregellæ, circled by a filty swamp.

* For history informs us that he was a cultivator of land in the Pupinian district, which is at once infectious and barren.

Even in England, where the summer heat is so moderate, and of such short duration, and where the wind blows strong from one point or other ten months out of the twelve, the fens, marshes, and low lands in Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, diffuse their influence wide enough to enable us to calculate its effects in a hotter climate. Freedom and industry united have not yet been able to purify the air of the fenny islands of Zealand.

From these observations I am inclined to infer, that the air of the *Campagna* could never have been more healthy than it is at present. I admit, however, that cultivation and population might then have counteracted the causes above mentioned; and I must observe also, that at a very remote period those causes did not perhaps exist, and that many portions of land, now marshes, might then have been covered with the sea, as the flatness of the coast and the consequent shallowness of the water must have been considerably increased in the course of time by the perpetual depositions of the *Tiber*. The population of this territory seems to have been greatest during the infancy of the Roman republic, whose energies were first displayed in contests within her immediate vicinity, and almost in sight of the Capitol.

Not to mention *Gabii*, *Fidenæ*, *Collatium*, etc., Pliny enumerates more than fifty nations inhabiting *Latium* at the same time; and what must appear more extraordinary, places thirty-three towns within the narrow compass of the *Pomptine* marshes. These towns, like the cities mentioned in the Scripture during the time of Abraham, were probably little more than our ordinary villages. But whatever they were, the fifty nations and the thirty-three cities had disappeared, and scarcely left any trace behind.—Ita, ex antiquo Latio liii populi interiere sine *vestigiis*[1]. Among these tribes Pliny enumerates the *Albans*, the *Fidenates*, the *Coriolani*; and indeed of the depopulation of the *Campagna* during the most flourishing period of Roman prosperity, we have sufficient and unquestionable evidence. Horace, to give a full idea of a lonely deserted spot, says,

Gabiis desertior atque,
Fidenis vicus[2] —— *Lib.* i. *epist.* xi. 7.

It is to be observed that *Fidenæ* was five, *Gabii* ten miles from Rome[3]. Propertius expresses the solitude of *Gabii* in a very concise but emphatical manner,

[1] Lib. iii. cap. 5.—Thus, fifty-three nations have disappeared out of Latium, without leaving a trace behind them.

[2] Emptier than Gabii, and Fidenæ's streets.

[3] It is probable, that most of the persons killed by the fall of an amphitheatre at

Et qui nunc nulli, maxima turba *Gabi* [1].
*Lib.* iv. *eleg.* 1.

Strabo, who lived in the time of Tiberius, represents the cities of *Ardea* and *Laurentum* as having been destroyed by the *Samnites*, and still in ruins in his time. To these he adds many others, such as *Lavinium, Collatia, Antemnæ, Fregallæ* [2], etc., which he says had dwindled into villages; so that the central regions of Italy, and *Latium* itself, do not appear to have abounded with population, even during that prosperous period. That *Ostia*, though the seaport of Rome, should lose almost all its inhabitants, when the capital was on the decline, must appear very natural, when we consider that the air was infected by the neighbouring marshes and the harbour nearly choked up with sand. Every reader is acquainted with the beautiful description of Lucan, who, as a poet, affects to foretel at the battle of *Pharsalia*, the desolation which he himself witnessed [3]. Juvenal represents the *Pomptine* marshes as a receptacle of robbers, and speaks of guards employed for the protection of travellers [4]. I need not repeat what I have related elsewhere, that Cicero mentions an attack made upon a friend of his at the foot of *Mount Albanus;* that the *Via Appia* was lined with tombs and mausoleums from the very walls of the city to the neighbourhood of *Alba;* that the other roads were by no means void of such gloomy decorations; and that amidst this crowd of monuments little room was left for habitable mansions.

From all these circumstances I should be led to suspect that the population of the *Campagna* was not very great even in the time

*Fidenæ* in the reign of Tiberius, were Romans, who flocked from the capital to the amusements of a neighbouring village or rather suburb.—*Tac. Ann. lib.* iv. *cap.* 62.

[1] And Gabii, crowded then, deserted now.

[2] Strabo, lib. v.

[3]
Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret. Tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ;
Albaneosque Lares, Laurentinosque penates
Res vacuum, quod non habitet, nisi nocte colonus
Invitus. *Lucan, lib.* vii. 389.

How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!
Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name
To unbelieving ears be told by fame.
Low shall the mighty Latian tow'rs be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head.
*Rowe.*

[4] Sat. iii. 307.

of Augustus and of Trajan; and if this should really have been the case, I know of no satisfactory method of accounting for a deficiency so extraordinary in the neighbourhood of such an immense capital other than the unwholesomeness of the air. That there were anciently a very great number of villas rising in every part of this region I admit, but this multiplicity of country houses cannot be adduced as a proof of its general salubrity, because many of them were erected in places acknowledged even then to be unwholesome, and were moreover designed for temporary accommodation, and as occasional retreats in winter, spring, and the beginning of summer, seasons when the whole *Campagna* is perfectly salubrious. The *Laurens* or *Laurentine* villa of Pliny seems to have been of this description, as we may very fairly infer from the many precautions taken to catch every gleam of sunshine, and to exclude all the cooler winds. He speaks also of the convenience of one particular apartment, especially during the *Saturnalia*, that is, in December.

As for the cultivation of this territory, a very considerable part was anciently, as it is now, entirely given up to pasturage. Such in particular was the territory of *Laurentum*, *multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum, boumque armenta*[1], says Pliny the younger, when describing his villa near *Laurentum*; he also in the same epistle alludes to the woods which covered the coasts, and extended in various directions around his house. *Modo occurrentibus silvis via coarctatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit*[2], are his expressions when describing the way to it. *Suggerunt*, adds he, *affatim ligna proximæ silvæ*[3]. Such is precisely the present appearance of the coast from *Ostia* to the promontory of *Circe*, a vast extent of plain covered in many places with forests, and in others expanding into wide meadows and pastures. Much does not seem to have been anciently under corn, as immense supplies were regularly conveyed to Rome from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa, supplies which the fertility of the plains of *Latium* and *Etruria*, if called forth by the arts of cultivation, would have rendered unnecessary[4]. At present several extensive tracts are cultivated, particu-

[1] Plin. ii. Epist. 17.—Many flocks of sheep were there, many droves of horses, and of oxen.

[2] Sometimes the road is confined by woods that meet each other, sometimes it spreads over meadows of wide extent.

[3] The neighbouring woods supply abundance of timber.

[4] We find in ancient historians frequent mention made of years of scarcity at Rome, an evil which could not have occurred so frequently, if Italy had been as well cultivated anciently as it is at present. Thus in the earliest ages of the republic we find Rome reduced to the greatest distress for want of corn, as in the year U. C. 301, again in the year 314 and 343. I am aware that the scarcity on both these occasions is

he left of the *Via Tiburtina*, and of the *Via Appia*, in *ptine* marshes. The fields in the immediate neighbourlome, and on the banks of the *Tiber*, excepting however ns that lie between that river and the *Monte Mario*, are meadows, and produce great quantities of the finest hay. ed a grievous mistake, arising partly from inattention and m prejudice, to imagine that the *Campagna*, because unl, is therefore totally neglected and unproductive. ' At riods the population of the neighbouring towns is em- its cultivation, and the yearly produce, if I may believe nce of a very intelligent Scotch gentleman, who had passed ears at Rome, and was thoroughly acquainted with the he capital and the country around, was upon an average two pounds per acre. Such a produce seems to imply no ention to cultivation, especially when it is considered that parts, the soil neither is nor probably ever was very fit for ral purposes. Such at least is the opinion of a very canned, and worthy author, who viewed it without prejudice, ined it with scientific minuteness. His words are — " I y affirm, that the most striking parts, the whole plain beme and Tivoli, and the Pomptine marshes, never were or in a much better state than at present. I have walked hooting great part of the plain between Rome and Tivoli, oil, which consists of a deep white chrystallized sand, geovered with a coat of black sand not half an inch, and of- a quarter of an inch deep, evidently proves that it never in a state of ordinary cultivation. Immense expense may ied soil to some spots to make gardens; but even that adfertility could not be of long duration, it would soon disrough the hungry unconnected sand beneath [1]."

er any, or if any, what degree of blame may attach to the ernment, it is difficult to determine, because it is not very liscover what right the sovereign has to interfere in the ent of individual property, and the cultivation of private That the Roman government and nobility have hitherto, t continental governments and nobles, paid little attention

[1] the historian to other causes than the sterility of the soil; such as the that occupied the minds and time of the people, and the harangues of the t captivated and rivetted them to the forum. But this cause of neglect ined to citizens, or at least to freemen, and they were only a part, or asters of the cultivators, who were in general slaves or bonds-men. But ercity returned more frequently, without the same or any similar cause, Emperors, twice during the reign of Tiberius, as often under Claudius, similar evil is seldom heard of in Rome in modern times, though its exceeds one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

of the Earth, by Philip Howard, Esq.

to agriculture is I believe generally admitted, and that the system of corn laws established in the papal territory was impolitic and pernicious, is equally acknowledged on all sides; but the last of these defects has been removed by the recent suppression of all the ancient regulations on this head, and by the introduction of a new code, founded upon more enlightened principles: while the former can only be remedied by time, and by a very general revolution in continental manners and feelings. The papal government is not indeed in its nature very active, and that agriculture is not, or rather has not hitherto been one of its principal objects is undeniable; a defect which is the more to be lamented, as few territories are better calculated for all the purposes of cultivation, in consequence of the fertility and the variety of the soil, of the profound peace which the character of the Pontiff generally ensures to his subjects, and of the site of the country itself, in the very centre of Italy, commanding two seas, and affording all the means of easy exportation [1].

A spirit of improvement is at present gone abroad in the various states of Italy, and as it has reached Rome in its progress, it is to be hoped that its influence will be active and efficient. One means of amelioration the authority of government might without any difficulty introduce into the *Campagna,* by planting the road sides, and increasing the growth of the forests along the shore, and by giving premiums and every other possible encouragement to that particular branch of agriculture. The multiplication of trees, ornamental and useful in most countries, would be particularly so in the *Campagna*, where wood only is wanting to complete the picture, and to shelter at the same time the capital, and the inland tracts, from the exhalations of the marshes along the coast [2].

The *malaria* or unwholesomeness of the *Campagna* is supposed to commence with the great heat or dog-days, and last till the autumnal rains precipitate the noxious vapours, refresh the earth, and purify the atmosphere. During this period of time, that is during the space of two months, the country is deserted, and except the delightful retreats of *Tivoli* and the *Alban Mount* placed by their elevation above the reach of infection, every villa, casino, and even

[1] Non sine causâ dii hominesque hunc urbi condendæ locum elegerunt, saluberrimos colles, flumen opportunum, quo ex Mediterraneis locis fruges devehantur, quo maritimi commeatus accipiantur; mare vicinum ad commoditates..... regionum Italiæ medium, ad incrementum urbis natum unice locum. —*Tit. Liv.* lib. v. 54.

"Gods and men, not without reason, selected this spot for the building of the city; hills remarkable for salubrity, a river, convenient for carrying down corn from the Mediterranean districts, and for receiving imports by sea. The sea near enough for all purposes of convenience..... a spot in the centre of the countries of Italy, and singularly adapted to the increase and advancement of the city.

[2] See Venuti on the Cultivation of the *Campagna*.

bey and convent is deserted. So strong is the prejudice of the mans in this respect, that it is considered as dangerous and almost rtal to sleep out of the walls, though perhaps not twenty yards m the very gates of the city [1]. It is certainly reasonable to allow it the natives of a country are the best judges of its climate, and s prudent and right that strangers should follow their advice d example in guarding against its inconveniences; yet it is im-sible not to suspect that there is on this occasion a considerable gree of groundless apprehension. In reality, if a cold is taken a rural excursion during the hot months, it is attributed to the *laria*. Every fever, and indeed every indisposition caught by vellers who pass the *Pomptine* marshes, or the *Campagna* dur-g the summer months, is ascribed to the influence of the air; ile such disorders might very naturally be supposed to arise m heat and fatigue, causes sufficiently active to produce fatal tempers in any climate.

The conclusion which I am inclined to draw from these observa-ns is, that the *Campagna di Roma* may, from very obvious ses, be in some places and at certain seasons unhealthy; that ive cultivation, draining, extensive plantations, and, above all, increase of population, might in a great degree remedy this insa-rity; but, that it is unjust and uncandid to attribute to the Popes evil which the ancient Romans either did not, or could not re-ve, though they might command and combine for that purpose the skill and all the riches of the universe [2]. If there be any ference between ancient and modern Rome in point of healthiness, am inclined to think that the latter must have the advantage, as site of the modern city is considerably raised by the ruins; and sequently the inundations of the *Tiber* are less frequent and less schievous, and the quantity of stagnant water is much dimi-hed. In fine, whatever the air of Rome may be for infants and th, it is now considered as peculiarly favorable to riper age, and aid to be, as anciently, highly conducive to longevity.

[1] As in the Villa Borghese for instance.

[2] The appearance of the few peasants that inhabit the *Campagna* is frightful and sting; bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexion, livid eyes and ; in short all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, seem united in their ons. But though I am far from maintaining that the qualities of the air have share in the production of these deformities, yet I am inclined to attribute them ome degree also to bad water and bad diet. The first of these causes produces ilar appearances in several mountainous countries, particularly in Switzerland, l the latter disposes the constitution to receive with tenfold effect the action of the , and the impression of noxious exhalations.

## CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Rome—Character of the Romans, ancient and modern.

AT length the day fixed for our departure approached, and on the second of August we made a last visit to the Forum, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Capitol. We once more hailed the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter, and retired after sunset to the gardens of the *Villa Medici* on the *Pincian Mount* (*Collis Hortulorum*, the hill of gardens). There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, we reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the happy hours we had passed in this grand Capital of the civilized world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave, for ever probably, of these noble scenes, and felt (and who would not have felt?) a considerable degree of regret at the reflection, that we now beheld the towers of Rome vanishing in darkness for the last time! It is indeed impossible to leave this city without emotion; so many claims has it to our attention; so many holds upon our best passions.

As the traveller paces along her streets, spacious, silent, and majestic, he feels the irresistible genius of the place working in his soul, his memory teems with recollections, and his heart swells with patriotism and magnanimity; two virtues that seem to spring from the very soil, and flow spontaneously from the climate: so generally do they pervade every period of Roman history. While the *great republic*, the parent of so many heroes, rises before him, he looks around like Camillus at the hills—the plain—the river—for ever consecrated by their fame, and raises his eyes with reverence to the sky that seemed to inspire their virtues.

In truth, no national character ever appeared so exalted, rose with such an accumulation of honour from so many trials, or retained its hard-earned glory for so long a period, as that of the Romans. *Nulla unquam respublica nec major, nec sanctior, nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit*[1], says Titus Livius[2], and the assertion was not the effusion of national vanity, for the Romans were too great to be vain, but the result of well-grounded conviction. That deep sense of religion which distinguished the republic from every

[1] No republic was ever either greater, or more holy, or richer in examples of excellence.

[2] Præf. ad lib. i.

other state, and was according to Cicero one of the sources of its grandeur; that benevolence which taught them to respect human nature in their enemies, at a time when to slaughter or at best enslave the conquered, was deemed even by the Greeks themselves the right of the victor; that strict attention to justice and the law of nations in proclaiming and carrying on war[1]; that contempt or rather defiance of danger and calm perseverance in spite of difficulties and obstacles; that disinterestedness and neglect of all personal indulgence, and above all, that manly and unalterable consistency which in a peculiar manner marked and supported their conduct both in public and private[2]: these were the grand and distinguishing features of the Roman character, — features which they have imprinted on their edifices, their writings, their laws, and their language, and bequeathed to posterity as an endless claim to its gratitude and admiration. That each of these qualities may have shone forth conspicuously in other nations, and in many individuals, must be admitted; but never were they so intimately interwoven with the whole existence and being of an active people either before or after. The Greeks, more lively and ingenious, but at the same time changeable and fantastic, appear, when compared to the Romans, as children put in contrast with men; and Virgil has most philosophically as well as poetically struck off the characters of the two nations, when to the acuteneness and subtlety of the Greeks he grants superiority in the arts and sciences, while to Roman firmness and wisdom he consigns the sceptre of the universe[3].

To seek for parallels in modern history, would be a vain pursuit, though our sprightly neighbours are wont, in a delirium of self-complacency, to compare themselves to the Greeks and Romans alternately, and interweave the virtues of both these renowned races, in the texture of modern French perfection. But while we give them, in unison with the voice of Europe, much of the valour and ingenuity, with all the levity and all the vanity of the Greeks, we cannot allow them one spark of Roman magnanimity. The Roman Pontiffs have occasionally emulated the firmness of the Consuls, and the Venetians not unfrequently displayed the wisdom of the senate; while owing to the manly and generous spirit of a free go-

[1] Cic. de Off. lib. i. cap. xi.

[2] Maxime ipse populus Romanus animi magnitudine excellit.
*Cic. Off.* i, 18.
"The Roman people principally excels in magnanimity."

[3] Excudent alii, etc. Tu regere, etc.
*Æn.* vi. 847—851.

Let others better mold, etc.
. . . . . 'tis thine alone . . . . .
To rule mankind,
*Dryden. Æn.* vi. 1168.

vernment, the British nation may be allowed to possess a considerable portion of the patriotism and intrepidity of the Roman people.

The ambition with which the Romans are so often charged, cannot with justice be considered as a flaw in their character, as no great nation, or illustrious individual, ever was, or indeed can well be entirely exempt from that active passion, that *vivida vis animi*, (energy of mind) which always accompanies great talents, and is designed by Providence to develop and bring them into action. To which we may add, that a spirit of conquest generally originates from the necessity and success of self defence; and it must be admitted that the far greater part of the early wars in which the republic was engaged, arose from the jealousy of the petty states in her vicinity. The subjugation of these states and their incorporation with the victors, awakened the suspicion of more distant and powerful rivals, and brought the Samnites, the Lucanians, and the Bruttii successively into the field; till the war of Pyrrhus showed the necessity of uniting Italy under one head, to prevent her jarring cities from introducing foreign powers into her provinces, and from thus sacrificing her general independence to a momentary and local interest. This struggle tried and proved the strength of Rome, enabled her to unite all the energies of Italy, and prepared her for the more dangerous and more extensive contest with the Carthaginians. The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at a distance from the coasts of Italy, and were at the same time the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming into immediate contact. The first was an essay and a mere prelude to the second, which decided the contest, and in fact laid Carthage at the feet of her more magnanimous rival. Never did a more arduous struggle engage two powerful nations, and never did mortals witness a more splendid display of the heroic virtues than that which Rome then exhibited to the astonished universe.

The dissensions among the Greeks, and the farfamed Peloponnesian war itself, sink into insignificance when compared not only with the mighty weight, and the wide sweeping desolation of the second Punic war, but with the perseverance, the wisdom, the spirit, and the magnanimity with which it was prosecuted; nor is there a period in the annals of the world which furnishes more instruction, or presents human nature in a nobler point of view, than the history of this most sanguinary contest. Every page of it is a record of heroism that sets the soul in a blaze; it ought to be read over and over again, and every line committed to memory by the youth of every free state, and particularly of Britain, that they may learn how to appreciate the liberty and independence of their country, how to fight and how to die in its defence.

The insidious policy of *Macedon* next engaged the attention of ome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporizing des- ots cannot but deserve our applause. In her conduct towards the reeks the republic first displayed its moderation and generosity, nd on the glorious day when at the Isthmian games she proclaimed e liberty of Greece by her victorious general, gave an instance of agnanimity that even now melts the soul into fond admiration. nt the age of heroes and of sages was passed in Greece. Incapa- le alike of liberty and control, proud of their former power, and nconscious of their actual weakness, jealous of each other's pros- erity, and perpetually engaged either in open hostility or secret ntrigue, her states alternately flattered and insulted, invited and etrayed their benefactors, till at length they extorted from the re- uctant Romans the chastisement due to folly and ingratitude.

So far the Roman character shone unclouded; that at subsequent eriods its splendour was sometimes tarnished by the ambition or e avarice of its chief must be admitted; but even when, intoxica- d by power and corrupted by luxury, the city had become a vast eatre of opposite factions and turbulent passions, yet the greatness nd magnanimity inherent in the national character still predomi- ated, and showed itself even in the vices and crimes of its per- erted citizens. Though fired with lawless ambition and stained rith civil blood, Marius and Sylla, Cæsar and Pompey, Augustus nd Antony, were lofty and towering minds that soared far above he usual reach of human greatness, and stand yet unrivalled in the ists of fame. Even Catiline and Cinna, with much of the malig- ity, have also much of the greatness of Milton's demons, and, like hose tremendous phantoms, excite by the magnitude of their crimes ur terror rather than our contempt. Nor was this magnanimity xtinguished, or indeed always repressed by the despotism of the mperors. Though subdued and chained, yet the Roman glared t his tyrant, and made him feel not unfrequently the effects of his ndignation. Cherea and Sabinus, Corbulo and Vindex, displayed he courage and the virtue of Brutus and Cassius; the softer sex mulated the fame of Clelia and Lucretia; and Arria and Epicharis ontinued to show the influence of Roman firmness on female minds. The imperial race itself was distinguished above all other royal ines, not only by pre-eminent vices, but fortunately for mankind by re-eminent virtues also; and if Caligula and Nero, Domitian and aracalla, surpass in cruelty all other tyrants, so Titus and Trajan, urelius and Antoninus, excel all other monarchs in wisdom and enevolence.

Of the character of greatness which the Romans have given to heir works I have already spoken; here I need only remind the eader that while in the pyramids of Egypt we admire massive astness, and in the edifices of Greece just proportion, in Roman tructure, we applaud the union of magnitude and beauty with con-

venience and utility. In her temples Rome was more magnificent, because more opulent than Greece; but her temples, however splendid, were not her noblest works. Behold that vast amphitheatre, equal in size, but how superior in form, grace, and destination to the useless bulk of the pyramids [1]. See those aqueducts that bestride extensive regions, and convey rivers into distant cities to refresh nations and to fertilize a whole country. Their arches still stand gracing not the capital only and its vicinity, but the most remote provinces, and astonish travellers by their solidity and their elevation. Consider those bridges which eighteen centuries, aided by inundations and earthquakes, have not in many places even shaken; and see the Danube itself for once submitting to the yoke, and still respecting the traces of his subjection. See their almost interminable roads intersecting the immensity of the empire, from the borders of *Persia* to the *Orcades*, from the *Tanais* to the *Nile*, and opening a free communication through all parts of the civilized world. These are monuments which no other nation has left behind, monuments not of taste and art only, but of wisdom and benevolence, which claim not merely our admiration but our gratitude, and rank their authors among the best benefactors of mankind.

> Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo [1].
>
> *Æneid.* vi. 663.

To apply this remark to works of genius would be to enter a field of criticism too extensive for the present work; but we may be allowed to assume that there is in all the great Roman authors, whether in verse or prose, a certain loftiness of thought peculiar to themselves, and very different from the terseness of the Greek, particularly the Attic writers. Majesty, though the characteristic of Virgil, and more eminently conspicuous in his divine poems, is yet strongly perceptible in Lucretius, Lucan, and Juvenal. The subjects of Horace and Ovid were not in general very susceptible of this quality, and yet even in them it occasionally transpires, and gives a certain weight and dignity to the *nugæ canoræ* [2]. Their muse is

[1] And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts:
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.

*Dryden.*

Dryden in the last couplet has entirely mistaken the meaning of Virgil, which is, "they who made their memories immortal by deserving well of mankind."

[2] Poetical trifles.

still the Roman muse, like Minerva reserved and majestic, even when playful. But this distinctive feature of the Roman mind is most apparent in the historians; for however different Sallust, Cæsar, Titus Livius, and Tacitus may be in style, yet there is in them all an elevation of thought, a boldness of sentiment, and a dignity of language, superior, I will not say, to modern historians, but even to the compositions of the Greeks, in every other respect so perfect. In perusing them the reader finds himself raised above the common level of human thought, and placed out of the reach of ordinary feelings; he is conversing with an intermediate race of human beings, a species of heroes and demigods.

Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis [1].

*En.* vi. 649.

Virtue, patriotism, benevolence, the love of his country, and of mankind, rise in his estimation, and engross his whole soul. Self-preservation and self-interest, the cares and the pleasures of life shrink in comparison into trifles almost beneath his attention. His heart glows as he reads, and every page he turns over makes him a better, and fits him to be a greater man. But above even these exalted spirits, *above all Greek,* above all *Roman fame,* towers the immortal genius of Cicero, collecting in itself all the lights of human intellect, and scattering them over every subject on which it shines—Orator, Philosopher, and statesman, and in all these characters unrivalled, he makes them all subservient to that of Roman and Consul, and whatever topic he treats, he never fails to display the spirit of the one, and the majesty of the other.

The Greek philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, etc., passed their days, if not in absolute retreat, at least in learned leisure; speculation was the business of their lives, and their works were the result of a whole age of study and reflection. Cicero devoted his youth to books; his riper years he gave to the active duties of Roman magistracy, the direction of the senate, the management of the people, the command of legions, and the government of an empire. In the midst of these occupations, each of which seems sufficient to absorb all the attention of the most vigorous mind, he found leisure to plead the cause and to engross all the causes of his friends, to prescribe the laws of eloquence, and to sound the depths of philosophic inquiry. Thus he excelled his master Plato, and by uniting practice with theory, brought philosophy from the shades of retirement into public life, introduced her into the forum, and seated her even in the senate. In perusing the varied compositions of this illustrious Roman, it is impossible not

[1] The old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
*Dryden.*

to feel and admire that national magnanimity, that senatorial and consular dignity which pervade them, ennobling every subject, whether public or private, literary or political; and communicating to the mind of the reader a congenial elevation and grandeur, well calculated to counteract the narrow contracted views and selfish passions of these degenerate days [1].

I have already alluded to the Roman laws, and will therefore confine myself at present to one single remark. The laws of the Greeks were either the result of the meditations of a particular legislator, Lycurgus, Solon, etc., or the dictates of some momentary emergency; not unfrequently the effusion of popular passions, and in most cases applicable only to the commonwealth, or the country for which they were originally enacted. Hence, though Liberty was in general their object, and so far their effects were beneficial; yet their duration was short, and their influence contracted. But the Roman code was compiled with the same view indeed, but on principles far more permanent and universal. It was founded not upon the convenience of the moment, nor upon the interest of one particular commonwealth, but upon the comprehensive basis of the law of nature, embracing alike all times and all places, and applicable to all governments and to all emergencies. Hence Cicero declares, that the *Twelve Tables* contain a system of morality, superior, in his opinion, to the writings of all the philosophers, and form a code of laws at the same time, that transcends all the institutions of all the Grecian legislators.

[1] Rousseau has ventured to call Cicero a mere rhetorician, and asks insultingly whether, without the writings of Plato, he would have been able to compose his Offices? Without doubt, the Roman philosopher owed much to the sublime doctrines of Plato, and seldom omits an opportunity of acknowledging the obligation; but though a disciple of Plato, he often surpasses his master, and gives substance and body to the refined and ideal visions of the Athenian. That very treatise "De Officiis" is an abridgment of morality more perfect and useful than any particular work of Plato. Surely his Epistles are not imitations of Plato, and yet they alone are sufficient to establish Cicero's reputation, and to place him among the first of statesmen and of authors. As for the contemptuous term *rhetor* (rhetorician), if Cicero was not an orator in the highest sense of the word, who ever was? But the eloquent Genevan loved singularity, and sought for it by paradoxes; he seems to have read but little of Cicero, and if we may credit the account he gives of his own education, he could not have had a very perfect knowledge of Cicero's language.

[2] Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosophorum, unus mihi videtur xii. tabularum libellus, si quis legum fontes et capita viderit, et auctoritatis pondere, et utilitatis ubertate superare, etc.—*De Orator. lib.* i. 43, 44.

"In spite of murmurs of disapprobation, I will speak what I think; if any one looks to the principle and fountain head of law, the single book of the twelve tables seems to me to surpass the libraries of all the philosophers, both in weight of authority, and in its abundant utility."

Hence the Roman became the *universal* law, the code of nations, and to its prevalence over Europe, we may perhaps in part ascribe the superior advantage in liberty and property, which its inhabitants enjoyed during the darkness and the barbarism of the middle ages. In reality, the Roman laws and language were the two great barriers that resisted and repelled the violence and ignorance of those savage times, and conveyed down to us the maxims and the sciences of the preceding more enlightened generations.

Of that language I may now be expected to speak, but as I have treated the subject elsewhere, my remarks shall be few and cursory. It is a trite observation, that the language of each nation is attuned to its feelings, habits, and manners, or in other words, to its character; and it has consequently been remarked, that Italian is soft and musical; Spanish, stately; French, voluble; German, rough; and English, short and pithy. To apply this common observation is the subject before us, the language of the ancient Romans is a manly and majestic dialect, full, expressive, and sonorous, and well adapted to the genius and the dignity of a magnanimous and imperial people. Inferior in some respects, but in the qualities just mentioned superior to Greek, it corresponded well with its object, and was the vehicle, first of the edicts of the conquerors, and then of jurisprudence, philosophy, and the sciences in general; that is, it became the grand instrument of civilization, the universal language, and the parent of all the more refined dialects of Europe[1].

Such were the Romans: born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation of mind and dignity of sentiment as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are supposed to possess individually; and this grandeur of thought and manners they communicated to all their achievements, and stamped on all their monuments. Who can reflect on those achievements without astonishment? who can walk amid those monuments without emotion? the very ground trod by such a race is sacred; and were Rome, with all its magnificent edifices and noble remains, annihilated, the seven hills would

[1] "Ita sentio," says Cicero, "et sæpe disserui, Latinam linguam non modo non inopem, ut vulgo putarent, sed locupletiorem esse quam Græcam *." — *De Finibus* lib. i. 3. He repeats the same assertion in the third book, cap. 2. Gibbon has exemplified its superior majesty when compared to Greek, in the two names Diocles and Diocletianus, and it may be exemplified still more satisfactorily in contrasting certain passages of Virgil, with the corresponding verses, from whence they are copied, in Homer; to which I may add, that if the vowels and diphthongs were pronounced by the ancient Greeks as they are by the modern, and there are many reasons for supposing that they were, Latin must have had at all times, in fulness and variety of sound, a decided superiority.

* "I am of opinion, and I have frequently expressed that opinion in my dissertations, that the Latin language is not only not poor, as is commonly thought, but that it is richer than the Greek."

be still dear to genius and to virtue. The pilgrim would still come from distant regions to visit with reverence the spot on which stood the first of cities — "*quæ una in omnibus terris domus fuit virtutis, imperii, dignitatis*[1].

But, of the heroic qualities of the ancient Romans, what share do the modern inherit? are they high-spirited and inflexible as their ancestors? or are they not rather a tame, pusillanimous race? not the descendants of the masters of the world, but the mongrel offspring of every invading tribe? or as a French writer expresses it, not Romans, but *worms that prey upon the carcase of fallen Rome?* It is easy to supply the want of observation by sarcasm and antithesis; let us endeavour to follow a different process.

National character, though it may be influenced both by the soil and the climate, is not the defect of either. Government and education, as I have elsewhere observed, are the grand and efficient causes in the formation of character both public and private. Is that government free, and that education liberal? the character will be open and manly. Is the one oppressive, and the other confined? the character will necessarily be abject and contracted. Rome is no longer mistress of the world; she is not even free; her sons, of course, have not from their infancy a brilliant career open before them; public honours are not held out to them as incentives to exertion, nor are their labours and sacrifices rewarded by triumphs and titles of glory; they are not now as anciently taught even by their nurses to raise their heads, to tread with dignity, to look, move, and feel as *lords of human kind*. To submit to the will of a sovereign without sharing his councils is their fate, and domestic concerns are their only occupation. To conform them to this humble destiny is the object of education, and when they have passed some years in college confinement under the superintendency of suspicious and prying masters, they return to their families to pass their days in indolent repose.

Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman; as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted with the ancient glories of their country, and with its history they imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them, and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In

[1] Cic. de Orat. lib. 1. cap. 44.—"Which alone in all the world was the abode of virtue, of empire, and of grandeur."

the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which while they attract strangers from the most remote countries, must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedency to the first sovereign in Europe; and in the second, she confers upon her bishops, rank and pre-eminence above all others, even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and to inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity. Rome is still the *holy*, the *eternal* city, the *citadel of imperial* power, the *centre of Christian unity*— "Deorum domicilium, arx orbis terrarum, portus omnium genitum [1]." Crowds of strangers flow through her gates attracted by the magnificence of her monuments, the sanctity of her temples, or the glories of her name. *Et antiquitas amabilis, sed et religio venerabilis sæpe eo vocant* [2], says *Lipsius*. The S. P. Q. R. that still blaze on the edicts of her magistrates, and ennoble her public edifices, though now a sound only, is yet an awful and venerable sound, which brings with it a train of ideas formed of all that is grand and impressive in history.

The natives of a city, whose destinies are so glorious, neither are, nor can be altogether a low-minded grovelling race; they are proud of their birth, and inherit some portion of the dignity and the elevation of their ancestors. If it be asked on what occasion the modern Romans have displayed this noble spirit, or what instances of magnanimity we find in their history, the answer is obvious. Not to speak of the courage and perseverance with which they so long and so successfully resisted the Lombards, because that era may perhaps be supposed to belong rather to ancient than modern history; I come to the year eight hundred, which may fairly be considered as the period of the calamities of Rome; and though her language was still in a state of deterioration, yet her political situation began from that epoch to improve, and continued in a progress of amelioration with little interruption, except that occasioned by the absence of her bishops, till the late French invasion. From the restoration of the Western empire we may therefore date the commencement of modern Rome, and take it for granted that as no event has since occurred to break the spirit of the Roman people, their character cannot be supposed to have undergone any change materially to its disadvantage.

[1] The abode of the gods, the metropolis of the world, the refuge of all nations.

[2] Invited thither by love for her antiquity, and also by veneration for her religion

Now from this era, to the pontificate of Sixtus V. the Romans seem to have displayed rather too much than too little spirit, and distinguished themselves rather by a lawless rage for independence than by a tame submission to rulers. Their history during the space of seven hundred years that elapsed between the two epochs mentioned above, is little more than a series of contests with the German Cæsars, the Popes, the Roman Barons, and the cities in the neighbouring mountains. These contests, which were carried on with much violence and great slaughter, even in the streets, the squares, and sometimes the very churches themselves, contributed much to the ruin of the city, and to the destruction of its ancient monuments, but terminated not unfrequently to the advantage of the Roman people, and prove at least that in courage they were not deficient. Their occasional battles with the Saracens, at that time a most warlike and formidable nation, always ended in the defeat of those infidels, and reflect no inconsiderable honour on the victors, who never allowed them, as the Sicilians and Neapolitans had done, to take possession of their towns, and to make settlements on their coasts. Their resistance to the German Emperors may be ascribed to some remaining sparks of Roman spirit, scorning to brook the pride and insolence of barbarian sovereigns, who, though they owed their rank and titles to the acclamations of the Roman people, sometimes presumed to approach the city in hostile array, and to impose laws on its inhabitants.

The liberties of the Romans sunk under the genius and spirit of Alexander VI. and Julius II., and were finally suppressed by the authority and the arts of the two Pontiffs of the Medicean family (to which literature owes so much and liberty so little), Leo X. and Clement VII. Since that period every circumstance has contributed to turn the attention of the Romans to the arts of peace, to the contemplation of religion, the study of antiquity, and the embellishment of the city. Few opportunities have occurred that could call their courage into action, or awaken their ancient magnanimity. The storming of the city by the Constable *Bourbon*, and the battle of *Lepanto*, are perhaps the only occasions. In the former, though taken by surprise and treachery, the Romans, protected only by the ancient walls, resisted the attacks of a veteran and regular army, and were at length overpowered by the numbers of that truly barbarian horde: while *Bourbon*, the General,

> ..... giganteis urbem tentare Deorum
> Aggressus furiis [1] ..... *Claudian.*

perished, as is well known, in the very act of scaling the walls. In

[1] Who, like the Titans, fir'd with impious rage,
Dar'd to attack the city of the gods.

the battle of *Lepanto* the Roman galleys, commanded by the gallant *Colonna,* led the Christian fleet, and were acknowledged to be the principal agents on that glorious day, which checked the victorious career of the Sultan, and broke his naval strength for ever

It may further be inquired, why the Romans made little or no resistance on the late invasion, which was accompanied with circumstances sufficiently insulting to rouse even the spirit and energies of a coward? The Romans themselves, though undisciplined and unprepared, were ready to take arms, and even made a tender of their services to the government; but the Papal ministers, and perhaps the Pontiff himself, were duped by the declarations and solemn promises of the French generals; and in opposition to the wishes and the suspicions of the people, consented to receive the hostile army within their gates. Yet when thus betrayed and enslaved, the people more than once rose upon the French troops; and the *Trasteverini* in particular, on one occasion, made considerable havoc, and excited the greatest alarm among them. Insomuch that the French had recourse to their usual arts of promises, protestations, appeals to *liberty*, to the *genius of Brutus*, and to the *Roman name*, to induce these generous patriots to quit the bridges, the capitol, and other strong posts of which they had taken possession. Similar insurrections took place at *Albano* and in *Sabina*, where the peasants, undisciplined and half armed, resisted and sometimes routed their enemies. These efforts, unavailing as they were, and as from the unfortunate situation of the Papal territory, and indeed of all Italy at that time, they must necessarily have been, are still so many proofs that the Romans are not, as has been so often asserted, a race of abject dastards.

The truth is, that want of courage is not the predominant vice either of the Romans or of the Italians, or indeed of any other nation: courage is a quality inherent in man, but its exercise is the result of calculation. Give an individual that which is worth defending, and he will defend it; give a nation liberty with all its blessings, and it will fight for them; a bad government has no value, and excites no attachment — who then will expose his life to support it?

The modern Romans are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicity; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome; because by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and the evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labour and to rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As

for mendicity, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicity is not easily avoidable: in favour of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population; and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hospitals and asylums; to the ruin of public credit; to the impoverishment of the clergy, the nobility, and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery; and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.

I come now to the morals of the Romans, and must, in the first place, acknowledge that it would be presumption in a traveller who passed three months only in Rome, to pretend to speak upon this subject from his own observation. However from inquiries, and the statement of impartial and judicious strangers long resident in Rome, we collected, that among the higher classes there is less room for censure here than perhaps in any other Italian city; that *cicisbeism*, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant; that the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and that the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer: while the traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment, some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants—

> Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam [1].
>
> *Æn. lib.* i. 286.

But how far the tide of Roman blood has run pure and unmixed during the lapse of so many centuries, and the course of so many

[1] The Romans, the masters of the world, and the gowned nation.

> The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
> And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.
>
> *Dryden.*

The Roman character, both ancient and modern, may be expressed with great precision by that beautiful antithesis of Lanzi, "Vi e un grande che si piega a ogni bello; vi e un bello che si solleva a ogni grande."

"*There* is a greatness which bends to every thing that is beautiful; *there* is a beauty which elevates itself to every thing that is great."

ns, it is difficult to determine. The capital of an empire
; many nations in its pale, must necessarily be crowded
ngers, and perhaps half peopled by the natives of the pro-
ich is the state of the great British metropolis at present, and
that of Rome anciently; the latter indeed was more likely
strangers, or rather provincials, than the former, as many
of the inhabitants of the great cities enjoyed the rights of
itizens, and were even admitted, as the Gauls were by Julius
nto the senate itself[1]. Cicero, who beheld the evil, if it
hat name, in its origin, complains that even in his time the
foreigners had infected the purity of the Latin language[2];
i period when the honours and offices of the state were con-
he native Romans, the number of strangers was so consi-
what must it have been under the Emperors, when all dis-
vas done away, and the privileges of the capital were com-
d to the whole empire?

ne continued even after the fall of her empire the metropo-
pital of Christendom, and has considered herself at all times
mon parent of Christians, and peculiarly so of men of genius
ing, the influx has never ceased to pour new inhabitants, and
i fresh supplies of vigour and genius, into the bosom of the
ity. This influx instead of being a reproach is an honour;
e destiny of Rome from her foundation to be the asylum
nd, the receptable of nations, "*portus omnium gentium*[3]."

[1] Religiosa patet peregrinæ curia laudi
Nec putat externos quos decet esse suos.
*Rutil. Itor. lib.* i. ver. 13.

The senate's self enrolls among its sons
Illustrious foreigners, nor strangers deems
Whom 'tis its proudest boast to make its own.

ne frequentiam, cui vix urbis immensæ tecta sufficiunt; maxima pars illius
nicipiis, ex coloniis suis, ex toto denique orbe terrarum confluxerunt—
hominum genus concurrit in Urbem—*Seneca ad Helviam. cap.* vi.

Populis, victisque frementem
Gentibus . . . . . .
Nulloque frequentem
Cive suo Romam sed mundi fæce repletam.
*Lucan, lib.* vii. 404.

this crowd, for which the houses of this immense city scarce suffice; the
t of that multitude comes from the municipal towns, from the colonies, in
n the whole world—the whole race of mankind takes refuge in the

resounding with the hum
Of conquer'd nations . . . . . .
And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd.
*Rowe.*

le Claris Orat. cap. 74.

ge of all nations.

But it must be remembered, that Rome, though taken and plundered by barbarians, has never been possessed, colonized, or repeopled by them, and that the change (if any) which has taken place in the breed is the inevitable consequence of wide extended influence, whether of power or of opinion, and must have occurred even if Rome had retained the sceptre of the universe. All that can be inferred from such a change is, that the Romans of the nineteenth are not the Romans of the first century, as these latter were not those of the era of Romulus. But they inhabit the city founded by Romulus, they are the descendants of the masters of the world, as much as these were the offspring of the Sabine race, or of the shepherds that accompanied the twin brothers, or of the fugitives who flocked to the asylum. They speak a language more resembling that of Cicero and Virgil, than the dialect of Cicero and Virgil resembled that of Tatius or Numa: in short, they are as much the descendants of the Romans as the modern French are the descendants of the Franks under Clovis or Charlemagne, and as the English are of the Saxons who invaded and conquered Britain. As such, the modern Romans may be allowed to excite interest, and perhaps almost deserve respect; especially as their virtues and their genius are their own; their vices, which are neither more numerous nor more scandalous than those of other nations, are owing to their circumstances, and may be ascribed to mistaken policy, to an imperfect government, to foreign influence, and in part perhaps to a narrow system of education.

August the third, at two o'clock in the morning, we set out. As we rolled under the arch of the *Porta del Popolo,* and heard the gates close behind us; as we passed the *Ponte Milvio* and looked down on the *Tiber* flowing dimly beneath; our regret redoubled, and all the magnificence of Rome, now left behind us for ever, presented itself once more to our recollection [1].

[1] The feelings of an ancient provincial in the moment of departure from the capital which he had visited with veneration and enthusiasm, are expressed in language both passionate and poetical by Rutilius.

Crebra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis:
Inviti superant limina sacra pedes . . . . .
Exaudi Regina tui pulcherrima mundi
Inter sidereos Roma recepta polos!
Exaudi genitrixque hominum, genitrixque deorum,
Non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus,
Te canimus, semperque, sinent dum fata, canemus,
Sospes nemo potest immemor esse tui . . . .
Auctorem generis Venerem, Martemque fatemur,
Æneadum matrem, Romulidumque patrem.
Mitigat armatas victrix clementia vires,
Convenit in mores nomen utrumque tuos. . . . .
Tu quoque legiferis mundum complexa triumphis
Fœdere communi vivere cuncta facis.
Te Deus, te celebrat Romanus ubique recessus,
Pacificoque gerit libera colla jugo . . . . .

## CHAPTER VIII.

—the Cremera—Veii—Falerium—Mount Soracte—Fescennium—Mevania nium—Lake of Trasimenus—Entrance into the Tuscan Territory—Cortona cient Etrurians—Arretium—Val d'Arno.

t weather was serene; the air cool and delicious; the stars led with unusual brilliancy; and the night appeared in all the ness and all the beauty of the climate.

> Aure lievi portando, e largo nembo
> Di sua rugiada pretiosa e pera;
> E scotendo del vel l'humido lembo
> Ne spargeva i fioretti e la verdura;
> E'i venticelli debattendo l'ali
> Lusingavano il sonno de mortali [1].
>
> *Gierusalemme liberata.*

had now entered *Etruria,* and were traversing a country,

> Quod regnas minus est quam quod regnare mereris;
> Excedis factis grandia fata tuis.
>
> *Rutil. Iter. lib. i. ver. 43. et seq.*
>
> We print upon the gates we soon must leave,
> The frequent kiss, and with reluctant feet
> O'erstep the sacred threshold . . . . . .
> Hear, mighty Rome! the fairest, noblest town
> Thy subject world can boast! immortal city,
> Admitted to a place among the gods!
> Parent of mortals and immortals, hear!
> When in thy temples, we are half in heav'n,
> Thy praise we sing, and while life's current warm
> Plays in our hearts, will sing thy praise for ever.
> The wise and good, while time itself shall last,
> Must cherish thy remembrance . . . . . .
> Venus and Mars our ancestors we boast
> Æneas' mother, and Quirinus'sire.
> Alike for valour's, mercy's praise renown'd,
> Victorious pity stays thine armed hand . . . .
> Thou too within triumphant law's embrace
> Didst fold the world, obliging all mankind
> To live in amicable league. Great queen!
> Each corner of the globe, now Roman made,
> Is proud to celebrate thy name; is proud
> To wear thy peaceful yoke, though subject, free . . .
> To reign is not thy glory; 'tis that thou
> Dost well deserve to reign, by glorious deeds
> Surpassing ev'n thine own great destinies.

[1] Light in her train attendant zephyrs throng;
Rich store of moisture pure she brought along;
She shook her humid veil, and round her threw,
Sprinkling each herb and flow'r, the silver dew,
While ev'ry breeze its pinions wav'd, to fan
Eyes long unclos'd, and sleep restor'd to man.

*Hunt's Translation.*

celebrated in the early records of Rome for many a furious combat, and many an heroic achievement. On this ground the Romans defended their newly acquired liberty with all the intrepidity which the first taste of such a blessing must inspire. Here they triumphed over Tarquin and his Etrurian allies; and here their leader and consul, Brutus, sealed their freedom with his blood. This region was the theatre of the Veientian war, and witnessed all the glorious deeds that graced that long protracted contest.

All this territory, the object of so much contest and bloodshed, is now a desert. Even the capital itself, which stood so long the rival and terror of Rome, and would have been preferred to it, if the authority of Camillus, and an omen, that is, a lucky coincidence of a military order with the subject debate of the senate, had not prevailed over the representations of the tribunes; even *Veii* itself has perished, nor left a vestige to mark its situation. Hence even antiquaries differ as to the real spot. Some place it at *Civita Castellana*, and others, with more probability, at *Serofano*, on a rocky hill called *Monte Mosivo*, about six miles on the right from the road between *La Storta* and *Baccano*, and of course about twelve from Rome[1]. The distance and natural strength of this site correspond with the description of *Veii*, and some masses of rubbish are pointed out, as the remains of a city once superior even to Rome in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting for ten years the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men. But how vain it is to explore the situation of a place, which has been a solitude for more than two thousand years.

> Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
> Cantat—et in vestris ossibus arva metunt [2].
> *Propertius* iv. 11.

The flocks had fed in the streets, and the ploughshare had furrowed the sepulchres of the fallen *Veientes;* a melancholy observation, applicable not to *Veii* alone, but to all the early rivals of Rome, *Fidenæ, Cœnina, Corioli, Ardea, Alba.* Not the site only but almost the memory of *Veii* was obliterated in the time of Florus,—*Nunc Veios fuisse quis meminit? quæ reliquiæ? quodve vestigium* [3].

[1] Others again place *Veii* in a little island about a mile and a half to the right of *La Storta.*—This Isola Farnesii is now said to have established its claim in the recent discovery of inscriptions upon the spot.

[2] Within thy walls his tuneless horn
Now slowly winds the shepherd swain,
And where your bones neglected lie,
Unheeding mows the golden grain.

[3] Lib. i. 12.—Who now remembers that Veii ever existed? what remains, that vestige is to be found?

At length the morning dawned, and Aurora (such as *Guido* contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colours) shed over the *Sabine* mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple; lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her paths; and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds, even in our northern climate, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined; but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendour, and produce that airy perspective, that lucid atmosphere, called in painting an *Italian* sky. In contemplation of this beautiful and ever varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, *La Storta*, and then enjoyed the glories of the rising sun; till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.

At the foot of the little eminence of *Baccano* [1], the second stage, which still retains its ancient name, we crossed the *Cremera* (fatal stream! that beheld the victories and the fall of the generous Fabii), and walking on while the horses were changing, we ascended the hill, and took a last view of Rome then glittering with the rays of the sun, that played upon its palaces, towers, and domes, and displayed its whole extent in all its magnificence [2].

> Quisque
> Hæsit, et extremæ tunc forsitan Urbis amatæ
> Plenus abit visu [3]. . . . . *Luc.* i. 509.

From *Monte Rosi* the country began to improve, and appearances of cultivation increased as we advanced. A few miles north-west of *Monte Rosi*, on a hill, stands *Sutri* (*Sutrium*) an ancient town and Roman colony.

At *Cirita Castellana* we had time to examine the site and ancient walls which, though curious, we had been obliged on our first visit to pass unnoticed, on account of our late arrival and early departure. This town is supposed by many to be the ancient *Fescennium*: it stands on an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides

[1] *Baccano*, a solitary post-house, bearing the name of an ancient town, stands in a little valley, surrounded on all sides with hills, forming a verdant amphitheatre that wants nothing but trees to be extremely beautiful. About four miles on the right is the lake *Sabatinus*, now *Bracciano*.

[2] This view of Rome at a very early hour is one of the finest that can be taken, as it shows off to the best advantage those long lines of buildings, and vast majestic masses, which constitute one of the principal features of this Capital.

[3] Each stopp'd, and sighing turn'd for one last view,
And bid the city of his birth adieu.
*Rowe.*

with a precipice nearly perpendicular, forming a deep dell, at the bottom of which, through a stony channel, rolls a clear and constant stream. The walls both of the town and the citadel rise on the edge of the precipice, are formed in general of large blocks of stone, and probably are the remains of the ancient rampart. The strength and position of *Civita Castellana* have induced, as I have before observed, many antiquaries to conjecture that it occupies the site of the ancient *Veii*, and the inhabitants have very readily adopted an opinion so honourable to their city. But the more general persuasion that *Veii* was much nearer Rome, is founded upon arguments so very solid and satisfactory, that to doubt on the subject seems difficult.

About two miles and a half to the west of *Civita Castellana* on a hill, stands a little town now called *Sta. Maria dei Fallari*, supposed by some to be the ancient *Falerii*, the capital of the *Falisci*, a name that always revives the recollection of an anecdote highly honourable to the feelings of Camillus, and to the generous character of the Romans [2].

We were now in the midst of regions once inhabited by warlike tribes well known in the early periods of Roman history, and not unfrequently recorded by the poets.

> Hi Fescenninas acies æquosque Faliscos,
> Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniaque arva,
> Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos [3].
>
> *Virg. Æneid.* vii. 695.

We were in the very capital itself, *Fescennium*, about six or seven miles from *Soracte*, as many from the mountains and lake of *Ciminus*, and close to *Falerium* [5]. Some days might have been passed here with pleasure, and perhaps with improvement; we might have ascended *Soracte*, and endeavoured to discover the remains of the temple of Apollo—"*Sancti custos Soractis* [4]:" we might have explored the *Ciminian* forest, which the Romans once beheld with awe and even terror, as impenetrable to human steps [1]; we might have ranged along the borders of its lake, which is said to have swallowed up a city; and in fine, we might have visited the

[1] Tit. Liv. v. 27.

[2] The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.
*Dryden.*

[3] Perhaps *in it*, as Cluverius supposes, that *Civita Castellana* occupies the site of that city, and that *Fescennium* lay nearer the *Tiber*.

[4] Æneid. xi. 785.—The guardian of holy Soracte.

[5] Liv. lib. ix. cap. 36.





shattered walls of old *Falerium,* and wandered over its now deserted hill. But these excursions we must leave to future travellers who may have more leisure, and as the season advances we must hasten on. Just out of the gate of *Civita Castellana* an aqueduct, still kept up in good repair.

After having crossed a high hill covered with wood we entered *Borghetto,* an insignificant village: the only object that attracts the eye is an old castle, standing in picturesque ruin on the summit of the neighbouring eminence. We crossed the *Tiber* over a fine bridge, the *Ponte Felice,* erected by Sixtus Quintus, and shortly after began to ascend the ridge of cultivated hills that border the vale intersected by that river. As we advanced, the hills increased in height, till passing over the deep but dry channel of a wintry torrent, we turned and proceeded under the shade of the mountain and its forests, then peculiarly grateful. The scenery around *Narni* the reader is acquainted with; its beauties were not altered by the scorching heats of the season. Descending the hill, we once more visited the *Ponte D'Augusto,* and traversing the delicious vale of the *Nar,* entered *Terni* about six in the evening.

Next morning early we made another and final visit to the cascade; we took the lower path, and proceeded along the *Nar,* under the shade of groves rising on its banks, and woods hanging from the shelving sides of the mountains. The mass of water was considerably diminished, and of course the grandeur of the fall somewhat impaired; however as the *Velino* is fed by two lakes it retains a sufficient quantity of water to form at all times a most noble and interesting object, particularly when combined with the surrounding scenery. I must here observe, that if the traveller should not have leisure to visit the *Caduta delle Marmore* (the marble cascade) twice, he would do well to prefer the view from above to that from below, as in the latter the first grand fall is not a little concealed by the cloud of spray, and by the *Iris* playing over it; so much indeed that little more than one-third of its elevation is perceptible.

Leaving this singular and magnificent scene with regret, we continued our route, and entering the defiles of the mountains, we began at the second post to ascend *Monte Somma.* We changed horses at *Spoleto*; we then rolled over the plain below, the delicious *Valle Spoletana,* feasted our eyes with the windings of the *Clitumnus* as we drove along, looked down upon its sources, visited once more his temple, again admired the picturesque position of *Trevi,* anciently *Trebia,* and the *Monte Petino* on our right, and entered *Foligno.* From this town the country became new to our eyes, and to its continued beauty superadded the charms of novelty.

On the left of the road from *Foligno,* at the distance of about six miles, the towers of *Mevania* (now with a slight alteration *Be-*

life was a series of generous sacrifices, patient sufferings, and above all, of acts of devotion ardent and almost impassioned. To the warmth of this sublime affection the Italian language owes two of its earliest poetical flights, which as they show the mind and talents of the composer as well as the language and versification of the age, I may insert elsewhere, especially as they are uncommon, or at least not likely to fall in the way of the greater part of my readers.

But the most singular part of the character of St. Francis was that he could communicate the fire that glowed in his own bosom to his hearers, or rather to the spectators of his virtues, and by his example more than by his words, prevail upon thousands of his contemporaries, and among them, many of rank, talents, and education, to adopt the same most austere and laborious mode of living. The Spartan legislator is supposed to have given an astonishing proof of his influence and address in prevailing upon his countrymen to adopt laws that imposed a few restraints, but proscribed no pleasure and stifled no passions; and Cicero is said to have carried the powers of eloquence to the utmost pitch when he engaged the Roman people to forego the advantages of the Agrarian law. What then must we think of the persuasive powers of St. Francis, who triumphed over the most powerful passions that rage in the human breast, and induced so many myriads of disciples to renounce property, name, pleasure, nay, their very will itself, to follow him in the rugged path of self-denial and mortification? Either his talents or his virtues, or both must have been transcendent; and, without being his disciples, we may very safely consider him as a great and wonderful personage. St. Francis was born about the year eleven hundred and eighty, and died about twelve hundred and twenty-five, having witnessed the rapid propagation of his order, which contained previous to his death more than fifty thousand persons.

I know full well that to ascribe virtue and talents to a saint or a friar, may be considered by some of my readers as an attempt to impose upon their credulity, and that an Italian *Religious*, and a Mahometan dervise are, as to personal merit and qualifications, placed by many nearly upon a level. Yet we may venture to assure such readers that both virtue and talents in a very transcendent degree have been found lodged under a cowl and a hood; how they came there, they *may with Yorick wonder,* but as they are certainly found there, we may be allowed to treat them with the love and reverence which they deserve. Gray imagined that St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian order, must have been a man of genius; we may extend the compliment to his master St. Benedict, to St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many of their disciples, men who, in ages of ignorance, endeavoured to light up the beacons of science, and in ages of vice struggled by word and example to repress the

debauchery, the cruelty, and the boundless licentiousness of the times.

> Hæc igitur qui cuncta subegerit, ex animoque
> Expulerit dictis, non armis; nonne decebit,
> Hunc hominem numero divum dignarier esse? [1]
>
> *Luc.* v. 50. 9.

The same plain still continues with all its fertility and beauty beyond *Asisium*. A little to the north of *Bastia* it is intersected by a stream called the *Chiascio*, anciently *Clasius*, and further on, by the *Tiber* itself, still a very noble river. We passed it, a little after sun-set, and began to ascend the mountains of *Perugia*, where we arrived about ten o'clock. I need not inform the reader that on crossing the *Tiber* we re-entered *Etruria*.

*Perugia*, anciently *Perusia*, is one of the most ancient and most distinguished cities of *Etruria*; the era of its foundation long preceded that of Rome, and like the origin of *Clusium*, *Cortona*, etc. is almost lost in distance of time. In conjunction with all the other *Etrurian* states it long resisted the Romans, and when subjected, or rather reconciled to them, it became a faithful and a courageous ally; it defied the power of Annibal, and flourished in peace and opulence till the reign of Augustus; when unfortunately it engaged in the rebellion of Lucius Antonius, uncle of the Triumvir, and under his command, shut its gates against Augustus who took it, and as it is reported, wished to spare it; but one of its principal citizens setting fire to his own house, which he intended as a funeral pile for himself and his family, the flames communicated to the neighbouring buildings, and spreading rapidly around, reduced the city to ashes. *Perugia* however rose immediately from its ruins; and on its restoration, by a strange inconsistency, chose for its patron Vulcan, a divinity to whom it seems to have had very few obligations, as the god had spared his own temple only in the general conflagration. In the Gothic war it displayed much spirit, and stood a siege of seven years against these barbarians. It afterwards, with the whole Roman state, submitted to the Pope, and with some intervals of turbulent independence has remained ever since attached to the Roman See.

*Perugia* is now a large, clean, well-built, and well-inhabited city. Seated on the summit of a mountain, it commands from its ramparts, and particularly from its citadel, an extensive view over a vast range of country, fertile, varied with hill and dale, and enlivened with villages and towns. In this rich landscape, the plain which we had traversed made a very conspicuous figure, watered by

[1] And shall not he, whose all-controlling mind
The human race subdued by words, not arms—
Say, shall not he be thron'd among the gods?

the *Clitumnus*, and bounded by the Apennines. There are many churches, convents, and palaces in this city, most of which were adorned with the paintings of *Pietro Perugino*, the master of *Raffaello;* of these the French carried off a considerable number, and defaced others, particularly such as were painted on walls and could not be removed. The cathedral is in itself a very indifferent edifice, and its deformity is increased by the bad taste that seems to have prevailed in its repair and decorations. Several other churches merit attention, particularly that of *S. Pietro*, belonging to a Benedictine abbey; it is supported by eighteen pillars of fine marble, and adorned with an altar of the same materials very rich and well disposed. *Perugia* has an university supplied with able professors, and several academies, all of which can boast of illustrious names, and it is upon the whole an interesting city, capable of entertaining the curious and inquisitive traveller for several days.

The road from hence is over a hilly country, planted principally with olive trees, and of course not very shady. Descending the high hill of Magiona we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake *Trasymenus*, and at the village of *Torricelli*, at the foot of the hill, we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth. Three little islands rise in it, the largest and the least about a mile from the northern shore, the other near the southern extremity. The name of this island is *Polvese*. The two others are denominated from their size *Minore* (less) and *Maggiore* (greater); the latter is adorned with a church. The banks of the lake ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its margin; and as they are clad with wood and speckled with villages form an outline both bold and lively [1]. But if in extent and beauty the lake *Trasymenus* yield to many, in celebrity it is inferior to none; the fall of fifteen thousand Romans and the death of a consul ennoble its name, and cast an awful solemnity over the scenery.

From *Torricelli* the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called *Passignano*, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semicircular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre, advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at *Passignano* in a precipice;

[1] Such also was its ancient appearence.

> Hanque ego sum (the god of the lake speaks) celsis quem cinctum montibus ambit
> Tmolo missa manus, stagnis Thrasymenus opacis.
>
> *Sil. Ital. lib.* iv. 737.
>
> Lo! I am Thrasymene, the wooded lake,
> Upon whose banks, to lofty hills that swell,
> Still dwell the tribes that erst from Tmolus came.

[redacted]

*Borghetto* in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus enclosed is six miles in length, that is, from the former to the latter of places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the moun-

Annibal could not have discovered or even have desired ation more favourable to stratagem and ambush. In the e of this plain he encamped at the head of his African and sh troops; the *Baleares* and light armed forces he placed in ccesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were issioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as n as they had passed it. The consul entered by *Borghetto* his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to the army which he beheld in front; when a sudden shout burst round informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick rising from the lake darkened the air; noise, confusion, dis- defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of the sunshine ed the ground strewed with the bodies of the Romans, and the crimsoned with their blood[1].

treamlet, which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still s the name of *Sanguineto* or *Fossa del Sangue;* it is sup- to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the ats to have rolled a torrent of blood to the *Trasymenus,* and plod its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the opular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this dis- s battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and r, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror. To a certain gloom and melancholy over the scenes of human action is natural to the mind, and usual in all countries. It is ted, that after sunset a sound like the clashing of shields and eet of distant armies is heard on the plain of *Marathon:* at *vinden*[3] a countryman assured me that strange noises were heard on the plains at night; and near *Tewkesbury,* a close the greatest number of the *Lancastrians* were massacred, l called the *bloody field,* and is supposed by the people to be ed by spectres.

> Ingemuisse putes campos, terramque nocentum
> Inspirasse animas, infectumque aera tu[redacted]
> Manibus, et superam Stygia formidine [redacted][4].
>
> *Lucan* vii. 769.

ims xxii. 4, 5, 6—for a poetical description see Sil. lib. v.

e ditch of blood.

ar *Louvain*, where the French under *Dumourier* were defeated with great er by the Austrians commanded by the Prince of *Saxe Cobourg*, in the month ch, 1793.

[4] Ascending fiends infect the air around,
And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground.
Hence dire affright distracts the soul. *Rowe.*

The *Sanguineto*, when we passed it, was the dry bed of a torrent, lined with vines above the road; and below it, towards the lake, shaded with poplars.

About two miles farther we turned from the lake, and began to ascend the bold wooded hill of *Gualandro*. From its summit we enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view; behind, of the lake, its islands, and its wooded borders; and before, of the plain of *Arezzo*, the *Valle de Chiana*, and the hills of *Viterbo*, with the truncated cone of *Monte Pulciano*. This wide and varied view was lighted by the richest and softest tints of an Italian summer's evening. Descending the declivity we passed through the village of *Ossaia*, said, like the *Fossa del Sanguine*, to take its name from the slaughter of the battle, and from the bones dug up by the peasantry in the neighbouring fields. An inscription over the door of a house announces the origin of the name in the following lines, not very classical, but intelligible enough.

> Nomen habet locus hic Ossaia, ab ossibus illis
> Quæ dolus Annibalis fudit et hasta simul [1].

On entering the Tuscan territory we were stopped for a minute by an officer of the customs, the most polite and most disinterested of the profession; and then we proceeded rapidly to *Camoscia*. It was now dusk, and we could barely distinguish at a little distance on our right the city of *Cortona*, "*superbi Tarchontis domus*" [2] rising in a majestic situation on the side of a mountain. This city, supposed to be the most ancient of Italy, and once the capital of *Etruria*, still retains its original name unaltered, and preserves some remnant of its walls, the only vestige of its early magnificence. It possesses many valuable paintings, a museum, and a public library, and glories in an academy of great and deserved reputation: its grand object is to discover and to elucidate Etrurian antiquities, and its success has in this respect kept pace with the talents and the zeal of its members.

To visit this museum and to discourse with some of the learned members of the Tuscan academy was a desirable object: we were now in the centre of *Etruria*, under the walls of its capital, and within a few miles of *Clusium* (now *Chiuso*), the seat of one of its most powerful monarchs. We had thus an opportunity of making some researches into the history of the wonderful people who gave their name to this territory and the neighbouring sea; who equalled

[1] From heaps of bones, which Hannibal of yore,
At once by treach'ry and the dint of sword,
Spread o'er our fields, Ossaia takes its name.

[2] The abode of haughty Tarchon.

the Egyptians in the solidity, and surpassed them in the beauty of their edifices; who excelled in the arts, and rioted in the luxuries of life, while the Greeks were still barbarians, and Rome had yet no name; and whose antiquity is such that their origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, and was even in the time of Herodotus, as it now still remains, a subject of dispute and conjecture. Some suppose them to have been *Aborigines*, an appellation given to the inhabitants found in a country by its first recorded invaders [1]; others, from a distant conformity in certain customs, fancy that they were of Egyptian origin. Many represent them as a colony of Lydians [2] or perhaps of Mæonians, compelled by the pressure of famine to leave their native soil and to seek for maintenance in a more fertile region: a still greater number imagine that they were Pelasgi [3], a well known tribe of Greeks, who, when driven by the Hellenes from *Thessalia*, first took shelter in *Lydia*, and afterwards in Italy. In fine, a few later writers have thought that they had discovered in the manners, language, and monuments of the Etrurians and Cananeans such an affinity, as authorized them to conclude that the former were a colony of the latter, and of course either Phœnicians or Philistines. This opinion, supported by *Maffei* and *Mazzochi*, and followed by many other Italian authors, is combated by some French critics of considerable learning and merit.

We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a discussion in which learning has already exhausted its stores, and criticism has foiled its own ingenuity; it will abundantly satisfy rational curiosity to know, that the Etrurians participated the qualities of all the different nations to which they have been supposed to owe their origin. Brave as the *Pelasgi*, they extended their conquests over almost all Italy, and filled its finest provinces, from the borders of *Campania* to the *Rhætian* Alps, with their cities and population. Ingenious like the Greeks, they cultivated sculpture, painting, architecture, and all the arts with passion, and have left behind them numberless monuments to attest their success. Enterprising as the Phœnicians, they delighted and excelled in navigation, colonized the Mediterranean islands, and attempted to explore the secrets of the ocean. So far their resemblance to their supposed ancestors is honourable, and to this they owed their achievements, their renown, and their prosperity. But unfortunately the similarity extends still further, and gives us the most deformed and disgusting features of the Cananean character, rendered if possible still more hideous by time and by refinement [4]. The

[1] Dionysis Halic.

[2] Herodotus.

[3] See Clav. Ital. Ant. lib. ii.

[4] Athenæus.

operation of these vices gradually produced effeminacy and weakness both of mind and body, and at length deprived the Etrurians of the glory of their achievements and of the advantages of their many enterprises. Their more manly and more intrepid neighbours attacked them with success, and stripped them in process of time of their most valuable provinces [1].

They were obliged to yield all the fertile plains that border the *Po*, and extend from the Alps to the Apennines, to the valour of the Gauls, who settled in that delightful country, and gave it the name of *Gallia*, to which was afterwards added the distinctive appellation of *Cisalpina*. The Samnites expelled them from the still more delicious and more desirable region of *Campania*; the Umbri retook several of their ancient possessions; so that at the appearance of the Romans on the theatre of Italy, the Etrurians were confined to the territory that still bears their name, and extends from the *Tiber* northward to the Apennines, and westward to the sea. But although humbled in power and reduced in territory, this singular people still retained their superiority in the arts, and in the embellishments of civilized life; and while obliged to bend to the towering genius of Rome, they can boast of having communicated to her the skill that erected her temples [2], the ceremonies that graced her religion, the robes that invested her magistrates, the pomp that accompanied her triumphs, and even the music that animated her legions [3]. They retained this superiority long after; perhaps they may be said never to have lost it entirely; and notwithstanding the succession of so many ages and revolutions, their descendants are supposed still to possess a peculiar aptitude for the arts, and a singular discernment in the sciences.

Of this extraordinary people, we have indeed few architectural monuments; but in vases, tombs, and altars, we possess abundant proofs of their ingenuity, and without doubt might discover many more by making excavations in, or near the site of some of their ancient cities. But however well inclined to indulge in such amusing researches, time and circumstances dragged us irresistibly along,

[1] Strabo.

[2] Liv. l. i. 55.

[3] Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures:
Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem protexit ostro.
Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære.
*Sil. lib.* viii. 484.

The lictor's rods, twice six, she first ordain'd,
And with the awe-inspiring axes arm'd:
She first the curule chair to honour rais'd,
Of iv'ry form'd, and deck'd th' official robe
With Tyrian purple. Her example taught
The battle-stirring trumpet's brazen throat
To peal the notes of war.

and obliged us to forego the satisfaction of visiting the venerable walls of *Cortona*. We therefore proceeded on our journey, and as it was dark when we set out from *Camosoia*, we entered *Arezzo* rather late.

## ARRETIUM.

*Arretium* is one of the ancient Etruriam cities, though, with the exception of the supposed substructions of an amphitheatre, it can boast of no vestige of its former celebrity. It was nearly unpeopled by Sylla, and almost destroyed by the Lombards; it was agitated by faction, and convulsed by perpetual wars and revolutions during the middle ages. It has, however, survived these tempests, and still remains a considerable city. It is in general well built, and has some, though few remarkable edifices, among which are the public palace on the great square, and the cathedral. The latter is a Gothic edifice, ancient and not contemptible; it contains some beautifully coloured windows. The former displays a vast and very noble front.

*Petrarca* was born in this city, although, as that circumstance was accidental, and as his family was Florentine, and his stay short, he could not consider it as his country. The house in which that event took place does not correspond, I will not say with the fame, but with the parentage of the poet. It seems to have been originally little better than a cottage, and is now, by time and neglect, almost reduced to an hovel [1]. But though *Arezzo* can scarcely rank *Petrarca* among her sons, she can boast of many an illustrious name, and display a long list of worthies distinguished in arts and in arms. Among these I shall only mention one, because though his merit was great, yet his profession was humble, and his name obscure. *Guido l'Aretino*, a monk of the eleventh century, invented the scale of notes now in use, and thus gave to music, as writing does to language, a form and a body, which may preserve and convey its accents down to the latest posterity.

While at *Arezzo*, the traveller may indulge himself in a pleasant and truly classical excursion to explore the site of the younger Pliny's Tuscan villa, so minutely and so beautifully described in one of his epistles [2]. It stood near *Tifernum;* now *Citta di Castello*, and is supposed by Cluverius to have grown into a large town, called *Borgo di San Sepolcro* [3]. This may have been its situation; yet I should be inclined, from Pliny's expression, "*Oppidum est prædiis nostris vicinum nomine Tifernum* [4]", to place it nearer this latter

[1] It is now repaired, 1821.

[2] Lib. v. Epist. 6.

[3] The town of the Holy Sepulchre.

[4] Lib. iv. Epist. 1.—There is a town near our estates, named Tifernum.

town. But to form any opinion as to the real spot is impossible, without visiting the country itself, and comparing its localities with the description of Pliny.

Descending the hill of *Arezzo* next morning to the Etrurian plains [1], so famed at all times for their fertility, and shortly after passing the *Chiana* or *Clanis* which intersects them, we entered the *Val d'Arno*, the Italian Arcadia, and hailed the Tuscan muse and the genius of Milton. This vale, almost as celebrated in modern, as the vale of *Tempe* was in ancient days, is formed by two ranges of hills stretching along, opposite to each other, at the distance of four or eight miles. In the plain between glides the *Arno*, diffusing fertility and verdure over his banks; industry extends the benefits of the stream even to the hills, covers their sides with harvests, and crowns their summits with orchards. Handsome villages grace the road, and neat clean looking cottages rise without number in the fields, oftentimes embosomed in gardens, and overshadowed with pendent vines. The hills on both sides are adorned with several little towns, sometimes boldly rising on their sides, and at other times half concealed in their woods and recesses. Beyond the hills on the right rise the Apennines, lofty, rugged, and naked, excepting one summit, which is tufted with the forest that overhangs *Vallombrosa*.

This scenery, which commences at the passage of the *Chiana*, or rather a few miles to the north of that river, continues with some variations to Florence, and forms the *Val d'Arno Superiore* [2]. It is in its greatest beauty where narrowest, that is, from *Levane* to *Incisa*. At this latter place the vale expands into a plain, and the road diverges from the river. The weather was intensely hot, the roods were very dusty, and consequently the delight which a scene so beautiful in itself, and so celebrated by fame, is well calculated to inspire, was considerably abated. We entered Florence about sunset.

[1] Regio erat in primis Italiæ fertilis, Etrusci campi, qui Fæsulas inter Arretiumque jacent, frumenti et pecoris, et omnium copiâ rerum opulenti.—*Tit. Liv. lib.* xxii. 3.

"The Etrurian plains, which lie betwixt Fæsulæ and Arretium, were one of the most fertile regions of Italy, rich in corn and cattle, and in abundance of every thing."

[2] The Upper Vale of Arno.

## CHAPTER IX.

**History of Florence—its Edifices—Cathedral—Tombs—Mausoleum of the Medicean Family—Palaces—Gallery.**

THOUGH Florence owes its origin to a Roman colony composed, it is said, of Cæsar's chosen veterans, and though it glories in having retained and occasionally displayed much of the energies and the magnanimity of its founders, yet it made a very inconsiderable figure in ancient times; and as it was neither distinguished by great events, nor ennobled by great personages, it seems to have slumbered several ages in the tranquil enjoyment of a fertile soil and a fine climate. Its powers were first called forth and its courage tried by the Gothic invasion, and while it underwent, in common with the other cities of Italy, all the vicissitudes of that most destructive war which followed the demise of Theodoric, it seems to have invariably manifested a spirit of resistance and intrepidity worthy its military origin. These qualities suspended indeed, but could not avert the fate of the city, which sunk under the disasters of the Longobardic incursions, and remained for many years a deserted mass of ruins. It was restored by Charlemagne, and again resumed some celebrity; but it never shone forth in all its lustre, till governed by its own magistrates, and under laws enacted by its own authority, it acquired the name and the energies of a republic. It was not, it is true, the first to profit by the weakness either of the German Cæsars, or of its own rulers; but when it had once shaken off the yoke, it rose rapidly into fame and prosperity. Governed sometimes by its bishop, sometimes by its nobles, and not unfrequently by its people, it experienced all the varieties and all the agitations of republican administration. Sometimes convulsed by the rival pretensions of the former, or by the licentious claims of the latter, it was converted into a field of battle, a theatre of guilt and assassination; at other times under the sway of a wise and virtuous magistracy, it exhibited a delightful scene of peace, industry, and prosperity, and displayed at once all the blessings and all the glories of liberty. It was frequently engaged in wars with the neighbouring states of *Sienna*, *Pisa*, and *Lucca*, then opulous and enterprising; and in these civil contests it obtained such a portion of military fame, as placed it upon a level with most of the Italian commonwealths.

But whether agitated or tranquil at home, whether at peace or war abroad, its institutions were always free and manly, and its citizens were bold and active. This indeed is one of the peculiar and exclusive advantages of a republican government; every man while

he is acting for his country acts for himself and for his own interests; the market of honour, dignity and employment, is open to all; it is consequently crowded with competitors, and each candidate is obliged, in his own defence, to exert all the faculties of his soul, and call forth every latent energy. Hence that activity of mind, that fermentation of intellect and imagination, which produces genius, and creates the poet and the orator, the statesman and the historian, the sage and the hero. The same ardent principle, it is true, that sets all the powers of the soul in motion, may at the same time rouse many a dark and destructive passion, and may impel a bold bad man to many a wicked deed; and I am aware that men of timid minds, or of slavish propensities, are too apt to take occasion from this acknowledgment to inveigh against popular governments, and to exalt the advantages of monarchy. But do the intrigues of a court, and the lust and ambition of princes and ministers, excite no animosities, and produce no scenes of blood? or, are the annals of monarchy stained with fewer crimes than the history of republicanism? The reverse is the case; and if all the crimes of all the Grecian republics were united, they would not equal the mass of guilt that might be collected from the reign of one Persian monarch; as all the murders and all the assassinations perpetrated in all the Italian commonwealths put into the scale together, would kick the beam when counterbalanced by the bloody deeds of Philip II. of Spain, or of Henry VIII. of England.

Wherever human passions are deeply engaged, crimes will occur: but the difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former, while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissimulation, and treachery, proscribes the open, the generous feelings of conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue; the latter on the contrary, friendly in its very essence to publicity and frankness, encourages the undisguised display of bold intrepid sentiment, the sense of self-importance, and the pride of genius, such as generally accompany great talents, and usher the more useful and splendid virtues into the world. In a monarchy therefore where all is subservient to the will of the sovereign, Virtue must often veil her beauty not to eclipse the splendour of the throne, nor divert the homage of the people; in a republic, where the natural feelings of mankind have full scope, Vice must hide her deformity lest she should excite hatred, and defeat her own purpose. Look at the Grecian republics, even when most convulsed by faction or maddened by war; contemplate, for instance, *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* in that bloody struggle of power and talents, which terminated in the temporary subjection of the former. Crimes of a very black die shock the feelings, and sufferings and misfortunes melt the heart; but how many virtues rise in opposition? what vigour, what perseverance, what activity, and what patience exalt the

combatants, and inflame the mind of the reader! A pestilence raged *Athens* within, and a cruel and unsuccessful war wasted her without; yet what a constellation of great and wise men blazed around her, and brightened the gloom of her destiny. Socrates and Thucydides, Pericles and Alcibiades, Sophocles and Euripides, all grace the annals of this disastrous *Peloponnesian* contest, and shed around *Athens* a lustre more vivid and more permanent than the glory of all the victories of *Lacedæmon*. Who would not prefer the agitations and even reverses of such a republic to the tranquillity and the triumphs of the most splendid monarchy?

It has been frequently and justly observed, that the Italian republics of the middle ages bore a striking resemblance to the commonwealths of Greece; and to this observation it may be added that *Florence* had a strong similarity to *Athens*; a similarity not only in government and temper, but in genius and talents. Thus as in *Athens* so in *Florence*, that genius seemed struck out by the collision of parties and by the shock of war; and as Euripides and Sophocles rose in the heat of the *Peloponnesian*, so *Dante* and *Boccacio* sprung up amid the sanguinary broils of the *Ghibelline* contest. And again, as Demosthenes and Eschines, animated the decline of *Athens*, and cheered her once more with the language of liberty before she received the *Macedonian* yoke; so *Florence*, ere she sunk into slavery, gave as a last bequest to liberty and literature, the works of *Guicciardini* and *Macchiavelli*.

In the interval, the perpetual struggle between rival parties, and the vicissitudes that followed each other so rapidly kept the powers of the mind in continual action, and adapted them to excellence in every pursuit. Hence poets and statesmen, architects and painters, all of high merit and corresponding fame, rose in succession, and gave Florence, while free, the reputation which she scarcely forfeited when enslaved, of being the seat of the sciences, and the mother and nurse of the Tuscan muse. The struggles which raged in the meantime in her bosom, and the wars which she carried on abroad, seem also, like the wars and quarrels of ancient Greece, to have been no obstacle to her prosperity; and as *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* were never so rich and so populous as when engaged in mutual debates; so *Florence*, *Pisa*, and *Sienna* never contained more inhabitants or displayed greater resources than when warring upon each other, and marching hostile legions to each other's gates. This remark, applicable to the other Italian republics of the same period, and indeed to those of both ancient Greece and Italy, proves that the agitations of a commonwealth are neither so dangerous to public happiness nor so destructive of private felicity, as the advocates of monarchy wish to persuade the world. The truth is, that tide of prosperity which has left so many traces behind, not only in the cities which I have just mentioned, but in almost every town in the northern parts of Italy, such as *Mantua*, *Cremona*, *Vicentia*,

and *Verona*, was the effect of republican industry; and most of the stately edifices which still adorn these cities, whether public or private, sacred or profane, were raised by republican taste and munificence.

I speak not here of Rome; that city destined, it seems, to eternal greatness, owes her splendour to another cause more active perhaps than even the spirit of liberty, and doubtless more sublime; but the capitals to which I allude still exhibit the monuments of the opulence and the public spirit of their ancestors as their noblest decorations, which, while they stand like so many trophies of liberty, show to the world how much popular surpasses monarchical government.

Among fallen republics, the fate of *Florence* seems peculiar; the loss of her liberty neither added to her splendour, nor augmented her fame or territory; it did not even increase the prosperity of the family that usurped the government, or cast any additional lustre round the Medicean name. While *Florence* was free and the *Medici* only its first citizens, she paid a most honourable tribute to their superior merit by a voluntary deference to their counsels; a tribute which ambition, if it knew its own interests, would prefer to forced homage and extorted allegiance.

The first *merchant* princes of this family, wisely content with the ascendancy which the affection and the gratitude of their country gave them, blended the policy of the statesman, the disinterestedness of the patriot, and the munificence of the sovereign, with the economy of traders, and the affability, the ease, and the simplicity of citizens. Such was the effect of these virtues, set off at the same time by learning and discernment, that history presents few great men to our observation more worthy of esteem and admiration than *Cosmo* and *Lorenzo di Medici*. The title of *Pater Patriæ*, first justly bestowed by Roman gratitude upon Cicero, and since that period so often prostituted by the prodigality of courtly flattery, and by the vanity of weak and even vicious despots, was here once more conferred by the judicious affection of a whole city on a generous and deserving magistrate.

But though the liberty of *Florence* and the glory of the Medicean family survived *Lorenzo*, yet they began from the fatal period of his death to decline; till one of his descendants, decorated with the empty title of Duke [1], resigned the nobler appellation of the first citizen and the father of his country, and usurped by force that government which the gratitude and the veneration of his countrymen had deposited with generous confidence in the hands of his ancestors. Long might he have retained, unenvied and even applauded the same honourable sway. But

[1] 1515.

Concessâ pudet ire viâ civemque videri [1].
*Lucan*, ii. 446.

A title conferred by the Emperor, and supported by a regiment of guards, was in Alexander *di Medici's* estimation preferable to one founded on his own virtues and the love of his country. From this inauspicious period the *Medici*, no longer the patrons of the arts and the sciences, were lost in the common herd of petty despots, and like them, whiled away their days in intrigue, debauchery, and obscurity. Under their leaden sway the commerce of *Florence* died away, the genius of the Tuscans languished, and want and misery spread over the fertile plains of *Etruria*.

The fate of *Florence* is a lesson held out to all free governments, to guard them not only against the ambition and the power, but even against the virtues and the popularity of their rulers. The latter without doubt are the more dangerous. Avowed ambition or pride ill-dissembled excite hatred, and justify opposition; while benevolence and affability engage the affections, and disarm resistance. Hence it would perhaps have been fortunate for Rome if her first tyrant, instead of Augustus had been Nero; and it is perhaps for the same reason advantageous to the cause of liberty that the chief magistrate in a free state should not be of a character *too* popular and engaging.

*Florence* is now under the government of the Prince of *Parma*, most unjustly expelled by the French from his own territory, and reluctantly decorated with the mock title of King of *Etruria*. How long he may be permitted to enjoy even this shadowy and precarious honour it is difficult to determine; but if the French were inclined to respect a title of their own creation and to leave him in quiet possession, yet a weak constitution and a heart broken by disaster, will ere long bring his reign to a premature termination. He is naturally a prince of a mild and benevolent character, and well fitted to govern a small territory in times of tranquillity.

*Florence* is seated in a vale intersected by the *Arno*, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil is redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river. Such is the scene of comfort and prosperity that sur-

[1] Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his country's friend.
*Rowe*

rounds the Tuscan capital, raised originally by the genius of liberty, and restored by the Grand Duke *Leopold*[1]. Happy will it be for the inhabitants, if its charms can resist the *blasts from hell*, which have passed the Alps and the Apennines, and now brood in tempests over the *Val d'Arno*.

The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. Its streets are well paved or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates, and its houses in general are solid and rather stately. It has several squares, and many churches and palaces; so that its appearance is airy, clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur. I do not however think, that the number of great edifices corresponds with the reputation of the city, or with the figure which it has so long made in the annals of modern history. It is indeed to be considered, that we came directly from Rome, and that the glories of that capital, when fresh upon the mind, must naturally eclipse the inferior splendour of every other city.

## CHURCHES.

The *Cathedral*, with its adjoining baptistery; *St. Lorenzo*, and the *Mausoleum* of the Medicean family; *Santa Maria Novella*, and *Santa Croce*, are the most conspicuous edifices in *Florence*, and have each some peculiarity that claims attention.

The cathedral, called as usual in Italy *Il Duomo*, is an edifice of great strength and magnificence, and ranks among the first of the kind in Europe. It is in fact, if we consider magnitude and materials, boldness and skill, the second, and in these respects inferior only to the unrivalled Vatican. Its walls are incrusted with black and white marble; it is paved with variegated marble disposed, at least in part, by *Michael Angelo*; it is adorned both within and without by marble statues, most of which are works of the most eminent sculptors; and its paintings are in general masterpieces of the art. But its principal distinction and greatest glory is its dome, prior to that of St. Peter's in time, and little inferior to it in magnitude[2]. As it has the advantage of the latter in date, so it is represented by the Florentines as its model. *Michael Angelo*, they say, used to behold it with rapture, and pronounced it

[1] Afterwards Emperor.

[2] According to a late publication upon this cathedral, the diameters of this dome are, from angle to angle . . . . Ft. 148 In. 0 English
From side to side. . . . . 136 9
St. Peter's. . . . . 133 0
Pantheon. . . . . 142 6

matchless in its kind; and they hence conclude that his genius kindled by the contemplation, conceived the grander idea of the Roman dome. But this dome, though erected by *Michael Angelo*, was planned by *Bramante*, and to him we are to ascribe the merit of the glorious conception. At all events, it is highly honourable to *Florence* to have furnished, if not the plan, at least the example, even to Rome herself, and to have commenced in the thirteenth century an edifice of such boldness and magnitude.

This church was begun in the year 1269. The dome was raised in the following century by *Brunellesco*, who finished the edifice. The form of the dome to an eye accustomed to St. Peter's is not pleasing; it is octagonal, a form of less simplicity, and of course of less grandeur than the circular; it is moreover closed at the top, and consequently appears dark and dismal to a spectator, who recollects the soft lights that play round the vault and illuminate the mosaics of the Vatican. The arcades that border the nave look naked for want of pilasters, and the cornice (if it may be so called, for it rather resembles a gallery) that intersects the space between the arches and the springing of the vault above, for want of pillars or pilasters to support it, seems out of place, and rather an excrescence than an ornament. The windows are smaller than usual in similar edifices, and the deep and rich colours of the glass, which would elsewhere be considered as a beauty, here, by diminishing the quantity of light, render the defect more visible. The choir is immediately under the dome, and like it octagonal. It is enclosed by an Ionic colonnade of variegated marble, and adorned with basso relievos.

On the whole, the cathedral of *Florence* was the first effort of the reviving arts, and announced to a rude age the glories of the approaching era; it stood for some time unequalled, and even now claims the second honours. Nor is this noble fabric deficient in that more interesting glory which great monuments derive from great events. In it was assembled the celebrated council, where a Greek Emperor, surrounded by the patriarchs of the Greek church, sat enthroned next to the Roman Pontiff and his prelates, and the two most numerous, most ancient, and most venerable communions of the Christian body were united for the last time in the bonds of faith and charity. This union is considered as a grand and singular event, but desirable as it then was, and must at all times be, it will appear to the reader acquainted with the subjects in debate, much less singular than their division. In this church also the Emperor Frederic III. environed by his vassal kings and dukes, sat in imperial state, and distributed the honours of knighthood among his attendants. We may wish to forget that its pavement was defiled by the blood of *Giuliano di Medici*; but while the crime presents itself to our memory we may also recollect its punishment, and the providential escape of *Lorenzo*.

To these historical embellishments we may add the additional awfulness which this cathedral derives from the illustrious persons who repose under its pavement. Among these are the well-known names of *Brunellesco*, *Giotto*, and *Marsilius Ficinus*. A picture only records the memory of *Dante*, whose remains, notwithstanding the lustre which his genius reflects upon his country, slumber in exile at *Ravenna*, in a tomb erected and inscribed by *Bernardo*, father of the Cardinal *Bembo*. Another epitaph, supposed to have been penned by the poet himself, ends with a gentle complaint:

> Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris
> Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris [1].

The Florentines have indeed at various times endeavoured to recover the relics of their illustrious citizen, and particularly during the reign of Leo X. when Michael Angelo himself is said to have exerted his influence to obtain them; but in vain: the people of *Ravenna*, who had the honour of affording the exiled poet an asylum when living, conceive that they had the best title to the honour of preserving his ashes when dead — "*Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna*," says the epitaph, "*vivo fruens, mortuum colens,..... tumulum pretiosum musis, S. P. Q. Rav. jure ac ære suo tamquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit, ornavit*[2]. In fine, the Florentine republic voted a magnificent cenotaph to be erected in this cathedral; but even this vote has hitherto proved ineffectual, and the picture alluded to above continues still to occupy the place allotted to the monument.

Close to the front of the church, but totally detached from it, rises the *Campanile* or belfry, a light, airy, and graceful tower, coated with variegated marble, and adorned with many highly finished statues. Opposite the principal entrance stands the Baptistery, an octangular edifice, in many respects of great beauty. A number of granite pillars support its dome, and fine mosaics shed a rich colouring over it; the walls are lined, and the pavement is inlaid with marble. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and all its ornaments have a reference to the sacrament of Baptism. It is in reality the Baptistery, not of one parish only, but of the whole city of *Florence*, and corresponds in magnitude with its destination. Its three great bronze portals are celebrated for the exquisite

[1] Here Dante, whom the lovely Florence bore,
Lies buried, exil'd from his native shore.

[2] An exile from Florence, he was received at Ravenna, which enjoyed his presence during his lifetime, and honours him after his death..... his tomb, dear to the muses, the senate and people of Ravenna secured, repaired, and adorned, as a treasure of their own, by their own authority, and at their own cost.

beauty of the basso relievos with which they are adorned; the figures represent several great scriptural events, such as the creation and fall of man, the deluge, the sacrifice of Abraham, and the principal events of the life of St. John, with the *cardinal* and *theological* virtues. *Michael Angelo*, in an ecstacy of admiration, termed them *the Gates of Paradise*. This well-known tribute of praise, when paid by such an artist, has justly been considered as an encomium that places them above the reach of criticism.

The reader, unacquainted with the date of these masterpieces, will be astonished when he learns that one of the three is inscribed anno 1330, an era when the arts were supposed to slumber under the ruins of antiquity, and when even Italy itself is generally represented as envèloped in all the gloom of ignorance and barbarism. In truth, our ideas of the middle ages are in many respects the mere prejudices of childhood. Europe, or at least Italy, was never involved in such utter darkness as some of our modern oracles endeavour to make their unthinking readers imagine. Some of the Italian republics were then in the full enjoyment of liberty; and liberty never yet visited a country without bringing knowledge and taste, the arts and the sciences in her train. Surely, the century and the country that produced *Cimabue* and *Giotto*, *Arnolfo* and *Ugolini*; *Dante* and *Petrarca*, could not have been deficient in genius or criticism, in painting or sculpture, in design or in architecture.

But let us turn from a subject too fertile and alluring for a traveller, and pass to the church of *St. Lorenzo*, the next in rank as an object of curiosity, not so much for its own internal beauties as for the edifices united or connected with it. These are the Sacristy, the Medicean chapel, and the Laurentian library.

The Sacristy, which is a chapel and the mausoleum of several princes of the Medicean line, was planned by *Michael Angelo*, and is adorned with several statues of his workmanship. Some are finished in his best style; others remain unfinished, but display, it is thought, even in the imperfect parts, the grand daring touches and inimitable manner of the sculptor.

Close to the Sacristy and behind the chancel of the church, though the communication is not yet open, stands the intended mausoleum of the Medicean family. This edifice was begun two hundred years ago[1], and if completed upon the plan on which it was commenced, it would surpass every sepulchral building in the world. Its form is octagonal, its diameter ninety-four, and its elevation to the vault two hundred feet. It is literally lined with lapis lazuli, agate, jasper, onyx, etc. furnished with sarcophagi of porphyry, and supported by granite pilasters with capitals of

[1] An 1604.

bronze. The niches between these pilasters are of touchstone; beneath is a subterraneous chapel, where the bodies, whose names are inscribed on the sarcophagi above, are to repose. The crucifixion of our Saviour, a group in white marble by *John of Bologna*, with a Blessed Virgin by *Michael Angelo*, and St. John by one of his disciples, grace this dormitory of the dead, and preside over it with appropriate majesty. But

> Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ [1],
> *Virg. Æn.* x. 501.

before the magnificent monument intended for their reception was finished, the Medicean line has failed; the work is now suspended, and if we way judge from the impoverished state of the country and the agitation of the times, it is not likely to be resumed for many years, if ever. In the mean time, the materials of the inlaid pavement remain still in store; the dome, which was to have been incrusted with mosaics (it was first intended with *lapis lazuli*), presents nothing to the eye but its inanimate form; even the altar has not yet been raised, nor the grand entrance opened from the church of *St. Laurence*. In short, if the present system of French influence and exaction should continue, the Medicean chapel, stripped of its rich decorations, will be abandoned to oblivion until undermined by time it shall one day bury under its ruins the remains which it was commissioned to preserve, as a sacred deposit enshrined in pomp and magnificence[2].

The Laurentian library is in the convent annexed to the church. This library consisted originally of the many valuable manuscripts collected by the first princes of the Medicean family; these were dispersed in a very little time after the death of *Lorenzo*, during the disgrace and banishment of his son. Many were recovered, others purchased, and the collection considerably increased by the munificence of the two Medicean Pontiffs, Leo X. and Clement VII. As these manuscripts were in almost every language, and as their number was considerable, the reputation of the collection rose very high, and almost equalled, it is said, that of the Vatican. This library was indeed the noblest monument which the *Medici* have left of the glory of their line, and reflected more honour upon them

[1] O mortals! blind in fate.

[2] This celebrated chapel appeared to us dark and heavy, and in architectural beauty, chaste decoration, and fair proportions, far inferior to the *Corsini* chapel in *St. John Lateran*. In riches it is equalled if not surpassed by the *Borghese* chapel in *Sta. Maria Maggiore*. But though it yields in magnificence to these two unrivalled temples, it far surpasses all similar edifices, whether oratory or mausoleum, beyond the Alps. The dome of the Invalids at Paris covers a chapel, which is shown as the pride of French architecture; but when compared to the Medicean chapel, how graceless are its proportions! how mean its materials!

than the proudest edifices could bestow; but even this literary monument will soon exist only in remembrance; it has not escaped the rapacity of the French leaders, and after the gleaning which it has already furnished, it will probably pass entire, either as an homage, or a purchase, or a *voluntary* present, to the consular palace.

## CHURCHES.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon the churches of *Florence;* in external beauty, excepting the cathedral, they are inferior to many, but in internal decorations equal to most Italian churches; however to travellers who had just arrived from Rome, and sated their eyes with the splendour of its majestic temples, the most magnificent edifices of *Florence* could present little interesting, nothing astonishing. One charm indeed the churches of *Florence* possess in a manner peculiar to themselves, and that is, an intimate connexion with the memory of the great men who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and from *Florence* diffused the light over literature of the western world. There are few churches in this city which are not ennobled by the tombs of some or other of these personages; scarce one that does not present to the eye, inscribed on marble of bronze, some illustrious and well known name. Thus in the church of *San Marco* we find the tomb of *Picus* of *Mirandola*, distinguished alike by rank, fortune, genius, piety and learning. This combination of qualities so rare even when single, deserved to be recorded in lines, more simple and affecting than the two bombastic verses now inscribed upon his tomb.

On the opposite side of the church lies *Politianus*, the friend of *Lorenzo*, the favourite of the Latin muse; a trivial epitaph records his name; but no elegiac verse deplores his untimely fate, nor does one indignant line avenge his sullied fame. The honour of vindicating the poet was reserved to an English pen; and Politian owes to the generosity of a *Roscoe* that which he had a right to claim from the justice of his countrymen.

> Candidus ille viget morum tenor, et pia vita
> Simplicitas nullis est labefacta malis[1].

In the church of *Sta. Croce* we find the tomb of *Michæl Angelo Buonarotti*, the painter, the sculptor, the architect. It is graced with many figures; perhaps the name alone would have been its best decoration. In the same church lie the remains of *Leonardi Bruni Aretino*, and of *Galileo*, a more illustrious name. In an-

[1] Simple and pure his morals still remain'd,
'Mid all life's storms unshaken, and unstain'd.

other sanctuary reposes the Florentine Livy, *Guicciardini;* and in a third the Tuscan Tacitus, *Macchiavelli*. Of *Boccacio*, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant *Aretino*. But who can view without compassion the urn of the young, the virtuous poet *Verini*?

> Occidit obscenæ Veneris contagia vitans.....
> Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio.....
> Sic jacet, heu patriæ dolor et decus—unde juventus
> Exemplum, et vates materiam capiant [1].

The tombs of the learned Greeks who fled before the last and worst of barbarians, the Turks, and fixing at *Florence* established the seat of the Grecian muses in *Etruria*, awaken many a pleasing and many a melancholy recollection. The honours heaped on these illustrious exiles, the enthusiasm of their numerous disciples, and the propagation of their language delight the imagination even at this distance of time, and do credit to the taste and the feelings of the Italians of that *vivid* era.

Who can recollect without regret and indignation, that the schools which they opened, are shut; that the divine language which they taught, is neglected; and that a race of savage invaders are now endeavouring to suppress the dialects of Greece and of Italy, in order to substitute the flippant jargon of France in their stead, and to replace the bullion of ancient wisdom by the tinsel of Gallic *philosophism*. Thus has this restless and overbearing nation twice attacked the cause of literature in *Florence;* in their first visit, they plundered and dispersed the Medicean library and cabinet; in their second, they not only repeated the same sacrilege, but attempted to stop for ever the two great sources of science and of literature, by suppressing the languages of Plato and of Cicero.

## PALACES.

The remark which we have made above, relative to the churches of *Florence*, is still more applicable to the palaces; few of which are calculated to inspire interest, either from their grandeur or magnitude, when compared to similar edifices in Rome. To which we may add, that the Tuscan style, mixed as it generally is in

[1] For genius, morals fam'd, love's lawless joys
He shunn'd;—he fear'd disgrace, and welcom'd fate . . .
His country's pride and sorrow, thus he lies:
[illegible]

ese buildings with much of the rustic, is dull and heavy, and ives them a sullen appearance better adapted to monasteries or ven prisons than to palaces. The *Palazzo Strozzi*, and even the rchiducal residence the *Palazzo Pitti*, though grand, regular, nd extensive edifices, fall under this censure. The *Palazzo Cor-ini* on the quay is perhaps an exception. The *Palazzo Riccardi* is said to be erected on a plan of Michael Angelo; it has however a better recommendation to notice. It was built by the first *Cosmo de Medici*, and was the residence of that family in the happiest and most glorious period of its history, when its wealth was the produce of its industry, its honours the voluntary tribute of public esteem, and its power the affection of its country. The house of *Cosmo* and afterwards of *Lorenzo* was then truly the palace of public wisdom, the *Curia* (senate-house) of the Commonwealth, and at the same time the abode of the Greek, the Latin, and the Etruscan muses. It was in process of time honoured by the presence of emperors and of pontiffs, and of kings and of princes; it was decorated by the first artists in succession, and may with propriety be considered as the temple of virtue, public spirit, and science.

When we enter it the recollection of all the virtues and the honours of the first Medici inspire veneration; as we advance we seem to see the heroes and the sages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries rising successively before us, and claiming the homage due to their exertions in the cause of science and literature. "*Hospes,*" says the inscription which presents itself to the stranger on his entrance, "*Mediceas olim ædes in quibus non solum tot principes viri, sed et sapientia ipsa habitavit ædes, omnis eruditionis quæ hic revixit nutrices . . . . . Gratus venerare*[1]. It must appear surprising, that a sovereign of this family should have sold a palace so intimately connected with the history of its fortunes, and not only the *incunabula gentis*[2], but a monument of the most honourable period of its existence. But Ferdinand II. lived at a time when the Medicean princes, then a degenerate race, had lost in the effeminacy and pride of sovereignty, even the memory of the virtues that made their ancestors great, and were probably indifferent or perhaps averse to trophies and monuments that only reproached them with their vices and their indolence.

The *Riccardi* family, the present proprietors of the Medicean palace, are not unworthy of such a residence. It still remains the repository of the arts and of the wisdom of antiquity; and its gallery

[1] "Stranger! reverence with grateful homage the mansion which formerly belonged to the Medicis, in which not only so many illustrious men, but where wisdom herself dwelt; a mansion, the nurse of all the learning which here revived."

[2] The cradle of their race.

and library open to public inspection, continue to announce the spirit, the judgment, and the liberality of its inhabitants.

One of the most remarkable edifices of *Florence*, and perhaps the most beautiful in its kind in Europe, is the *Ponte della Trinita* [1]; it is built of marble and formed of three elliptic arches, and ornamented with marble statues; it was erected by *Ammanati*, and is universally admired for grace and airy lightness.

## THE GALLERY.

It now remains for me to speak of the celebrated gallery which has occupied the attention of so many sovereigns, and forms the distinguishing and most honourable feature of *Florence*. The general appearance of this city is equalled by many and surpassed by some Italian cities; but its gallery stands confessedly in the second place, and yields only to the unrivalled collection of the Vatican. I am aware that in speaking of both these famous cabinets I am enlarging rather upon their past than their present glory, and need not inform the reader that the masterpieces of the latter have been transported to France, and that those of the former have been conveyed by a well-timed precaution to *Palermo*. The Medicean gallery therefore when we visited it, was stripped of its principal ornaments, and presented so many vacant frames and unoccupied pedestals, that we found ourselves more disposed to regret its absent than to admire its present beauties. Among the former were the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Faun*, the *Wrestlers*, with sixty other ancient statues, the most perfect in their kind, now at *Palermo*. Many others of nearly a similar description, have been transported to Paris [2]. The paintings, at least the masterpieces, have shared the same fate, and for the same reasons have been either removed to Sicily or sent to France. The gallery, however, could not be said to be a dreary void; many statues and many paintings still remained, excellent in their kinds, and capable singly of giving reputation to any transalpine collection.

We will now proceed to a more minute account, and begin by the edifice itself. It was erected by the orders of *Cosmo* I. in the year 1564. *Georgio Vasari* was the architect; it is built in the form of the Greek letter Π, and is more than five hundred feet in length; the court enclosed between the wings is sixty-four feet in breadth. The court is regular in all its parts; on each side is a gallery supported by Tuscan pillars; one end opens on the great square; the other borders the *Arno*, and is terminated by a large arch which unites the two buildings and forms the communication. The magnitude and regularity of this edifice are alone capable of

1 The Bridge of the Trinity.

2 The statues have since been returned, taken to Paris, and returned again to the Tribune.

ing it a majestic appearance, but in other respects it is liable to ch criticism; for, not to object to the heaviness of the order lf, the gallery is too low, the pillars too far from each other, the ablature too cumbersome, and the whole colonnade quite buried ar the vast superstructure which it supports.

In entering and ascending the staircase (for the gallery is in the per story) we are pleased to find the vestibule adorned with the ts of the Medicean princes its founders, who seem to preside r the entrance as the tutelary divinities of the place, and to claim m the traveller, as he passes before them, the acknowledgment s to their munificence. These princes occupy the first part of vestibulum; the second part contains various antique altars and o remarkable trophies. The gallery occupies the whole length the building on both sides, and the end or space that forms the mmunication. Each wing of this gallery is four hundred and ty feet in length, and the part that forms communication is more n one hundred; it is about twenty-four in breadth, and nearly many in height. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and represents in wing various mythological subjects; in the middle, and in the er wing conspicuous persons and events remarkable in the annals *Florence*. These paintings are only interesting inasmuch as they connected with the history of the art. Immediately under the ling is a line of portraits of great men both ancient and modern; the latter many are copied from originals. The walls are adorned th pictures, and lined with busts and statues, all antique, some in rble and some in bronze. All the busts are of Roman Emperors, of persons connected with imperial families. The statues ge-rally represent gods or heroes; of these, few are perfect, most ving been damaged, and repaired with more or less felicity by dern artists. Intermingled with the statues and busts are altars sarcophagi, shields, and trophies.

Above the statues the pictures are ranged in such a manner as form the history of the art from the eleventh century down to the enteenth. The mixture of objects, sacred and profane, his-ical and fictitious, produces an unpleasant sensation; but ac-rding to the principles of the arrangement, which is to show the ogress of the art, seems unavoidable. The number both of paint-gs and statues surprizes; the excellency of many astonishes; and effect of the whole at first is rather confusion than satisfaction. e arrangement, it must be admitted, is simple and methodical, t the objects press too close upon each other, and leave no time discrimination.

The gallery is bordered on one side by a suit of apartments or lls, spacious and well-proportioned, twenty, I think, in number, ch of which is consecrated to some particular set of masterpieces sculpture or in painting, or so some particular school or favour-collection.

One of these halls is devoted to Niobe and her children, a collection in itself, consisting of sixteen figures, all intended to form, like the Laocoon, one group. Whether this celebrated group be the original itself which Pliny the Elder ascribes to either Scopas or Praxiteles [1], or only a copy, is a subject of debate among critics; its merits are acknowledged, though very differently appreciated, as *Winckelman* and the Italian artists in general represent the different figures, particularly that of Niobe itself, as models of the highest perfection, and in every excellence equal to the two supposed grand masterpieces of the art; while the French, though they admit the general beauty, find fault with the details, and place them on the whole much lower in the scale of excellency. We are naturally inclined to prefer the opinion of the former, whose authority in the arts a transalpine *connoisseur* cannot safely reject; especially as we are inclined to suspect that the real cause of the criticism of the latter is the pure and almost sublime simplicity of these figures, expressing the extreme of fear in the daughters, and of grief in the mother, without grimace, distortion, or agitation.

Orba resedit
Exanimos inter natos, natasque, virumque,
Diriguitque malis; nullos movet aura capillos,
In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mœstis
Stant immota genis—nihil est in imagine vivi [2].
*Ovid. Met.* vi. 301.

These figures have been damaged and repaired.

The most beautiful of these halls which contained the Venus of *Medicis*, may be considered as a temple to that goddess, equal perhaps in interior beauty to that of Paphos or Cythera: at present this temple is abandoned by its celestial inhabitant, and nearly stript of all its furniture. It contained the masterpieces of ancient sculpture and modern painting; when they are to be replaced it is difficult to determine. This little temple, for so we may call it, is an octagon of about four-and-twenty feet in diameter, its dome is adorned with mother of pearl, and its pavement formed of beautiful

[1] xxxvi. cap. 5. Ausonius decides in favour of the latter, probably because his name is better adapted to versification. The same reason may have influenced a writer in *Anthologia. Aus. Epitaph.—Anth. lib.* 4.

[2] The childless widow, 'mid the prostate group,
Sons, daughters, husband dead, in silence sate,
All petrified with woe: her stiff'ning locks
Wav'd to the breeze no more; though in her cheeks
The crimson hue remain'd, no living tide
Of tepid blood was there; her stony eyes
Stood fix'd from all her frame life fled away.

marbles. Other apartments are consecrated to the great schools of painting, and could formerly boast of many of the masterpieces of each; now their vacant places only are conspicuous; "*sed præfulgebant eo ipso quod non visebantur*[1];" their absence announced their value and their celebrity.

## CHAPTER X.

**Environs of Florence—The Arno—The Villas of the Grand Duke—Fesulæ—Vallombrosa.**

From the city we will pass to the neighbouring country, which presents as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as the environs of any capital in Europe, Naples perhaps excepted. Its first feature is the *Arno*, a river like the *Tiber*, inferior to many streams in magnitude, but superior to most in renown. Unknown in the first age of Italian verse, its name rose to eminence in the second, became the theme of many a strain, and was celebrated in both the divine dialects of Italy. Even foreign bards caught inspiration on its banks, and the genius of Milton himself loved to sport under the poplars that shade its borders.

> O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
> Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
> Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos[2].
> *Epit. Dan.*

These banks furnish many a *wildly devious walk* to the solitary wanderer, and to the city itself one of the most beautiful and most frequented haunts of fashion. But the *Arno* with all its fame is liable to the disadvantages of many southern streams; in summer it loses most of its waters, and presents to the eye at that season, even in the immediate neighbourhood of *Florence*, little more than a few pools united by a narrow rillet. The traveller then courts in vain the breezes that *blow freshness* from its waves, and listens in vain to the *murmurs* that delighted the ear of the poet. All around

[1] Tacitus, Annal. lib. iii. cap. 76.—"But their value was sufficiently declared by the very circumstance that they are no longer to be seen."

[2] How blest was I, when to the murm'ring wave
Of Arno list'ning, on the herbage green
I lay, or wand'ring through the poplar shade,
Cull'd the pale violet, the myrtle bough.

is heat and silence. The sultriness of this summer (1802) is indeed said to be unusual, and it is to be hoped that the *Arno* is not thus annually stript of its coolness and its charms.

The villas of the Grand Dukes, if we consider their site, their architecture, or their present decorations, inspire no great interest; even their gardens display little or no pleasing scenery, no masses of shade, no expansions of water, no groves or thickets, to delight the eye or amuse the fancy. All is art, stiff, minute, and insignificant; besides, they seem much neglected, and are in general out of repair. Yet it is impossible to visit some of them without emotion, such as *Pratolino, Caiano,* and *Carreggi,* the retreats of the *Medici* and once the haunts of the Italian muses. The last of these villas witnessed the closing stage of Lorenzo's career, and if the solemn scene that terminates the life of a benefactor of mankind can confer dignity or communicate interest, the chamber where Lorenzo died must excite both veneration and emotion.

## FÆSULÆ.

But of all the objects that present themselves in the immediate vicinity of *Florence, Fiesole* is from its antiquity, its situation, and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive. This town, under the appellation of *Fæsulæ*, was one of the twelve Etrurian cities, and seems to have been distinguished above the others by its skill in the interpretation of omens and prognostics. It submitted with the rest of *Etruria* to the Roman power, and was colonized by Sylla. The species of colonists sent by this tyrant seem to have been of no very favourable description, and are represented afterwards as composing the main body of Catiline's ruffian army. It made no figure in the civil wars or revolutions of the following era, survived the general desolation of Italy during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eigth centuries, and prolonged its existence till the commencement of the eleventh; when, in a contest with *Florence,* it was destroyed and its inhabitants, or at least a considerable number, transported to that city. However, the cathedral remained, and *Fiesole,* now a lonely but beautiful village, still retains its episcopal honours, its ancient name, and its delightful situation. Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence it looks down on the vale of the *Arno,* and commands *Florence* with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and ac-

cordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyrized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo.

The abbey of *Fiesole* was the retreat of Picus, governed at that time by an abbot worthy of such a guest, *Matteo Bosso*, one of the most eminent scholars of that age. The frugal table of this venerable sage united not unfrequently the three last mentioned persons, with *Ficinus* and *Hermolaus Barbarus*. Such a society has been compared to Plato's repasts, and to the philosophic interviews of Cicero and his friends. In genius and eloquence they imitated, but could not presume to rival these illustrious associations; but in virtue and in that superior wisdom which they derived from Christianity, they far surpassed their famed predecessors.

Politian has celebrated *Fæsulæ* and the scenes which he so often contemplated with all the rapture of a poet, at the conclusion of his *Rusticus*, a subject which the genius of the place seems to have inspired.

Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro;
Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis:
Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus inclita venis
Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos.....
Talia Fæsuleo lentus meditabar in antro,
Rure suburbano Mediceum, qua mons sacer urbem
Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis [1].

## VALLOMBROSA.

The most delightful excursion in the neighbourhood of *Florence* is, without doubt, the Abbey of *Vallombrosa*, a name well known to every English reader, because ennobled by Milton. The road to this famed retreat runs for thirteen miles through the *Val d'Arno*, along the banks of the river.

A little beyond *Pelago* we began to ascend the Apennines, and

[1] Here whispers the tall pines I hold so dear,
Here through the cypress boughs the zephyrs sigh,
Here from the earth the bubbling fountain springs,
And rolls pellucid o'er its chequer'd bed . . . .
Thus pensive mus'd I, in the lonely grots
Of Fæsule, great Medici's retreat
From pomp and care, where on Florentia's tow'rs
And on fair Arno winding through the vale,
The sacred hill looks down: Lorenzo there
His guests receives, and tranquil quiet seeks;
Lorenzo, happy prince! the favor'd son
Of Phœbus, and the Muses' firm support.

winding along their sides, enjoyed as we advanced many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and of mountains sometimes covered and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and the ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chestnuts, intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the crags, of a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or of a broken ridge of rocks and precipices.

At a little distance from the abbey we observed a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semicircular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continued forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and on a nearer approach we heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate, we hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *Qui habitat* (ninety-first psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended the monks retired in silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and were treated with unaffected hospitality. These apartments are fitted up in a style of cleanliness and simplicity admirably adapted to the spirit of the place and of the order. The walls are merely white-washed, without either paper, wainscot, or tapestry. Their only decorations are a few prints of subjects taken from Scripture, or connected with the history of the order, or the life of the founder. The furniture consists of a very good bed, a table, a desk for prayer, with a crucifix, and a few chairs; all very plain but very neat, and evidently designed not for luxury but convenience. The supper was frugal, but not parsimonious; the conversation of the Father *Foresteraio* [1], a man of a good countenance and easy manners, was sensible and entertaining. Between nine and ten he took his leave for the night.

[1] A title given to the monk who is commissioned to receive and entertain guests.

The Abbey of *Vallombrosa* was founded towards the middle of the eleventh century by *John Gualbertus*, a nobleman of *Florence*, who having embraced the monastic life in the Benedictin monastery of *St. Minias* at *Florence*, and having refused the dignity of abbot, withdrew from a love of solitude to the wilds of *Vallombrosa*. Here he found two hermits, and assisted by them and a companion who had followed him from *Florence*, he established a monastery which, from the superior sanctity and industry of its inhabitants, soon acquired reputation and riches. In time it rose to the dignity of a *parent* abbey, and became the head of the numerous congregation of Benedictins of *Vallombrosa*. The founder showed his judgment in the selection of his retreat, as it is difficult to discover a wilder or more romantic solitude. The little plain in which the abbey stands is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north by a semicircular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other, and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the *Arno* and its *storied* vale, *Florence*, and all its neighbouring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*. The elevation is so considerable, even at the abbey, as to affect the temperature of the air, insomuch indeed that after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delightfully refreshed at *Vallombrosa* by the cool breezes of an English summer.

The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out, crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands; and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and as we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing.

The trees that form the forest through which we passed are generally old, shattered, and venerable, and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and with trunks of trees hurled down the fury of the mountain

plicable to the prospect before us, as well as the emphatical expression of which they are an amplification, were inspired by that melancholy which so often melts the heart of the lover, and lulls the imagination of the poet.

> The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
> Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
> The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
> The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
> The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
> The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.
> . . . . . .
> But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
> Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
> Her gloomy presence saddens every scene,
> Shades every flower and darkens every green;
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

While thus employed on the summit, we heard the bell tolling below for afternoon service. The tolling of a church bell is one of the few sounds that disturb the silence, without lessening the solemnity of solitary scenes. In our descent, we stopped occasionally to listen to its deep *roar*, re-echoed from the opposite woods, and re-bellowing from steep to steep. It occurred to me as I worked my way down the dry bed of a torrent, and now and then stopped to breathe and to admire the *rupes*[1], *et vacuum nemus*[2]; that these forests and dells that now resound with the toll of the *church going bell*, once perhaps repeated the screams and shouts of the Bacchanalian throng. They delighted in the savage scenes that bordered the *Hebrus* and the *Rhodope*, in the depth of forests, in the hollows of lonely mountains or deserts, places all well adapted to their dark orgies and odious rites; fortunately the wisdom and gravity of the Romans did not permit them to adopt these foul inventions of Greek licentiousness. They had indeed been introduced into *Etruria* at an early period, and an attempt was made, at first with some success, to establish them in Rome itself; but they were soon discovered and repressed by the vigilance of the Consuls[3]. This event took place about the year of Rome five hundred and sixty-six, that is, before power and luxury had impaired the virtue of the Romans.

[1] When editions differ we may be allowed to prefer the reading that suits our object best, and quote *rupes* (rocks) in the old way for *ripas* (banks).

[2] The pathless rocks and lonely graves.
*Francis.*

[3] Lib. xxxix.

Another but a shorter excursion from the abbey leads by a winding pathway, where

> the Etrurian shades
> High-over-arch'd imbower

to an hermitage, or rather a little convent, erected on the flat surface of a rock projecting from the sides of the mountain. This retreat is a very commodious house, with a little garden behind, and a fountain clear as crystal bubbling out from a cleft in the rock; it has a chapel annexed to it, and is divided into a variety of little galleries, oratories, and cells, very neatly furnished and adorned with pictures and prints, and the whole in a style totally different from every other dwelling, fancifully pretty, and peculiarly conformable to its destination. This romantic hermitage is called, partly, I suppose, from its situation and prospect, and partly from its internal conveniences, *Paradisino:* and I must confess, that I never visited an abode better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the *aids* of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the *Val d'Arno*, and the splendours of *Florence*, at a distance too great to dazzle; around him he sees all the grandeur and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains; by his fountain side he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents. Sometimes too, while absorpt in meditation, the swell of the distant organ and the voices of the choir far below may steal upon his ear, and *prompt the song of praise*. This retreat, so suited to the genius of a Gray or a Milton, is now occupied by a lay-brother, who resides in it merely to keep it clean, a task which he performs with great care and success[2].

[2] We found among other portraits that of Father Hug ford, an English Benedictin, who in the beginning or middle of the last century, passed several years in this retreat, and by his piety, learning, and skill in mosaics, acquired a great reputation, not only among his brethren, but at *Florence*[*].

On the ascent from the abbey to *Paradisino*, close to the path, and on the brink of the precipice, is a stone, the history of which, as related by our guide, and indeed as consigned to posterity in an inscription, is as follows:—St. John Gualbert, the founder of the abbey, while engaged in his devotions in the depth of the forest, was attacked by the devil, and to avoid his fury, was obliged to fly; but being closely pursued by his *harpy-footed* adversary, who, it seems, meant to throw him down the precipice, and was then close to him, he took shelter under a rock, which instantly softened as he pressed it, and admitting his back like a waxen mould, kept him in close embrace till the fiend in his precipitate haste shot down the steep below. The representation of the saint in rude sculpture still remains on the stone.

The inscription and the tale might, perhaps, suit the approach to a Capuchin convent, but are totally unworthy of a Benedictin abbey. The glory of the founder is established upon a much more solid foundation than legendary stories; it rests upon

[*] Father Hugford was a man of talents, and excelled in the various branches of natural philosophy. He is said to have carried the art of imitating marble by that composition called *Scagliuola*, to its present perfection. He died Abbot, I believe, of *Vallombrosa*.

At supper we had much conversation with the good father about the beautiful scenery we had beheld, and the delightful situation of the abbey. He observed that we saw it to advantage, that in summer, that is, from May to October, it was what we conceived it to be, a most delicious and magnificent retirement; but that during winter, which commences here in October, and lasts till May, they were buried in snow, or enveloped in clouds, and besieged by bears and wolves prowling round the walls, and growling in the forests —*Orsi, lupi, e tutti li peste* [1] was his emphatic expression. I know not how such objects may appear to persons doomed to reside here for life; but a visitant is disposed to regard them as so many supernumerary charms, considerably augmenting the characteristic feature, that is, the wild and gloomy magnificence of the place, and deepening that religious awe and veneration which naturally brood over monastic establishments.

The reader will learn with pleasure that the monks of *Vallombrosa* are not idle solitaries; but that they unite, like most of the ancient and many of the modern Benedictin establishments, the labours of public instruction with monastic discipline. Thus *Vallombrosa* is both an abbey and a college, and in its latter capacity furnishes an excellent seminary for the education of the Florentine youth of rank, many of whom were there at the time of our visit. Their dress is a black gown, with a black collar lined and edged with white; we were present at one of their amusements, which was the *Calcio,* or balloon, a game in great repute both in Italy and France. Their looks and manners seemed to display the advantages both physical and moral of the situation.

Before we take leave of these enchanting wilds, we may observe, that, as they are supposed to have furnished Milton with the original of his Paradise, so his description of Paradise is considered as the model of modern parks. Others it is true, choose to go farther for the idea, and pretend that it is borrowed from *China.* It might seem extraordinary, that a taste so simple and so natural should have lain dormant for so many ages, if experience did not teach us that simplicity, which is the perfection of art, is always the last quality which it attains. The ancients had no notion of the species of garden I am speaking of, as appears from Pliny's account of his villas, round which we find *xystus concisus in plurimas species, distinctusque buxo . . . . pulvinus cui bestiarum effigies in-*

the heroic exercise of the first of Christian virtues, of charity, in the forgiveness of an enemy on a most trying and difficult occasion *.

[1] Bears, wolves, and all sorts of plagues.

* See his Life, in Butler, June 12, Vol. 6.

*vicem adversas buxus inscripsit . . . . : ambulatio pressis varieque tonsis viridibus inclusa* [1]. The moderns, if we may believe Addison, were not ignorant of it even before his time, as the gardens both in France and Italy were at that period laid out, if his description be accurate, in that *artificial rudeness* which is now the characteristic feature of English park scenery [2]. In fact, this author himself may justly be considered as the father of good taste in this respect, as the paper to which I have alluded, contains the fundamental principles of ornamental gardening as it is now practised at home, and even on the continent under the appellation of the *English style*. However, if we must give the credit of the invention to a poet, *Tasso* is best entitled to it, not only because he furnished Milton with some of the leading features of his description; but because he laid down the very first principle of the art, and comprised it in a very neat line with which he closes one of the most beautiful landscapes in *Armida's* garden.

L'Arte che tutto fa, nulla se scopre [3].

*Canto* xvi. 9.

## CHAPTER XI.

Excursion to Camaldoli, Lavernia, and Pietra Mala.

On the following day a temporary separation took place. Three of the party proceeded towards *Camaldoli*, another celebrated solitude, and two were under the necessity of returning to *Florence*.

[1] Lib. v. Epist. 6.—A walk cut into several shapes, and divided into compartments with box . . . a terrace, on which stand images of beasts opposite one another, in box . . . . an alley inclosed with green shrubs squeezed close together, and shorn into various fantastic figures.

[2] Spect. 414.

[3] Though art was all in all, no signs of art were there.
*Hunt's Translation.*

Of this abbey, at all times celebrated in the literary history of Italy, *Ariosto* speaks in terms of high commendation.

Vallombrosa
Così fu nominata una badia
Ricca, e bella, nè men religiosa,
E cortese, a chiunque vi venia.
*Or. Fur.*

They reach'd an abbey, Vallombrosa nam'd,
Which, rais'd to meek religion, rich, and fair,
Still kindly welcom'd every passenger.

For the following description therefore, both of *Camaldoli, Lavernia,* and *Pietra Mala*, the reader is indebted to one of the author's fellow-travellers.

The road to *Camaldoli* winds round the mountain that shelters *Vallombrosa* on the north side, and then descends into a little valley. In the middle of this valley, on the very edge of a deep dell, stands a sequestered villa built by one of the *Medici,* when that family occasionally delighted in literary retirement. Though long forsaken and neglected it continued the property of the sovereign till lately, when it was sold to the Abbey of *Vallombrosa* by the Grand Duke *Leopold.* From thence we passed into a very beautiful part of the *Val d'Arno Inferiore,* rich in that species of cultivated and lively scenery which graces the banks of the *Arno.* Some of its most striking features are, the ruined castle of *Romene* seated on a knoll that rises encircled with trees in the middle of the plain; behind it, the villages of *Poppi* and *Bibiena;* and immediately below us, the little town of *Prato Vecchio,* watered by the *Arno* and imbosomed in gardens and vineyards. From *Prato* we began to ascend a steep hill, and continued to wind amidst barren rocks for a least six miles. At length we arrived at *Camaldoli* about three o'clock.

## CAMALDOLI.

The abbey stands on the bank of a torrent that murmurs through a valley surrounded by mountains towering to a prodigious elevation, and covered to the very summit with forests. On the south side, the valley expands, and the gloom of forest scenery is softened by an agreeable intermixture of lawn and down, not altogether unlike the varieties of an English park. On the north, rises a very steep hill, shaded to the summit with lofty firs: up this eminence we laboured for a mile and a half and then entered the *Sagro Eremo,* or *sacred desert.* This hermitage consists of twenty-seven mansions, each the abode of one monk, all on the same plan taken from the original residence of *St. Romuald,* the founder of the Order, which is still preserved by the monks, as the thatched cottage of Romulus was by the Romans, with the greatest veneration. Each of these mansions consists of a bed-room, a sitting-room, a working-room, a little oratory, and a garden, all on a very small scale, and furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity. They are surrounded by a wall forming a general enclosure. The inhabitants are taken from the abbey, and return thither after having passed two years in the solitude of the hermitage. At present there are four-and-twenty only. The abbot always resides among them, and governs the monastery below by a delegate called the *Prior.* The life of these hermits is unusually austere and mortified. Their

diet consists entirely of vegetables and eggs, as meat is utterly prohibited. On Fridays they confine their repasts to bread and water. In summer, out of regard, it seems, to the genial influence of the season that must naturally invite to social enjoyments, the hermits are allowed to converse together at certain stated hours three days in the week. In winter, when the gloom of the weather and the horrors of the surrounding wilds are supposed to be most favorable to meditation, this indulgence is confined to two days. These austerities are peculiar to the inhabitants of the *Sagro Eremo*, and do not extend to the monastery. The church of the *Eremo* is extremely neat, and the sacristy adorned with some excellent paintings. The library contains not only religious and ascetical works, which are seldom wanting in such establishments, but a very good collection of general literature. The situation is extremely grand and romantic; in the midst of craggy mountains, and almost impenetrable forests of firs, it is eternally enveloped in that holy gloom so congenial to the spirit of monastic institution, and so well calculated to infuse into the most dissipated minds sentiments of religious melancholy.

Not far from the *Eremo*, the *Apennines* attain their highest elevation, and exhibit at once a view of the *Adriatic* and *Tyrrhene* seas. We did not, however, ascend, as the heat of the weather at this season renders the horizon too hazy for extensive prospects; but when evening approached we returned to the abbey, where we found a very good supper prepared for us by the attention of the *Padre Foresteraio*, to whom we had particular letters of recommendation. The prior himself also honoured us with his company; so that we were on the whole provided with good fare and excellent conversation.

We were informed by the Prior, that the abbey was founded in the beginning of the eleventh century, by a Calabrian anchorit, called *St. Romuald*, who having sought in vain for perfect solitude in many parts of Italy, at length settled himself in the rugged desert of *Camaldoli*. Here, with a few companions, he revived or rather augmented the primitive austerity of the Benedictin Order, intermixed with its rule some portion of the eremitical life, and laid the foundation of the congregation called, from its principal monastery, *Camaldulensis* or *Camaldolese*. As *St. Romuald* lived to the advanced age of a hundred and twenty, and enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity and wisdom, he may be supposed to have left his monastary in a very flourishing condition. It has now continued for the space of nearly eight centuries, with little relaxation in its rules and few vicissitudes in its fortunes.

There is something extremely striking in the duration of these monastic establishments — kingdoms and empires rise and fall around them — governments change — dynasties flourish and fade — manners and dresses alter, and even languages corrupt and evapo-

Enter the gates of *Camaldoli* or *Monte Cassino*—the torrent of tands still—you are transported back to the sixth or the tenth ry— you see the manners and habits, and hear the language se distant periods—you converse with another race of beings, rable in themselves though placed among mortals, as if ap- d to observe and to record the vicissitudes from which they empt. Hitherto these monuments of ancient times and of enerations have been placed above the reach of that morta- which all the other works and institutions of man are sub- but is not the term of their existence at hand ? or are they ed to survive the tempest that now scowls over Europe, and it falls, levels all that is great and venerable in the dust?

number of monks at the Abbey of *Camaldoli* is about forty, om ten only are in priest's orders ; though not obliged to the e or *extra-fasts* of their brethren in the hermitage, they lead e austere life than other Benedictins. They rise a little after ght, or rather about one in the morning, a practice not un- on in religious orders, nor difficult to persons who sleep in ernoon and retire to rest early ; I might perhaps add, plea- a country where the morning is so glorious and delightful. ter indeed, which in these elevated regions of the *Apennines* and intensely cold, this practice must be very irksome, and stly be considered as one of their severest duties. But in all s, at such an hour and in such solitudes, the deep tones of bells, the chant of the choir, and the fulness of the organ, be most solemn and impressive.

dress of the *Camaldolese* is white, but in form the same as orn by the Benedictins in general, that is, a cassock, a sca- , a hood, and in the church, a cowl or long robe with large s.

abbey enjoys a considerable income, derived principally from sts, which supply the port of *Leghorn* with firs for masts. han fifty men are kept in constant employment immediately the house; and bread is daily distributed to the poor d

he golden days of Lorenzo the Abbey of *Camaldoli*, like that *ula*, was the occasional resort of that prince and his classic ates; its abbot was equal to *Bosio* in learning, and perhaps ed him in eloquence ; and the rocks of *Camaldoli* some- it is said, repeated the sublime tenets of Plato, and re-echoed ises. How many ages may elapse before the silence that igns around us, is likely to be disturbed by similar discus-

## EXCURSION TO LAVERNIA.

next morning we set out for *Lavernia*, called in Latin *Mons*

*Alvernus*, probably its ancient name. It is about fourteen miles from *Camaldoli*; the road winds through a rocky and desolate country. We arrived at the convent about sun-set. It belongs to the Franciscan friars, and is the second of the order, as that at *Assisium* claims the first place. It was founded by St. Francis himself, who was delighted with the savage scenery and the deep solitude of the place, so favourable to the indulgence of enthusiastic devotion. The choice of the situation does honour to the Saint's taste.

The convent was built and the mountain settled on it as a property, by Count *Orlando* lord of the territory about the year 1216. It is seated on a very lofty and romantic rock, about three miles in circumference, towering far above the neighbouring eminences, and entirely covered with wood. The rock itself is broken into numberless pinnacles, insulated prominences, and fantastic forms; and in these again are various grottos and galleries, hollowed out by nature though occasionally enlarged by art. The thick groves that crown the summit and nod over the steeps, cast a rich and mellow shade over the whole scene, which thus appears to great advantage from its contrast with the bleak barren hills that lie immediately under. The view is varied, on one side extending over a rugged uncultivated tract, and on the other towards *Vallombrosa*, losing itself amidst wooded vallies and scattered villages, dells, and mountains rising in confusion one above another, and forming that outline both bold and beautiful which characterizes *Apennine* perspective. Most of the grottos which I have mentioned are distinguished by some real or legendary history of St. Francis. In a little recess, on the edge of a tremendous precipice, the saint sheltered himself from the devil, who endeavoured to hurl him down the steep; the saint adhered to the rock; the dæmon darted over. Had the latter profited by experience, he would not have renewed a mode of attack in which he had been foiled twice before in the very same neighbourhood. This attempt is, however, the last of the kind on record. "In this cave (said our guide) St. Francis slept; that very stone enclosed in an iron railing was his bed; and on that peninsulated rock called *La Spella*, hanging over yonder deep cavern, he was accustomed to pass a part of the night in prayer and meditation."

But of all the places consecrated by the presence and the miracles of the founder, none is held in so great veneration as the [illegible], now the chapel, of the *Stemmate* (*Stigmata* [1]) in which the holy man is said to have received imprinted on his body, the marks of our Saviour's wounds. The spot where this miraculous event took place is marked by a marble slab representing the circumstance, protected by an iron grating covered with a cloth. To this chapel

[1] Marks—impressions.

a procession is made once after vespers, and once after midnight service, that is, twice every four-and-twenty hours; a pious farce of the most absurd and ridiculous kind, because without any good end or object imaginable; what indeed could they do more to honour the very spot on which our Saviour himself suffered? But the mendicant orders are everywhere remarkable for absurd practices, childish form of devotion, and pious trumpery of every kind, to amuse the populace and attract them to their churches. From the chapel of the *Stemmate* to the church runs a long gallery, painted in fresco by different friars of the convent, and representing the whole history of the Saint in chronological order. The church itself presents nothing remarkable, and is, like most others belonging to the same order, overloaded with insignificant tasteless ornaments. In one of its chapels, called from its destination *Delle Reliquie* (of the relics), they show a large collection of bones of different saints, together with numberless other articles of equal importance, such as a cup, glass, and table-cloth, given to St. Francis by Count *Orlando*, a piece of a crosier belonging to St. Thomas of Canterbury, etc. etc.

The number of friars is about eighty, of whom twenty-two are priests. They received us with cordiality, and took great pains to supply us with every convenience and comfort, and in this respect they surpassed the hospitality of their Benedictin neighbours. After a minute observation, both of the convent and the mountain, which employed a day, we returned to *Camaldoli*, and early next morning set out with an intention of reaching *Florence*, distant about six-and-thirty miles, that evening. To *Prato Vecchio* we followed the road we came by, and then leaving *Vallombrosa* on the left, we descended into the *Val d'Arno Inferiore* at *Ponte Sieve*, and then made direct for *Florence* where we rejoined our friends.

This little excursion afforded us much satisfaction, and indeed fully answered our expectations. We had passed a week in monasteries, and acquired, if not an intimate, at least something more than a superficial acquaintance with the practices of monastic life. We observed in them some things to censure, and some to praise; among the former we may number the useless austerities and over-strained self-denial of the *Camaldolese* hermits, and which we considered as still more offensive, the mummery and grimace of the Franciscans of *Lavernia*. We cannot but consider it as a peculiar advantage that our laws authorize no establishments which [illegible]courage the delusions of exaggerated devotion, or propa-
[illegible]absurd practices and legendary tales to the discredit and
[illegible]sement of true sound religion. Again, the institution of men-
[illegible]nt orders we cannot but reprobate, as we do not see why those who can work should beg; nor can we discover either utility or decency in sending out at certain stated periods a few holy vagrants upon a marauding expedition, to prowl around the country, and

to forage for the convent [1]. We consider a poverty so practised, that is, at the expense of the poor, as in fact oppression of the poor, and as such we wish to see it proscribed as a vice, and not recommended as a virtue. If individual poverty has either merit or utility, and it may, if practised with prudence, have much of both, it may be exercised in the independent and dignified manner of the Benedictins and other monks, of whom it may justly be said, *privatus illis census brevis erat Commune magnum* [2].

Of these latter orders therefore and of their magnificent abbies we are willing to speak with respect, and almost with admiration. Raised far from towns and cities, they display the glories of architecture and painting in the midst of rocks and mountains; they spread life and industry over the face of deserts; they spend a noble income on the spot where it is raised; they supply the poor when healthy with labour, when sick with advice, drugs, and constant attendance; they educate all the children of their dependants *gratis;* and they keep up a grand display of religious pomp in their churches, and of literary magnificence in their libraries. Thus, these abbies are great colleges, in which the fellowships are for life, and every member is obliged to constant residence. Protestants, without doubt, may wish to see many reforms introduced into monasteries: but it would ill become them to pass a general sentence of anathema upon all such institutions, because they may have been shocked at the useless severities of one order, or disgusted with the childish processions of another. The violence of polemical contest between the two churches is now over, and its subsequent heats and animosities are subsided, it is to be hoped, for ever; concession may be made without inconvenience on both sides; the candid catholic will have no difficulty in acknowledging that there is much to be reformed, and the candid protestant will as readily admit, that there is much to be admired, in monastic institutions; the former will confess that Christ's Hospital is now employed to better purpose than when crowded with mendicant Franciscans; and the latter will not hesitate to own that a congregation of Benedictins would improve and animate the lonely solitudes of *Tintern* and *Vale Crucis*.

## PIETRA MALA.

Another pleasant and curious excursion from *Florence* is to *Pietra Mala*, a mountain that rises in the middle of the *Apennines* on the road to *Bologna*, about forty miles from *Florence*. This

[1] On the mendicancy of the friars I mean to enlarge hereafter, when speaking of the state of religion in Italy.

[2] Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great.
*Francis.*

ountain is rendered remarkable by a flame that spreads over a mall part of its surface, and burns almost continually without roducing any of those destructive effects which accompany vol- nic explosions. The departure of two friends for *Bologna* af- rded an additional inducement to make this little excursion. he road is interesting all the way.

At *Pratolino,* about six miles from *Florence*, is one of the most elebrated of the Grand Duke's villas; it was built about the middle f the sixteenth century, but is less remarkable for its architecture an for its groves, its fountains, and, above all, for a colossal atue of the *Apennine,* whose interior is hollowed into caverns, nd watered by perpetual fountains. Further on, on the summit f *Mount Senario,* rise the towers of an ancient convent, founded r rather enlarged by St. Philip *Benitius*, a noble Florentine, who btained the title of saint by devoting his time and his talents to he propagation of peace, forgiveness, and charity, in his country en torn to pieces, and desolated by the bloody contests of the *uelphs* and the *Ghibellines*.

The road from *Pratolino* runs at the foot of a romantic ridge of ills that branch out from the *Apennines,* and rise in elevation as ey approach the central chain of these mountains. We passed ccessively through *Fontebuono, Tagliaferro*, and *Cafaggiolo*. rom this latter place the road continued to wind up the hill rough scenery wild and grotesque. At *Le Maschere* the view is elightful. A villa rises on a ridge, whence the traveller may enjoy he landscape to the greatest advantage. On one side he looks own upon an extensive valley nearly circular, enclosed by steep ountains, finely varied throughout with wood and cultivated lopes; in the middle appear the white walls of *Scarperia;* and on he declivity of a mountain to the north, gleams the village of *agliano*. A large forest extends from the foot of the mountains the very centre of the valley, and by contrasting with the olive- rees and vineyards on the sides of the hills that enclose this vale, ives it both richness and variety. Several bold swells interspersed ere and there, graced with oaks and other forest trees sometimes rowing in little groups, and sometimes rising single, relieve the latness of the plain, and give it a sufficient degree of undulation. ehind the house, lies a more contracted valley, which winds round he ridge on which the house stands, and joins the larger on the *lorence* road. This vale forms part of the celebrated *Val di Mugallo,* anciently with little variation *Mugiella Vallis,* whither me of the Gothic generals with his army advanced from *Florence*, hich he was then besieging, to meet the Roman legions hastening y forced marches to relieve the town; here the armies encoun- ered, and the barbarian was with all his followers cut to pieces [1].

[1] Two events of the kind took place here or in the vicinity—Totila's army was

This victory took place in the year 407, and was, I believe, the last glorious achievement that suspended in the west the fate of falling Rome. The villa, which I have mentioned, belongs to a Florentine nobleman, who seems to neglect it notwithstanding its attractive beauty, and, like most of his countrymen, prefers the indolence and the effeminacy of the city to the charms and the manly occupations of a country life.

> Non his juventus orta parentibus
> Infecit æquor sanguine Punico;
> Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
> Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum [1].
>
> *Hor. lib.* iii. *Od.* vi. 33.

No; lost now to all sense of independence and spirit they submit without resistance to every invader, bow their servile necks to the Austrians and to the French alternately; and at length retain that yoke which is the most galling, and the most disgraceful, because imposed by the hand not of an open but of a treacherous enemy.

Towards evening we proceeded to *Covigliaio*, where we took up our quarters for the night. The flame appears on the side of a mountain, about four miles from *Covigliaio*, and the road or path thither is rugged enough. The spot where the phenomenon shows itself is on the declivity, and rather low down; the flame covered a space of about one hundred and forty feet, run along in crevices, and burnt much stronger in some places than in others. Its colour was bright yellow, or blue, like spirits of wine, and it rose little more than half a foot from the surface; but in rainy weather, and particularly in winter, it is said to increase considerably, and mount to the height of six or seven feet. We extinguished it in some places by waving our hats strongly over it, and reproduced it by firing a pistol into a small train of gunpowder, and sometimes by merely throwing a lighted paper on the spot where it had disappeared. It emits a strong odour similar to that of æther. The soil which nourishes this flame is rather more stony than that immediately adjoining, but grass and mountain herbs grow around. Our guides informed us that a similar flame appeared in other parts of

defeated by Narses in the *Mugiella Vallis:* Radagaisus, with his whole army, was taken and slaughtered by Stilicho in the immediate neighbourhood of *Florence*. The latter event is here alluded to.

[1] Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dyed with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursued,
Antiochus the Great subdued,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield.

*Francis.*





the mountain, and offered to conduct us to another spot further on; this we thought unnecessary, especially as it was very late, and we were distant from our inn.

Naturalists are divided in their opinions as to the cause of this phenomenon; some suppose it to be electric, others phosphoric, while a third set look upon it as volcanic. There are strong reasons in favour of this latter opinion, such as the vestiges of ancient eruptions in the neighbourhood; the frequent shocks of earthquakes that agitate the surrounding mountains, and sometimes occasion considerable mischief; the sulphureous sources that bubble up in the vicinity and are so inflammable as to take fire at the approach of a torch, etc. etc. All these circumstances, without doubt, seem strong symptoms of subterraneous fires, or at least of volcanic ingredients fermenting in the bosom of the earth. Yet, if the flames of *Pietra Mala* proceeded from any such cause, the ground over which they hover must be heated, and its heat increase if opened, because nearer the subterranean furnace. Thus, on the cone of *Vesuvius* the ashes are warm on the surface, and immediately under intolerably hot; so also at the *Solfatara,* which is a crust of sulphurated marle formed over an abyss of fire, the superficies is hot, and half a spade under almost burning. On the contrary, at *Pietra Mala* the flame communicates but little heat when burning, and when extinguished leaves the ground cold and without the usual vestiges of fire. This difficulty has induced others to ascribe it to a sort of oily substance or *petrolium* with which they suppose the earth about this spot to be impregnated. But, if this were the cause, the flames instead of being increased must be diminished, or rather extinguished, by the rains and tempests of winter; and at the same time the crevices which emit the flame must exhibit some traces of this oily vapour. Yet neither is the case; the flame glows with the greatest vivacity in winter, and the soil does not exhibit the least traces of any oily or bituminous substance. The first of these reasons is equally decisive against the operation of the electric fluid and of phosphoric exhalations. At all events, whatever the physical cause of this phenomenon may be, its appearances are very pleasing; it illuminates all the mountainous tract around it, and banishes the horrors of night from one of the most dreary solitudes of the *Apennines.*

We reached our inn at a very late hour, and next day returned by the same road to *Florence.* But the curious traveller would do well to take the old road from *Pietra Mala* to *Fiorenzuole,* cross the *Giogo,* so called because it is the highest point of the *Apennines* between *Bologna* and *Florence,* descend to *Scarperia* which lies at the foot of the mountain, traverse the *Val de Mugiello,* and rejoin the new road a little below *Tagliaferro.*

Before I quit the subject I must observe, that similiar phenomena were observed in or near the same region anciently, as Pliny the

Elder[1] notices the appearances of flames in the territory of *Mutani*, which territory includes the neighbouring *Apennines*. This naturalist, who indeed seems no enemy to the marvellous, adds the singular circumstance of the flames appearing only on certain days, *statis volcano diebus*. He elsewhere represents the same territory as the theatre of a more astonishing exhibition — of a combat between two mountains[2], which not only belched out fire and smoke at each other, but jostled together with great spirit and effect in the presence of a great concourse of people drawn up on the *Via Emilia* to behold the contest. This event he places in the year of Rome 662, and seems to consider it as a prognostic of the social war which broke out the following year.

## CHAPTER XII.

**Museum—Academy della Crusca—Etruscan Language—Ancient Dialects of Italy—Departure from Florence—Prato—Pistoia—Lucca, its History—Its Baths.**

THE Museum of Natural History at Florence, which owes its foundation to the Archduke Leopold, is considered as one of the most complete of the kind, in the number and judicious arrangement of the different articles that compose it. The mineralogical collection is said to be perfect; but in the beauty and size of the specimens it is, I think, far inferior to the magnificent mineralogical cabinet at *Vienna*. The learned *Fabroni* presides over this museum, and communicated to us his information with so much readiness and attention, as repeated visits, as to merit our highest acknowledgments. It must be admitted to the honour of Italy, that their great museums and colleges are not only open to the public, but that the directors of such establishments feel as much pleasure in explaining, as the curious traveller can possibly take in examining, their contents. Annexed to this museum is the cabinet of anatomical preparations in wax, made under the inspection of *Cav. Fontana*, the first in number, beauty, and exact conformity to the human frame, in Europe.

The Academy *della Crusca* still retains some celebrity, and literary influence at *Florence;* we were invited to one of its sittings, which was rather numerously attended. One of the members read a sonnetto, which did not seem to merit the approbation of the assembly, and it was received without the least indication of applause. Another read a dissertation on some Etruscan antiquities, which met

[1] Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 96.
[2] Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 83.





a better fate. Both the sonnetto and discourse were uttered force and animation; but the natural harmony of the language considerably impaired by the harsh guttural enunciation of the *cans*. It cannot but be a matter of surprise, that a pronuncia- so contrary to the genius both of the language and of the le should have become general in one of the central provinces aly, and under the immediate influence of Rome, where the ance is the very breath of harmony. May not these guttural ds, so peculiar to *Tuscany*, be a faint remnant of the ancient *rian?* a language which, if we may guess by its scanty and ous remains, does not seem to have been very smooth. Accents tones peculiar to nations and territories may survive any par- lar dialect, and pass from one language to another with little ation; and perhaps the unpleasant utterance alluded to may be is description.

s I have mentioned the *Etruscan* language, the reader may aps expect some information relative to it, and indeed to the ent languages of Italy, which were more or less connected with The subject is curious, but it is extensive, and at the same difficult; it has exercised the ingenuity of some of the most ned writers of the last century, and still leaves room for con- are. The Italians have made the most conspicuous figure in debate, and among them *Lanzi* appears to have treated the stion in the most clear and satisfactory manner. Most of the wing obervations are taken from this author, and may be sidered as the result of his researches. They are few in num- , and concise; but the limits of the present work will not mit a fuller discussion at present; hereafter, if time and cir- stances will allow, I may resume the subject.

he ancient languages of Italy may be reduced to six, viz. the *rian*, the *Euganean*, the *Volscian*, the *Oscan*, the *Samnite*, the *Umbrian* That no one of these is the primitive or riginal language of Italy is acknowledged, as the tribes that in- ced them were invaders; but of the preceding dialects no ige remains, and no well-grounded conjecture can be formed. these different dialects have more or less resemblance to ei- r Greek or Latin, and seem all to have originated from the same her tongue. This mother tongue appears to have been the ic, or Greek in use in the earliest ages on record. The nations ve-mentioned, whatever their more distant and primal source ht have been, flowed immediately and directly from Greece, carried with them the common language as spoken in the pro- e whence they issued. This common language, independent s own native dialects, gradually underwent various modifica- s, resulting from the ignorance, and the unsettled and ever- ying circumstances of each colony; till, like Latin at a period very remote from us, it branched out into several tongues

similar in root, but very different in sound and termination. Although like Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, they might all be traced to the same origin, yet the knowledge of one by no means implied an acquaintance with the others. The *Etruscan* was the most widely spread, but never sufficiently so, to become the general language of Italy. This privilege was reserved for the language of *Latium*, called from thence Latin, the dialect of Rome, and finally of the civilized world. Now, as the inhabitants of Rome were collected from all the different tribes of Italy, so its language, though perhaps originally *Eolic*[1], gradually became a compound of all their dialects, uniting their excellencies, and rejecting their barbarisms. Thus it acquired, as the Roman power extended, both richness and refinement; till in the age of Cicero it almost equalled its parent Greek in copiousness, and surpassed it in fullness of sound and in majesty of enunciation.

But notwithstanding the beauty and the universality of Latin, the *Etruscan* did not totally sink into disuse and oblivion. It was the language in which the Sybil was supposed to have conveyed her oracles, in which the Augurs interpreted omens, and the Aruspices explained prognostics; and as this latter class was the peculiar growth of *Etruria*, their art and its mysteries could not, it seems, be expressed in any other dialect. Hence, though it might have ceased in common use long before, it was not entirely obsolete in Rome under the first Emperors, and might have lingered among the peasantry, in obscure and distant parts of the country much longer.

The other dialects, having no connexion with the religion of the Romans, may be supposed to have disappeared much sooner; yet *Oscan* was not unknown even in the age of Cicero [2] and Augustus. We find allusions made to it by the former, and plays are said to have been acted in it during the reign of the latter. It may probably have continued amid the recesses of the *Apennines*, or remained in use on the unfrequented coasts of *Apulia*. Whether these dialects may not have contributed to the corruption of Latin, and in some respects re-appeared in modern Italian, we must leave to the learned to determine. *Lanzi* leans to the latter opinion, and his authority must have great weight. But in order to give the reader some idea of the sounds of the *Etruscan*, I will subjoin a few inscriptions as they are read by *Lanzi*.

LERPIRIOR, SANTIRPIOR, DVIR—FORFOVEER, DERTIER DIERIR, VOTIR FABER. VEF. NARATV. VEF. PONI SIRTIR.

[1] Dionysius. Halic. lib. i. Quintil. lib. i. c. 5.

[2] Ad. Fam. lib. vii. Ep. i.

[3] Strabo. lib. v.

In Latin this inscription would run as follows:

Lerpirius, Santerpius, duoviri quod voverunt iterare dies votivos, egerunt, et nuncupato et deincepiterum.

PREVERIR. TESENOCIR. BVF. TRIF. FETVMARTE. GRABOVE. OCRIPER. FISIOTOTAPER. HOVINA. ARVIO. FETV. VATVO. FERINE. FETV. PONI. FETV. TASES. PERSNIMV. PROSESETIR. FARSIO. FIELA. ARSVEITV. SVRVR. NARATV. PVSE. PREVERIR TREBLANIR.

These lines are taken from the sixth Eugubian table, and are thus paraphrased by the learned author whom I have so often quoted. The subject is a sacrifice.

Ante verres denos immolandos, bubus tribus facito Marti Grabovio sacrificium pro tota Jovina (gente) larido facito,—pulte farrea facito—Pane facito—Prosecta e *persimo*. Prosecato pernam, viscera, adipem, uti supra expositum, sicuti ante verres trinos immolandos.

The following may serve as a specimen of the Oscan dialect; it was found at *Avella*, and is supposed to contain the statement of a debate between the inhabitants of *Abella* and *Nola*.

EKKVMA..... TRIBALAC..... LIIMIT—HEREKLEIS SVSNV. MESP. IST. EHTRAR. SEIHVSS. PV. HERECLEIS. SAISNAM. AMS. ETPERT. FIAM. PVSSTIS. PAI. IPISI. PVSTIN. SLACI. SENATEIS. SVFEIS TANCINVR TRISARAKAFVM. LI KITVB. INIM JVK TRIBARAKKIVS PAM NVFLANVS. TRISARAKAT. TVSET. NAM VITTIVS NVFLANV. MESTVE EKKVM. SFAIAR. ABELLANVS, etc.

Several words are wanting; of course the connexion is not always perceptible. It runs thus in Latin:

Ex Cuma... Trebulanorum... limites Herculis fanum medium est... Vici post Herculis fanum circum, per viam... post quæ ipsi (limites)... post illa... Successoetis..... Nolani—Vicii—Abellani, etc.

We may form a faint idea of the sound of the *Volscian* dialect from these lines, inscribed on a tablet of bronze found at *Velitri*, anciently one of the most distinguished cities of the *Volscian* territory.

DEVE: DECLVNE: STATOM: SEPIS: ATAHVS: PIS: VELESTROM: FAKA: ESARISTROM: SE: BIM: ASIF: VESCLIS: VINV: ARPA TITV: SEPIS: TOTICV: COVEHRIV: SEPV: FEROM: PIHOM: ESTV: EC SE COSVTIES: MA: CA: TAIAFIES: MEDIX: SISTIATIENS.

Decima die Lunæ statum (sacrificium) in actis Velitrum fiat Esaristro ex bobus, frugibus vino placenta. Præterea pietur (lustretur)..... Sex. F. Cossutius Marcus Cai F. Tafanius Meddix: astiensis.

This inscription also, as interpreted by *Lanzi*, prescribes the rites of some stated sacrifice, and though in appearance somewhat less barbarous than the two preceding, does not seem to have been susceptible of a very harmonious utterance.

The reader may be curious to know what the features of Latin might have been about this period, since the sister dialects appear to have been so rough and unpolished. The discovery of an ancient inscription made in opening the foundations of the sacristy of St. Peters, in the year 1778, enables us to give him some satisfaction on that curious subject. It contains the hymn sung by the *Sacerdotes Arvales* [1] (an order instituted by Romulus), and runs as follows[2]: —

ENOSLASES JVVATE.
ENOSLASES JVVATE.

NEVE LVER VEMARMAR SINCVRRER EIN PLEORES.
NENE LVERVE, etc.

SATVR FVFERE MARS LIMEN SALISTA BERBER.
SATVR, etc.

SEMVNES ALTERNEI ADVOCAPIT CONCTOS.
SEMVNES, etc.

ENOS MARMOR JVVATO.
ENOS, etc.

TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE.
TRIVMPE, etc.
TRIVMPE.

The meaning of this hymn, according to *Lanzi*, expressed in ordinary Latin, would be this —

NOS LARES JVVATE.
NOS LARES, etc.

NEVE LVEREM MAMARS SINES INCVRRERE IN FLORES.
NEVE, etc.

ADOR FIERI MARS (AYMON) PESTEM MARIS SISTE MARS.
ADOR, etc.

[1] Priests who marched in procession through the fields, and prayed for the increase of the fruits of the earth.

[2] The preface to this hymn alludes to the dances that accompanied it: Sacerdotes januis clusis, acceptis libellis, tripodaverunt in verba hæc. Enos Lases, etc.
"The priests, having shut the doors, and received the petitions, danced to the following words."

SEMONES ALTERNI ADVOCATE CVNCTOS.
SEMONES, etc

NOS MAMVRI JVVATO.
NOS, etc.

TRIVMPHE, etc.
TRIVMPHE, etc.
TRIVMPHE, etc.

I omit the reasons on which the ingenious interpreter establishes his translation; but if the hymns and forms of prayer prescribed by Romulus or Numa, were unintelligible in the reign of Augustus[z], a commentator may be excused if he should mistake their meaning at present. In one point however all must agree, that although this rustic Latin was supposed to be the language of the Nymphs and of the Fauns, it never could have been that of the Graces or of the Muses. All these dialects, the Etrurian not excepted, seem to have been appropriated to religious forms, laws, and sepulchral inscriptions. They were never employed in historical relations, and never tuned to the lyre of the poet. They remained therefore uncultivated and semi-barbarous, confined in process of time to the lower class, and gradually obliterated, without leaving any monument to induce posterity to regret their loss.

What progress Latin made in the interim towards refinement, we may learn from the following examples; the first of which is a law ascribed to Servius Tullius, but supposed to have undergone some change in the orthography.

SEI. PARENTEM. PVER. VERBERIT. AST. OLOE. PLORASIT. PVER. DIVEIS. PARENTVM. SACER. ESTO. SEI. NVRVS. SACRA. DIVEIS. PARENTVM ESTO.

Si parentem, verberet—at illi ploraverint—divis, etc.

The transition from singular to plural, and the neglect of agreement between the verb and the nominative, show the unsettled state of the language at that period.

QVI. CORONAM. FARIT. IPSE. PECVNIAEVE. EJVS. VIRTVTIS ERGO.

[z] And indeed long before, if we may credit Polybius; who, speaking of a treaty between the Carthaginians and Romans, made in the consulship (not of Junius Brutus as the Greek historian relates, but) of P. Valerius and M. Horatius, declares that the language used at that early period was so different from the Latin spoken in his time, that the most learned Romans found it extremely difficult to explain the text of the treaty. Lib. iii. Κεφ. γ.

ARDVITOR. ET. IPSI. MORTVO. PARENTIBVSQVEJVS. DVM. INTVS. POSITVS. ESCIT. FORISQVEFERTVR. SEFRAVDESTO. NEVE. AVRVM. ADITO. AST. SICVI. AVRO. DENTES. VINCTI. ESCINT. IM CVM ILO. SEPELIRE. VREVE. SEFRAVDESTO.

This is one of the decemviral laws, and of course a specimen of the language about a century later than the preceding; its orthography may have been in some respects modernized, yet it bears sufficient marks of antiquity. Thus *arduitor* for *addatur; parentibusquejus* for *parentibusque ejus; escit* for *erit; forsquefertur* for *forisque effertur; sefraudesto* for *sine fraude esto* (i. e. *liceat*); *escint* for *erunt; im cum ilo* for *eum cum illo; vreve* for *urereve*, etc.

The following inscription records the naval victory obtained by Duillius over the Carthaginians.

LECIONeis. maXIMOSQVE. MACESTRATOS. CASTERIS. EXFOGIVNT. MACELam. PVGNANDOD. CEPET, ENQVE. EODEM. MACESTRATOD prosperarem. NAVEBOS. MARID. CONSOLE PRIMOS. cesat cLASESQVE. NAVALES. PRIMOS. ORNAVET. CVMQVE. EIS. NAVEBOS. CLASES. POInICAS. OMnes pvratisvMAS. COPIAS. CARTACINIENSIS. PRAESENTED, maxvmod DICTATORED. OLORVM. IN ALTOD MARID PVGNandod vicet.... navEIS. Cepet. CVM SOCIEIS SEPTEMR.... TRIREMOSQVE NAVEIS XX AVROM. captoM. NVMEI, etc. etc. etc. DC: argenTOM. CAPTOM PRAEDA NVMEI.... CAPTOM AES.... PONDOD.

This inscription is of the year of Rome 494, but it is conjectured that the orthography underwent some slight alterations in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, when the original column, which had been damaged by time, was removed, and a new one erected in its place, with the ancient inscription engraved upon it. The letters and words in small print were inserted conjecturally by Lipsius, to supply the voids which time and accident have occasioned in the original. In correct Latin it would run thus:

Legiones, maximusque magistratus castris effugiunt. Macelum pugnando cepit— inque eodem magistratu *prospere rem* navibus mari Consul primus gessit classesque navales primus ornavit cumque iis navibus classes punicas omnes paratissimas copias Carthaginienses praesente maximo dictatore illorum in alto mari pugnando vicit.... naves cepit cum sociis septiremes triremesque naves XX captum nummi .... argentum captum, etc. etc. etc.

The following specimens are taken from the sepulchre of the Scipios, a family which exhibits in the materials and ornaments of its tombs, as well as in the style of its epitaphs, that noble simplicity which seems so long to have distinguished the manners of its members.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATRE : PROGNATVS : FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQ. QVOJVS FORMA VIRTVTEI PARISVMA FVIT—CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS, QVEI EVIT. APVD. VOS FAVRASIA. CISAVNA. SAMNIO CEPIT—SVBIGIT OMNE. LVCANAA. OBSIDESQVE ABDOVCIT....

Cor : Luc : Scip : Barb : Cneio.... Cujus forma virtuti parissima (i. e. par) fuit.... Cons : Cens. Ædilisque. qui.... omnem Lucaniam.... abduxit.

In the names of towns the nominative is put for the accusative, and in the two verbs the present tense is employed for the perfect; a confusion which proves that the language had not attained a full degree of grammatical accuracy even in the year 480. Nor does it seem to have made much progress during the years immediately subsequent, as appears from the following epitaph of a later date, as it belongs to the son of *Scipio Barbatus*.

HONCOINO. PLOIRVME. COSENTIONT. R. DVONORO. OPTVMO FVISSE. VIRO. LVCIOM. SCIPIONE. FILIOS. BARBATI. CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. HIC. FVET. A. HEC. CEPIT. CORSICA. ALERIAQVE. VRBE. DEDET. TEMPESTATEBVS. AIDE. MERETO.

Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romæ bonorum optimum fuisse virum. Lucium Scipionem. Filius Barbati. Cons : Cens : OEdil : hic fuit apud vos. Hic cepit Corsicam Aleriamque urbem. Dedit Tempestatibus ædem merito [1].

L. CORNELIVS. GN. F. GN. SCIPIO. MAGNA SAPIENTIA.
MVLTASQVE. VIRTVTES. AETATE. QVOM. PARVA.
POSIDET. HOC. SAXSVM. QVOIEI. VITA. DEFECIT. NON.
HONOS. HONORE. IS. HIC. SITVS. QVEI. NVNCQVAM.
VICTVS. EST. VIRTVTE. ANNOS GNATVS XX IS.
B . . IIS. MANDATV . . NE. QVA. IRATIS. HONORE.
QVEI. MINVS. SIT. MANDATVS.

This epitaph is less simple, and more polished than the preceding, yet in language inaccurate and confused.

....Magnam sapientiam.... ætate cum... possidet. . . cui..... qui nunquam.... terris mandatus—ne quæratis quominus honos sit mandatus.

The word *honos* is taken here in two different senses, and signifies either the honour which results from virtue, or that which accompanies magistracy; the former Scipio possessed, his age did not allow him to attain the latter. *Mandatus* is also used ambiguously, *terris mandatus; honos mandatus*.

QVEI. APICE. INSIGNE DIALIS. FLAMINIS. GESISTEI.
MORS. PERFECIT. TVA. VT. ESSENT. OMNIA.
BREVIA. HONOS. FAMA. VIRTVSQVE.

[1] The authenticity of this epitaph has been disputed by some antiquaries, but it is now, I believe, universally admitted.

GLORIA: ATQVE. INGENIVM. QVIBVS. SEI.
IN LONGA LICVISISET. TIBI VTIER. VITA.
FACILE. FACTIS. SVPERASSES GLORIAM
MAJORVM. QVA. RE. LVBENS. TE. IN. GREMIV.
SCIPIO. RECIPIT. TERRA. PVBLI. PROGNATVM.
PVBLIO. CORNELI.

Qui apicem insignem.... gessisti—si.. . licuisset tibi uti.... superasses. .. gremium..... Cornelio.

Notwithstanding some confusion in the terminations, the improvement in the language is here very visible; the expression is neat; the sentiments noble. Publius Scipio had no children, but added to the glory of the name by the adoption of the Lesser Africanus.

GN. CORNELIVS. GN. F. SCIPIO. HISPANVS.
PR. AID. CVR. Q. TR. MIL. II. X. VIR, LI, IVDIX
X, VIR. SAC. FAC.
VIRTVTES. GENERIS. MIEIS. MORIBVS. ACCVMVLAVI.
PROGENIEM. GENVI. FACTA. PATRIS. PETIEI.
MAJORVM. OBTENVI. LAVDEM. VT. SIBEI. ME. ESSE
CREATVM.
LAETENTVR. STIRPEM. NOBILITAVIT. HONOR.

Litibus Judicandis.... sacris faciendis.... meis moribus..... facta patris aspi ——Obtinui..... sibi. .....

With similar marks of an imperfect language, this inscription equals, perhaps surpasses the preceding one in loftiness of sentiment. Both the one and the other are superior in thought and expression to the epitaph of Africanus, composed by Ennius.

Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi neque hostis
Quivit pro factis reddere oprae pretium [1].

The reader will observe in most of these specimens, which trace the language down do the year of Rome 600, a neglect of the accusative termination in M; the exclusion of diphthongs; the promiscuous use of O for U; of E for I; of the nominative for the accusative, and sometimes of the present for the past; all symptoms of a dialect tending to modern Italian. Now, if the language was thus unsettled even in Rome itself, we may form some conception of its very imperfect state in the provinces. Not to speak of the tables of Eugubium (which *Lanzi* supposes to be of the sixth or beginning of the seventh age of Rome) in which we find PVSI SUBRA SCREHTO EST (*sicuti supra scriptum est*) we have an inscription copied

[1] Here lies th' illustrious chief, to whom alike
His country, and his country's enemies
Fail'd to do justice for his great deserts.

from an altar found in the *sacred grove* of Pisaurum, which may give some idea of the dialect then current in the country.

| | |
|---|---|
| FERONIA STATETIÔ DEDE | Feroniæ Statetiæ dedit |
| LIBERO | Libero |
| APOLENEI | Apollini |
| SALVTE | Saluti |
| DEL. MARICA | Deæ Maricæ |
| MATRE. MATVTA. DONO DEDRO MATRONA MAMVRIA. POLA. LIVIA. DEDA | Matri Matutæ dono dederunt Matronæ, etc. ! ! ! Paula . . . . Dida, etc. |
| JVNONE RE . . . . MATRONA | Junoni reginæ matronæ |
| PISAVRESI DONO DEDRO | Pisaurenses dono dederunt. |

The reader may imagine that he is perusing an inscription in modern Italian.

I will close these examples with two specimens of ancient Latin, the one a prayer, the other an epitaph, both of exquisite beauty.

*Mars pater, te precor quæsoque, uti tu morbos visos invisosque, viduertatem, vastitudinem, calamitatem, intemperiasque prohibessis, uti tu fruges, frumenta, vireta, virgultaque grandire, beneque evenire, sinas, pastores pecuaque salva servassis* [1].

This form of prayer is taken from Cato, and though clad in modern orthography, yet it breathes the innocence and dignity of the early ages.

The epitaph was discovered some years ago at *Urbisalia* (anciently *Urbs Salvia*, a town near *Tolentina*, in *Picenum*), and merits the encomium which *Lanzi* bestows upon it, *per l'aurea simplicità ed eleganza* [2].

C. TVRPIDI. P. F. HOR.
C. TVRPIDIVS. C. F. SEVERVS. F. V: A XVI.
PARENTIBVS PRAESIDIVM, AMICIS. GAVDIVM
POLLICITA. PVERI. VIRTVS. INDIGNE. OCCIDIT
QVOIVS. FATVM. ACERBVM ; POPVLVS. INDIGNE.
TVLIT
MAGNOQVE. FLETV. FVNVS. PROSECVTVS. EST [3].

Friday, September the third, about seven in the morning, we set out from *Florence* [4], and crossing the fertile plain that encircles

[1] "Father Mars, I pray and implore thee that thou wouldst turn away from us diseases, seen and unseen, destitution, desolation, distress, and violence; that thou wouldst suffer the fruits of the earth, corn, grass, and young trees, to increase and prosper, and wouldst preserve shepherds and their flocks in safety."

[2] "For golden simplicity and elegance."

[3] "Caius Turpidius, a youth whose opening virtues promised to be the support of his parents, and the delight of his friends, met with an unworthy end. The people were indignant at his cruel fate, and celebrated his funeral with deep lamentations."

[4] I have said nothing either of the court or the state of society at *Florence*. Our

the city, directed our course towards the *Apennines*, that rose before us in various broken forms, with their lower regions green and inhabited, and their upper parts rocky, brown, and desolate. We passed through *Campi*, a very pretty village. It is supposed to occupy the site of a town called *Ad Solaria*, while the river that intersects it, and another stream that falls into the former a little above it, retain their ancient names, and are called the *Bisenzio* and *Marina*.

We changed horses at *Prato*, a post and a half from *Florence*, an episcopal town not large, but well built and lively. It has several manufactures. Its principal square is called the *Piazza de Mercatale*, and its greatest ornament is the cathedral, an edifice of marble, but of a style heavy and bordering upon Saxon. A sort of pulpit, placed at one of its angles on the oustide, all of fine marble, with its canopy, is of a graceful form, and presents some well-wrought, but singular groups on its pannels.

We next came to *Pistoia*, a stage and a half farther on, an ancient city, still retaining its ancient name, at least with a slight variation (the omission of the *r* in *Pistoria*); it is, as all the old towns of Italy are, an episcopal see, is remarkably well built, and from the unusual wideness of its streets, and the solidity of its edifices, appears both airy and magnificent. Among these buildings the principal are, the cathedral, the church called *Del Umiltà*, and the seminary. The dome of the first, the front, or rather the vestibule of the second, and the general disposition of the third, are much admired. I must observe, that the establishments called seminaries in Italy and in France, are not merely aca-

government had not acknowledged the title of King of *Etruria*, and had sent no minister to the new sovereign; we had therefore no regular means of presentation, and thought proper to decline the offers of the French minister (General Clarke) to supply the deficiency.

The higher classes of *Florence* meet every evening at the *Cassino*, a mode of intercourse which nearly precludes the necessity of domestic visits. Some houses however were still open to strangers when duly introduced, among others that of *Madame d'Albany*. The celebrated *Alfieri* was the soul of this circle; that is, while the conversation was carried on in Italian. If French was spoken he observed an indignant silence. In this respect I applaud his spirit and his patriotism. We praise the Greeks for having maintained the dignity of their divine dialect, in opposition to the majesty of the imperial idiom; and we praise them justly, for to their well-founded pride we owe in part the possession of the most perfect vehicle of thought perhaps ever invented: and shall we censure the Italians, if speaking the most harmonious language known among civilized nations, they reject a foreign jargon with contempt, especially when that jargon is made an instrument of slavery and a tool of atheism? Happy would it have been for Spain, Germany, Austria, and Prussia, if their nobles had imitated the high-minded Alfieri. In truth, to the inhabitants of these devoted countries, French is become the cup of Circe; he who imbibes it, forgets his God, his country, his very nature, and becomes *Epicuri de grege porcus*.

es or schools, but colleges, where the young clergy are in-
ted in the peculiar duties of their profession, under the inspec-
of the bishop, during three years previous to the time of their
ving holy orders. Hence each diocese has its seminary, which
ays in the episcopal city, and generally contiguous to the bi-
palace. There are two public libraries. *Pistoia*, though
nt, can boast of no antiquities, nor indeed of any classical
ction, unless the defeat and destruction of Catiline and his
of rebels, which took place in its territory, can be deemed a
y. The river *Ambrone* flows close to the town. The
try around is not only fertile and well cultivated, but unusually
resque; on the one side lie rich plains, on the other rises a
of hills, that partake all the characteristic beauties of the
nt *Apennines*, and present towns, villages, villas, rising in the
t of woods along their sides, with churches, convents, and
es crowning their summits.

a little distance from *Pistoia*, we quitted the plain of *Florence*,
entering a defile, continued for some miles to wind between
hills, all waving with foliage and enlivened by habitations.
tly after we crossed the steep at *Seravalle*, and were much
k with the romantic villages and castles that crown its pin-
s: then descending into another plain, we changed horses at
*iano*, and passed through *Pescia*, a small but very neat town,
a handsome bridge over a river of the same appellation. It
be remembered that the road which we are now on, is the an-
communication between *Florence* and *Lucca*, and that *Pescia*
esponds to a place called *Ad Martis*, from a temple whose ruins
probably employed in the construction of the modern town.
great distance from *Pescia*, the road traverses another ridge
is shaded by groves of oak and chestnut. Descending thence,
rossed a most fertile plain for about five miles, and at eight
ck in the evening entered *Lucca*.

## LUCCA.

is city is one of the most ancient in Italy; the era of its foun-
n and the name of the founder, are equally unknown; it be-
d originally to the Etrurians, and was taken from them by the
rians. It was colonized by the Romans about one hundred and
ty years before the birth of our Lord, and from that period be-
rise in importance and in celebrity. The most remarkable
however that distinguished it in ancient times was the inter-
which took place here between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus; an
view which attracted half the senate and nobility of Rome, and
time gave to a provincial town the pomp and splendour of the
al. The reason which induced Cæsar to fix upon *Lucca* for
interview, was because being in Liguria it was in his province,

and lying at the same time on the southern side of the *Apennines*, it might be visited by his friends and partisans from Rome without inconvenience.

From the fall of the empire, or rather from the destruction of the kingdom of the Goths, *Lucca* seems to have been governed by princes of its own. From one of these princes or dukes, *Adelberto il Ricco*, who reigned in the beginning of the tenth century, the royal family of England is supposed, by *Muratori*, to have derived its origin, through the princes of *Este*. The magnanimous Countess *Matilda*, who made so conspicuous a figure in Italy during the eleventh century, and rendered the Roman See such important services, was born princess of *Lucca*. From the death of this princess which took place in the beginning of the twelfth century, *Lucca* has enjoyed, with the exception of a few intervals of domestic usurpation, the honours of independence and the advantages of a republican government. These advantages are sufficiently conspicuous; in the first place, in the cleanliness of the streets, and in the excellent police established in the city; in the industry of the inhabitants, and in the high cultivation of the country; in the general security and confidence that reign not in the town only, but even in the villages and the recesses of the mountains; and in fine, in the extraordinary population of the territory, and in the ease and the opulence of its inhabitants. The government is strictly aristocratical, but the nobility who engross it are distinguished neither by titles nor privileges: their only prerogative is their birth—the most natural and least enviable of all personal distinctions. In this respect, indeed, the *Lucchesi*, like the *Venetians*, seems to have inherited the maxims of their common ancestors the Romans, and acknowledging like them the privilege of blood, give it rank and pre-eminence without encumbering it with pageantry and parade; *apud Romanos vis imperii valet, inania transmittuntur* [1].

One advantage the *Lucchesi* enjoy peculiar to themselves, an advantage which, though highly desirable, was seldem attained by the ancient commonwealths, whether Greek or *Roman;* —the cordial and uninterrupted union of the people and their governors. Public good seems at *Lucca* to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles are justly considered as the fathers of the republic, and are looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and of reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual prodominance of the law, is here peculiarly visible. It protects all without distinction, and deprives all

[1] Tac. Ann. xv. 31.—"Amongst the Romans the energy of empire is preserved in its full vigour; empty incumbrances are cast away.

alike of the means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian is disarmed, and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meets with prompt and rigourous punishment.

At *Lucca*, as in England, rank is no protection; it only renders the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people have much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes and deeds of violence are rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy are here unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that the Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes perhaps to the wickedness of their governments. Another vice with which the Italians are reproached (unjustly in my opinion) idleness, and its concomitant beggary, are banished from *Lucca* and its territory. None even among the nobles appear exorbitantly rich, but none seem poor; the taxes are light, provisions cheap, and competency is within the reach of every individual.

The territory of *Lucca* is about forty-three English miles in length and sixteen in breadth; of this territory about two-thirds are comprised in the mountains and defiles, the remainder forms the delicious plain immediately round the city. Now this little territory contains a population of about one hundred and forty thousand souls, a population far surpassing that of double the same extent in the neighbouring provinces, though under the same climate, and blest with superior fertility. The difference so honourable to *Lucca* is the result, and at the same time the eulogium, of republican government. But why should I enlarge upon the liberty and the prosperity of *Lucca?* The republic of *Lucca*, like Rome and Athens, is now a name. The French cursed it with their *protection;* at their approach, Liberty vanished and prosperity withered away. These *generous* allies *only* changed the form of government, quartered a *few* regiments on the town, obliged the inhabitants to clothe and pay them, and cried out *Viva la Republica*[1].

The city of *Lucca* is three miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart beautifully planted all around, and converted into a spacious and delightful public walk, for there is room for carriages, similar but superior to the ramparts of *Douay, Cambray*, and other fortresses in French and Austrian Flanders previous to the late war. These walls thus covered with lofty trees conceal the city, and give it at a distance the appearance of a forest, with the tower of the cathedral like an abbey rising in the centre. The town is well built, but no edifice in particular can be considered as remarkable. The cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, and, as a mixture of

[1] Long live the Republic.

the heavy Saxon style, as we are pleased to call it, and the light arabesque, has no small claim even to beauty. The exterior is cased with marble, and ornamented with rows of little arches. In the inside the buttresses that form the arcades of the nave are thick and clumsy; but they support a second range of arcades, consisting of pointed arches, light and airy in themselves and ornamented with fretwork of admirable grace and delicacy.

The immediate vicinity of *Lucca* is a smooth plain, as well planted, cultivated, and embellished, as incessant industry can make it. The remaining part, that is, the principal portion of the republican territory, is mountainous, and the traveller has an opportunity of observing its scenery on his way to the celebrated baths of *Lucca*. These baths are about fourteen miles from the city in a north-westerly direction, in the windings of the *Apennines*. The road to them, having traversed the plain of *Lucca* watered by the *Serchio*, still continues to trace its banks, and at *Ponte Ameriano* enters the defile through which that stream descends from the mountains. This bridge and two others higher up are of a very singular form, consisting of two very high arches, very narrow, extremely steep with a descent in the middle between the arches; they are calculated only for foot passengers and mules. The era of their construction has not yet been ascertained. Some suppose that they were erected in the sixth century by Narses; others with more probability, assign them to the eleventh, and to the Countess *Matilda*. Their grotesque appearance harmonizes with the romantic scenery that surrounds them; banks lined with poplars, bold hills covered with woods, churches and villas glittering through groves of cypress. From hence the defile continues without interruption to the baths, while the bordering mountains sometimes advance and sometimes recede, increasing however in elevation without any diminution of their verdure and foliage.

The village of *Dei Bagni* stands in the bottom of a valley, on the banks of the *Serchio;* the baths themselves, with the lodging houses round them, are on the declivity of the hill. The view from thence extends over a dell, deep, broken, and shagged with trees; a torrent rolling over a rocky bottom; the hills all clad in forests of chestnut; at a distance and above all the pyramidal summits of the *cloud-capped Apennines*. The baths are indeed in the very heart of these mountains, but surrounded rather with the beautiful than the grand features of their scenery. These baths do not appear to be a place of gay fashionable resort, or likely to furnish much social amusement; but such persons as retire for purposes of health or improvement, may find here tolerable accommodations, and a country to the highest degree picturesque and interesting. The road from *Lucca* is good, but on the sides of the hills sometimes too narrow, and too near the edge of the precipice.

The arts and sciences that generally accompany Liberty, have

long flourished at *Lucca*; so much indeed, that these republicans are supposed to be endowed with more sagacity, and better adapted to mental pursuits than the other Etrurians, however high their natural advantages in this respect are rated. The fact seems to be that the higher class at *Lucca*, as in England, are obliged to qualify themselves for the administration of public affairs, and are therefore impelled to improvement by a stimulus not felt in other Italian governments. This circumstance renders information not only necessary but fashionable, makes it a mark of rank and distinction, and diffuses it very generally over the whole territory. It is accompanied as usual by a spirit of order, decency, cleanliness, and even politeness, which raise the *Lucchesi* far above their countrymen not blest with a similar government.

The river which intersects the plain and almost bathes the walls of *Lucca* is now called the *Serchio*, but is supposed by Cluverius to have been anciently named the *Ausar*: a little stream not far from the gate of *Lucca* on the road to *Pisa*, still retains the appellation of *Onore*. The road between these cities runs mostly at the foot of high wooded hills over a rich well-watered level, thickly inhabited and extremely well cultivated.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Pisa—its History—Edifices—Baths—University—Port.

Pisa appears to great advantage at some distance, presenting the swelling dome of its cathedral, attended by its baptistery on one side, and the singular form of the leaning tower on the other, with various lesser domes and towers around or in perspective.

This city stands in a fertile plain, bounded by the neighbouring *Apennines* on the north, and on the south open to the *Tyrrhenian* sea. The fancy loves to trace the origin of *Pisa* back to the storied period that followed the Trojan war, and to connect its history with the fate of the Grecian chiefs, and particularly with the wanderings of the venerable Nestor. This commencement, which at first sight appears like a classic tale framed merely to amuse the imagination, rests upon the authority of Strabo [1], and may be admitted at least as a probability. At all events the

> Alphea ab origine Pisæ
> Urbs Etrusca solo [2],
>
> *Virg. Æn.* x. 179.

[1] Lib. v.

[2] Pisa, a town on fair Etruria's shore,
That drew from Elis its proud origin.

enjoys the double glory of being one of the most ancient cities of *Etruria*, and of deriving its name and its origin from the *Olympic Pisa* on the banks of the *Alpheus*.

Though always considerable, whether as forming one of the *Etruscan* tribes or afterwards honoured with a Roman colony, yet *Pisa* did not arrive at the zenith of its fame till the records of ancient times were closed, and the genius of Rome and liberty seemed for ever buried under the ruins and the barbarism of the middle ages. At that period, apparently so unpropitious, the flame burst forth, and again kindled the slumbering spirit of Italian freedom. *Pisa* was not the last that roused itself to activity; it asserted its independence at an early period, and in the tenth century blazed forth in all the glory of a mighty and victorious republic. Its numerous fleets rode triumphant on the Mediterranean; and *Corsica* and *Sardinia*, the Saracens on the coasts of Africa, and the infidel sovereign of *Carthage* bowed beneath its power. Captive kings appeared before its senate; the Franks in *Palestine* and in *Egypt* owed their safety to its prowess; and *Naples* and *Palermo* saw its flags unfurled on their towers. Pontiffs and Emperors courted its alliance and acknowledged its effective services; and the glory of Pisa, twice ten centuries after its foundation, eclipsed the fame of its Grecian parent, and indeed rivalled the achievements of *Sparta* herself, and of all the cities of *Peloponnesus* united.

During this era of glory, not conquest only but commerce introduced opulence and splendour into the city; its walls were extended and strengthened; its streets were widened and adorned with palaces, and its churches rebuilt in a style of magnificence that even now astonishes the traveller, and attests the former fortunes of *Pisa*. A population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants filled its vast precincts with life and animation, and spread fertility and riches over its whole territory. Such was its state during the eleventh, twelfth, and great part of the thirteenth centuries, after which the usurpation of domestic tyrants first, and next the victories of the *Genoese* broke the spirit of its citizens. Then the treachery of its princes, with the interference and deceitful politics of France, undermined its freedom, and at length the intrigues of the *Medici* completed its ruin, and enslaved it to its rival *Florence*.

Liberty had now fled for ever from *Pisa*, and commerce, arts, sciences, industry, and enterprize, soon followed: languour and despair spread their deadening influence over the city and its territory, and still continue to prey upon its resources. While the neighbouring *Lucca*, not so glorious but more fortunate, still retains its opulence and its population, *Pisa*, enslaved and impoverished, can count only fifteen thousand inhabitants within the wide circumference of her walls; a number which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one-half of her

gallies, or to guard her ramparts during the watches of the night.

At the very same period when the streets of *Pisa* were crowded with citizens, *Sienna* counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and *Florence* herself could boast of four hundred thousand. These cities were then three independent republics. The two former were subjugated by the latter, and were soon reduced, the one to thirty, the other to twenty thousand inhabitants. Victorious *Florence* is in her turn enslaved by her dukes; and, lo! four hundred thousand free citizens dwindled into sixty thousand slaves!

*Pisa* covers an enclosure of near seven miles in circumference; the river intersects and divides it into two parts nearly equal; the quays on both sides are wide, lined with edifices in general stately and handsome, and united by three bridges, one of which (that in the middle) is of marble. As the stream bends a little in its course, it gives a slight curve to the streets that border it, and adds so much to the effect and beauty of the perspective, that some travellers prefer the *Lungarno* (for so the quays are called) of *Pisa* to that at *Florence*. The streets are wide, particularly well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers, and the houses are lofty and good looking. There are several palaces, not deficient either in style or magnificence.

Among its churches the traveller cannot fail to observe a singular edifice on the banks of the *Arno*, called *Santa Maria della Spina* [1] (from part of our Saviour's crown of thorns said to be preserved there), it is nearly square, low, and of an appearance whimsical and grotesque rather than beautiful. It is cased with black and white marble. Two great doors with round arches form its entrance: over each portal rises a pediment; the other end is surmounted by three obelisks crowned with statues; the corners, the gable ends, and indeed the side walls are decorated with pinnacles, consisting each of four little marble pillars supporting as many pointed arches with their angular gables, and forming a canopy to a statue standing in the middle of the pillars; they all terminate in little obelisks adorned with fretwork. I mention this building merely for its singularity and as a specimen of that species of architecture which the Italians called *Gotico Moresco* (Moorish-Gothic), introduced into Italy in the eleventh century, and as its name seems to import, probably borrowed from the East by the merchants of the commercial republics [2].

But the finest group of buildings of this description perhaps in

[1] Supposed to have been erected An. 1230, and repaired An. 1300.

[2] I must here observe, that there are in Italy two species of Gothic—the *Gotico Moresco* (Moorish-Gothic), and the *Gotico Tedesco* (German-Gothic); the former may have been imported from the East; the latter seems, as its name implies, to have been borrowed from the Germans. The latter appears to be an improvement upon the former.

the world, is that which *Pisa* presents to the contemplation of the traveller in her cathedral, and its attendant edifices, the baptistery, the belfry, and the cemetery. These fabrics are totally detached, occupy a very considerable space, and derive from their insulated site, an additional magificence. They are all of the same materials, that is, of marble; all nearly of the same era, and excepting the cloister of the cemetery, in the same style of architecture.

The cathedral is the grandest, as it is the most ancient. It was begun in the middle, and finished before the end of the eleventh century. It stands on a platform raised five steps above the level of the ground, and formed of great flags of marble. The sides are divided into three stories, all adorned with marble half-pillars; the undermost support a row of arches; the second a cornice under the roof of the aisles; the third bear another row of arches and the roof of the nave. The front consists of five stories, formed all of half-pillars supporting semicircular arches; the cornices of the first, second, and fourth stories, run all round the edifice: the third story occupies the space which corresponds with the roof of the aisles, and the fifth is contained in the pediment. In the central point of section (for the church forms a Latin cross) rises the dome supported by columns and arches, which are adorned with pediments and pillars surmounted with statues. The dome itself is low and elliptic. The interior consists of a nave and double aisle, with choir and transept. The aisles are formed by four rows of columns of oriental granite. The altar and the pulpit rest upon porphyry pillars; the gallery around the dome is in a very light and airy style. The roof of the church is not arched, but of wood divided into compartments, and gilt; a mode extremely ancient, and observable in many of the early churches[1]. The doors are bronze, finely sculptured, though inferior in boldness of *relievo* and delicacy of touch to those of the baptistery of *Florence*. There are several pictures of eminent masters; but the insignificance of the subjects, which are too often obscure and legendary, takes away in no small degree from the interest which they might otherwise inspire.

On the evening of our arrival, this immense fabric was illuminated, in compliment to the king of Etruria, who was expected to offer up his devotions there on his arrival from *Florence*. As the tapers were almost innumerable, and their arrangement extremely beautiful, the effect was to us at least novel and astonishing. Illuminations indeed, whether in churches or in theatres, are no where so well managed as in Italy; no expense is spared; tapers are squandered with prodigality; all the architectural varieties of the hall or edifice are marked by lights; and the curves of the arches,

[1] This edifice has been damaged by fires more than once, but always repaired with great care, and with the utmost attention to its original form and ornaments.

the lines of the cornices, and the flourishes of the capitals, are converted into so many waving flames; so that we no where meet with such magnificent shows and surprising combinations of lights as at Rome, Naples, Venice, and the other great cities of Italy.

The baptistery, which, as in all the ancient Italian churches, is separated from the cathedral, stands about fifty paces from it full in front. It is raised on three steps, is circular, and surmounted with a graceful dome. It has two stories, formed of half-pillars supporting round arches; the undermost is terminated by a bold cornice; the second, where the pillars stand closer, and the arches are smaller, runs up into numberless high pediments and pinnacles, all topped by statues. Above these, rises a third story without either pillars or arches, but losing itself in high pointed pediments with pinnacles, crowned again with statues without number. The dome is intersected by long lines of very prominent stone fretwork, all meeting in a little cornice near the top, and terminates in another little dome which bears a statue of St. John the Baptist, the titular saint of all such edifices. The interior is admired for its proportion. Eight granite columns form the under story, which supports a second composed of sixteen marble pillars; on this rests the dome. The ambo or desk for reading is of most beautiful marble, upheld by ten little granite pillars, and adorned with *basso relievos*, remarkable rather for the era and the sculptor than for their intrinsic merit. The font is also marble, a great octagon vase, raised on three steps and divided into five compartments, the largest of which is in the middle. The dome is famous for its echo; the sides produce the well-known effect of whispering galleries. This edifice, which is the common baptistery of the city as there is no other font in *Pisa*, was erected about the middle of the twelfth century by the citizens at large, who, by a voluntary subscription of a *fiorino* of each, defrayed the expenses.

We now proceed to the *Campanile* or belfry, which is the celebrated leaning tower of *Pisa*. It stands at the end of the cathedral opposite to the baptistery, at about the same distance. It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars, and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continuation of the inward wall, and surrounded not by a gallery but by an iron balustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about one hundred and eighty feet. The staircase winds through the inward wall.

The form and proportion of this tower are graceful, and its materials, which are marble, add to its beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work, though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty arrest the attention. I allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular. The cause of this

architectural phenomenon has occasioned some debate, while many ascribe it to accident, and many to design; the former is now the generally received opinion. The ground at *Pisa* and all around it, is rather wet and swampy, and may easily have yielded under edifices of such elevation and weight; and indeed, if I am not mistaken, the cathedral and baptistery themselves have a slight and almost imperceptible inclination southward; a circumstance which if ascertained, as it easily might be, would leave no doubt, if any could be supposed to remain, as to the cause of the deviation from perpendicularity observable in the *Campanile*. However, though the unequal sinking of the foundation may have been the cause of this singularity, yet it appears that it took place before the termination of the edifice; and that the architect had the courage to continue the work, notwithstanding so alarming a symptom, and the skill to counteract its consequences. This is inferred from the observation, that the uppermost story diverges much less from the perpendicular line than the others, and seems to have been constructed as a sort of counterpoise. A French traveller carries this idea still farther, and supposing that the foundation gave way when the edifice had been raised to the fourth story, pretends that the architect, to restore the equilibrium, gave the pillars on the leaning side a greater elevation. This representation, as far as it regards the fifth and sixth stories, is inaccurate. At all events, whatever cause produced the effect, the result equally evinces the solidity of the edifice and the judgment of the architect, as it has now stood more than six hundred years without the least appearance of fissure or decay.

Ruituraque semper
Stat (mirum) moles [1]. *Luc.* lib. *iv.*

The three edifices which I have described, stand in a line, and appear together in full view; but the cemetery lies on the north side of the cathedral and baptistery, and seems rather a grand boundary than a detached edifice. It is raised like the others on steps, and is adorned like the undermost story of the cathedral, with pillars and arches and a similar cornice. The gate is decorated with high pinnacles. Within is an oblong square, enclosed in a most magnificent gallery or cloister, formed of sixty-two arcades, or rather windows, of the most airy and delicate Gothic work imaginable. This gallery is both lofty and wide, flagged, and built entirely of white marble, adorned with paintings almost as ancient as the edifice, and highly interesting, because forming part of the history of the art itself. It is also furnished with many Roman *sarcophagi* and inscriptions, and ennobled by the tombs of several

[1] And, wond'rous to behold,
Stands ever firm, though threat'ning still to fall.

illustrious persons, natives of *Pisa*, and foreigners. The space enclosed is or rather was, the common burial place of the whole city; it is filled to the depth of ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land by the gallies of *Pisa* in the twelfth century [1], and is supposed to have the peculiar quality of carroding the bodies deposited in it, and destroying them in twice twenty-four hours; an advantage highly desirable in such crowded repositories of putrefying carcases.

The quantity of marble contained in these four immense edifices, and the number of pillars employed in their decoration are truly astonishing. The latter, some suppose to have been taken from ancient edifices, and as a proof of the magnificence of *Pisa* in the time of the Romans they cite an expression of Strabo, which however applies not to edifices, but to quarries [2]. The great variety of marble of which these columns are formed, and the rarity and value of some, give them an apparent claim to antiquity; though it does not appear that they belonged to any edifices either in this city or in its vicinity. They may have been imported by the Pisan gallies in their triumphant returns from *Majorca, Sardinia, Corsica, Carthage, Sicily,* and *Naples;* and may perhaps be considered rather as monuments of the victories of this once powerful republic, than as remains of its municipal magnificence under the Romans.

I have said that the *Campo Santo was* the cemetery, because by an edict of the Emperor Leopold, while Grand Duke of *Tuscany,* cemeteries and indeed all places of interment within the precincts of cities and towns were prohibited; a regulation so salutary as to deserve universal adoption, though it was less necessary perhaps at *Pisa,* than in any other city [3].

[1] The name of *Campo Santo* (the Holy Field), which is generally appropriated to this cemetery, refers to this earth.

[2] Δοκεῖ δ' ἡ πόλις εὐτυχῆσαί ποτε, καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἀδόξει, διά τε εὐκαρπίαν, καὶ τὰ λιθουργία, καὶ τὴν ὕλην τὴν ναυπηγησίμων. κ. τ. λ.—*Lib.* v.

"The city seems formerly to have prospered, and is now not without reputation, in consequence of its fertile soil, and its stone-quarries, and its timber adapted to ship-building."

[3] A late most respectable author, who has generously devoted his time and his talents to the support or rather to the restoration of religion among his countrymen, defends the common practice with great eloquence and effect*. He had beheld with horror the sacrilegious violation of the tomb, the contemptuous forms of *civic* interment, the atheistic sentence inscribed over the grave during the revolution, and he turned with delight to the affectionate, the decent, the consoling rites of christian sepulture. May these rites remain for ever! May the song of praise, the lesson of lamentation and comfort, and the *prayer of faith,* for ever accompany the Christian to his grave; and wherever the Faithful repose, may the standard of hope, the pledge

* M. Chateaubriand in his excellent work, entitled, "Génie du Christianisme." Vol. iv. p. 72.—[illegible] 1803.

In speaking of the style of this group of edifices, I have, in conformity with other travellers, used the epitet *Gothic*, though, even in its usual acceptation in architectural language, not quite appropriate on this occasion. In fact, it is a composite style formed of Roman orders, corrupted and intermingled with Saracenic decorations. Thus, the open galleries of the *Campanile*, and the first and third stories of the cathedral, with the first and second of the baptistery, and all the exterior of the cemetery, are formed of semicircular arches resting upon pillars; a mode introduced about the time of Diocletian, very generally adopted in the era of Constantine, and almost universally prevalent both in the east and west, for a thousand, perhaps twelve hundred years afterwards, and not entirely laid aside even in our times. In the *Campanile* therefore, as in the stories above-mentioned, there is little, if any thing, that can strictly be called Gothic. The arches of the gallery that surrounds the dome of the cathedral externally, are neither pointed nor round, but of the form of a fig-leaf; above each rises a pediment very narrow and very high. These ornaments are perhaps Gothic; the same may be said of the pediments or gables, for they resemble the latter much more than the former, as well as of the many pinnacles that adorn its parapet. The windows of the cloister are in the style called Gothic in its highest perfection. This cloister was begun in the twelfth and finished in the thirteenth century. The cathedral was finished in the eleventh, and exhibits in the gallery described above, some striking features of the style afterwards called Gothic, a circumstance which seems to strengthen the conjectures of the late Mr. Whittington [1] of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, and to indicate the eastern origin, if not of this species of architecture, at least of some of its ornaments. The republic of *Pisa* at that time carried on a great commerce with *Constantinople*, *Asia Minor*, the *Syrian* ports and *Palestine*, and may easily be supposed to have adopted some of their fashions in building as well as in dress, and manner of living.

The hot baths of *Pisa* were frequented anciently more perhaps than at present; they are about four miles from the city, and spring up at the foot of *Monte St. Giuliano*. They are environed with buildings of various kinds, with lodging-houses and a palace. The remains of an ancient aqueduct may be seen at a little distance; but they are eclipsed by a modern one of a thousand arches, erected originally in order to supply *Pisa*, and now carried on to *Leghorn*.

of immortality, the trophy of victory, the CROSS, rise in the midst of their tombs to proclaim aloud that *Death shall lose its sting*, and that the *grave shall give up its captives*.

[1] Can I mention this friendly name without lamenting the fate that consigned so many virtues and so many talents to an early grave?

If I pass over in silence the other churches and public edifices *Pisa*, it is not that I deem them unworthy of notice [1]; on the contrary, several are magnificent and very justly admired; but I wish to confine my observations here, as elsewhere, to the peculiarities and characteristic features of the city, which alone suffice to give it fame and pre-eminence. Such, I conceive, the four grand fabrics above described to be, which surpass any group of buildings I have beheld out of Rome, and confer upon *Pisa* a distinction worthy of its ancient fame and long duration. A duration which, if we may credit a poet, dates its commencement before the Trojan war!

> Ante *diu* quam Trojugenas fortuna penates
> Laurentinorum regibus insereret,
> Elide deductas suscepit Etruria Pisas,
> Nominis indicio testificante genus [2].
>
> *Rutilius*, lib. 1. ver. 571.

But the glory of *Pisa* is not confined to architectural honours. Her University was one of the nurseries of reviving literature, and under the auspices of republican liberty, rivalled the most celebrated academies of Italy, at a time when they all teemed with genious and science. When *Pisa* was subjugated by the *Florentines*, the University felt the decay of public prosperity, gradually lost its fame, was forsaken by its students, and at length sunk into insignificance. It was afterwards restored by *Lorenzo de Medici*, and many professors of eminence were engaged [3] to fill its different chairs. But it again declined; and it was again restored by the Grand Duke *Cosmo* the First. Since that period it has continued the seat of many eminent professors, though it has never recovered the number of its students, or regained all its ancient celebrity. It has more than forty public professors, and most of those now resident are authors and men of high reputation in their respective lines. It is morever abundantly furnished with all the apparatus of an academy. Colleges, libraries, an observatory, with all the astronomical instruments in great perfection; a most extensive and well ordered botanical garden; to which we may add, that the beauty of the country, the mildness of the climate, the neighbourhood of the sea, and the cheapness of provisions, are all so many

[1] Among the towers which rise in different parts of Pisa, one is still shown as the scene of the horrid catastrophe of Count *Ugolino* and his sons, described in so affecting a manner by *Dante*, *Inferno*, *Canto* xxxiii.

[2] Long ere the destinies conspir'd to join
The blood of Troy with Latium's royal line,
From Elis to Etruria Pisa came,
Her origin proclaiming by her name.

[3] An. 1472.

additional recommendations, and must, it would seem, attract students. *Pisa* is indeed the seat of Tuscan education, and is much frequented by the subjects of the *Florentine* government; hence, when I say it has never recovered its ancient numbers, I mean not to say that it is deserted, but that its present state does not equal its former glory.

*Pisa* is only four miles from the sea; its port was anciently at the mouth of the *Arno*, and was a place of some fame and resort.

> Contiguum stupui portum, quem fama frequentat
> Pisarum emporio, divitiisque e maris,
> Mira loci facies! [1] *Rutilius.*

It then gave its name to a bay which extended from the promontory of *Populonia*, now *Piombino*, to that of *Luna* or of *Venus*, still *Porto de Venere*, and was called the *Sinus Pisanus*. According to Strabo the *Ausar* flowed into the *Arno* at *Pisa*, though it now falls into the sea at the distance of at least ten miles from it. At what time a new bed was opened for this river, though an undertaking of some labour and importance, is not known; nor is the slightest mention made of the alteration in any records, at least if

> [1] Astonish'd I behold th' adjoining port,
> Pisa's emporium, and the fam'd resort
> Of riches maritime; a wond'rous spot!

This port was protected neither by a mole nor by a pier, nor indeed by any artificial or natural rampart of walls, rocks, or promontories. Though it was open to every wind, yet vessels rode secure on its bosom. The cause of this peculiarity was the size and tenacity of the *weeds*, which were so closely interwoven, it seems, as to exclude the agitation of the sea while they yielded to the weight of vessels. Such is the account of Rutilius.

> . . . . . pelago pulsatur aperto,
> Inque omnes ventos littora nuda patent;
> Non ullus tegitur per brachia tuta recessus,
> Æolias possit qui prohibere minas.
> Sed procera suo prætexitur alga profundo,
> Molliter offensæ non nocitura rati:
> Et tamen insanas cedendo interligat undas,
> Nec sinit ex alto grande volumen agi.
> *Rutilius Itin.* lib. i. 533 . . . 540.
>
> The open sea beats unopposed against
> The naked beach, to ev'ry wind expos'd:
> No bay's recess, by jutting arms secur'd,
> Wards off the blust'ring winds; but sea-weed tall
> Is firmly interwoven in the deep,
> And to th' impinging vessel gently yields;
> Yet as it yields, it checks the raging waves,
> Nor suffers the proud ocean to urge on
> His huge and foaming volumes.

I do not know whether the port of *Pisa* still enjoys the advantage of so extraordinary a barrier; as it is totally unfrequented, it would be difficult and indeed useless to ascertain the fact.

we may believe the learned *Cluverius*. The inundations caused in a flat country by the union of two such rivers, and the difficulty of stemming a stream so rapid as their united current never counteracted by the tide, might in the flourishing ages of the republic have induced the *Pisans* to divert the course of one of the two, and conduct it to the sea by a shorter passage. Of its ancient channel some traces may perhaps be still discovered in the *Ripa Fratta*, which joins the *Arno* at *Pisa*, and in a direct line communicates under the same appellation with the *Ausar* or *Serchio*.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Leghorn—Medusa Frigate—Portus Veneris—Delphini Portus—Harbour of Genoa—Its appearance—Palaces—Churches—Ramparts, and History.

THE distance from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* is about thirteen miles; the country between is a dead plain, not remarkable either for beauty or cultivation [1]; it is intersected, particularly near the latter town, with numberless canals opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and the flats of the Tuscan coast; the swamps which these waters occasioned, infected the air in ancient times, and rendered all the tract of country along the *Tyrrhene* sea unwholesome. It is still dangerous in the heats of summer, though every method has been employed to drain the marshes and to purify the atmosphere. Of all these methods the increase of population occasioned by the commerce of *Leghorn* has been the most effectual.

*Leghorn*, in Italian *Livorno*, was anciently called *Herculis Liburni portus* [2], and *Liburnum*. It seems never to have attained any consideration, and indeed remained a petty village almost immersed in swamp sand sea-weeds, till the Medicean princes turned their attention to its port, and by a series of regulations equally favourable to the interests and the feelings of the mercantile body, made it the mart of Mediterranean commerce. The insignificant village has now risen into a considerable town, airy and well built, with streets wide and straight, a noble square, fourteen churches, two Greek, and one Armenian chapel, a magnificent synagogue, a good harbour, and a population of thirty thousand souls. It is well fortified, and has in every respect the appearance of prosperity.

[1] A piece of water lies on the left of the road, about half way between the two towns, called at present *Lo Stagno* (the pond), and anciently *Piscinæ Pisanæ* (the fish-ponds of Pisa).

[2] The port of the Liburnian Hercules.

Its principal church is collegiate, and the constant residence of the canons fixes several men of learning in the town. Opposite the port at a little distance rises the island of *Meloria*, and some miles beyond it that of *Gorgona*.

> Adsurgit ponti medio circumflua Gorgon,
> Inter Pisanum Cyrnaicumque latus [1].
>
> *Rutilius.*

They both retain their ancient names with little variation.

There are no antiquities to occupy the classic traveller; but the company of Captain Gore and the gentlemen of the Medusa frigate, rendered our short stay at *Leghorn* unusually pleasant. The same society had indeed enlivened our residence in *Florence*, where the Captain had been so obliging as to invite us to take our passage to *Genoa* on board his frigate. Such an offer would at all times have been extremely acceptable, and was peculiarly so on the present occasion; as it delivered us either from the dangers of a passage over the maritime Alps, then infested by banditti, or from the inconveniences of a voyage in an Italian felucca, with the chance of being taken by the Barbary pirates.

*Leghorn* was at this period particularly lively. A Spanish fleet, a Swedish and a Danish frigate lay in the roads. The Spaniards were waiting to convey the King of Etruria to *Barcelona* in the Admiral's ship, a first-rate of one hundred and ten guns. Such objects of curiosity and means of amusement, with the hospitality of Captain Gore, left no intervals of time without agreeable occupation. General Doyle, from Egypt, arrived on the sixteenth of September; and as the Captain waited only for him, on the seventeenth we set sail in the evening.

The view of the town spread over a flat coast, and from thence extending its villas over a fine range of hills that advanced into the sea on the south, all kindled by the beams of the setting sun, engrossed my attention first: and afterwards, as a landsman unaccustomed to such spectacles, I felt myself still more deeply interested by the management of the ship, and observed with surprise and pleasure, the order that reigned in all its parts, the silence that prevailed amid so many men employed in so many manœuvres, and the rapidity and precision with which every order was executed.

A breeze arose just sufficient to keep the vessel steady in her course: the evening was fine, and the full moon shone in all her brightness, till an eclipse gradually stript her of her beams. A total eclipse is one of the grand phenomena of nature, and it would have been an amusing contemplation during the night; but unfor-

[1] Betwixt the Pisan and Cyrnæan lands,
Mid the white waves the sea-girt Gorgon stands.

tunately gathering clouds prevented our observations, and the wind freshening at the same time, carried us on with more rapidity. Thus we glided along the Etrurian coast, flat indeed and marshy, but watered by many a stream still glorying in its ancient appellation. Such is the *Versidia* (now *Versiglia*) the *Aventia*, the *Frigida*, and the *Macra* once considered as the border of *Etruria* on the side, and of *Liguria* on the other. A little beyond this river a ridge of rocky mountain projects into the sea, and forms the promontory of *Luna*, the eastern boundary of the Gulf of *Spezzia*, or the *Sinus Lunensis*. Next morning we found ourselves at the mouth of this gulf, with the promontory of *Luna* behind us, and before us the island of *Palmaria*, and *Porto di Venere*[1] (formerly *Portus Veneris*).

This magnificent bay, which forms one of the finest harbours in Europe, enjoys the peculiar advantage of having a most abundant spring of fresh water rising almost in its centre. The fountain, so remarkable for its position, seems to have been produced by some convulsion in latter times, as there is no mention made of it in ancient authors. The bay is nearly encircled by lofty mountains; for the *Apennines* approach the sea towards *Carrara*, and continue with little or no interruption to line the coast till they join the maritime *Alps* beyond *Genoa*, appearing all along in their most rugged and forbidding form, with no woods and little vegetation. However, about *Carrara* they make up for the want of external decorations, by the valuable quarries of marble so well known, and now as anciently, so highly valued by sculptors and by architects.

Both the beauty of the bay of *Luna*, and the excellency of its quarries in its neighbourhood, are alluded to in the following verses:

> Tunc quos a niveis exegit *Luna* metallis
> Insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter
> Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum [2].
>
> *Sil. Lib.* viii. 479.

The town of *l'Erice*, which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Luna*, takes its name from *Erycis portus* [3]. Cicero, speaking of the sea which we are now traversing, calls it *Tuscum et barbarum scopulosum atque infestum, in quo etiam ipse Ulysses*

[1] The Haven of Venus.

[2] Then they whom Luna from her quarries, rich
With whitest marble, forc'd away to war!
Fair Luna, for her spacious harbour fam'd,
Where vessels numberless securely ride.

[3] The Haven of Eryx.

*errasset*[1]; while the *Ionian* he terms *Græcum quoddam et portuosum*[2]. (*De Oratore*, lib. iii. cap. 19.) Yet it would be difficult to find in the latter two such ports as those of Luna and of Naples, or in the former a shore more rocky than that of *Acroceraunia*.

We passed under a fine breeze the *Porto Fino*, (*Delphini Portus*[3]) and about five o'clock entered the harbour of *Genoa*. This harbour is in the form of an amphitheatre; *Genoa* occupies one side, and spreads her streets and churches, and then her suburbs and villas, over a vast semicircular tract of crags, rocks, and declivities. Its white buildings ascending one above the other made a splendid show, and give it an appearance of much magnificence.

The interior of *Genoa* does not, in my opinion, correspond with its exterior grandeur. Like *Vienna* it is composed of well-built lanes, and contains no wide, and only three beautiful streets; the *Strada Balbi*, *Strada Nova*, and *Strada Novissima*. The *Strada Balbi* commences from a square called the *Piazza Verde* surrounded with trees of no luxuriant growth; but at one end, a magnificent double flight of stairs, and houses, gardens, and churches intermingled, rising in terraces one above the other give it a pleasing and romantic appearance. The same street terminates in another square called the *Piazza del Vastato*, whence begins the *Strada Novissima*, which forms a sweep and joins the *Strada Nova*, that opens into a lesser square called *Piazza delle Fontane Amore*. These three streets, though not sufficiently wide perhaps for our taste, especially considering the elevation of the buildings that border them, are strictly speaking composed of lines of lofty palaces, some of which are entirely of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and columns. The interior of these mansions is seldom unworthy of their external appearance. Marble staircases with bronze balustres, conduct to spacious saloons, which open into each other in a long series, and are all adorned with the richest marbles and tapestries, with valuable paintings and gilded cornices and pannels. Among these palaces, many of which are fit to lodge the first sovereigns of Europe, and indeed better calculated for that purpose than most transalpine palaces, those of *Doria*, of *Serra*, of *Balbi*, and of *Durazzo*, may perhaps be mentioned as pre-eminent in magnificence.

The churches are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding, and painting can make them; but have seldom any claims to architectural beauty. In truth, ornament and glare seem to be the prin-

[1] Tuscan and barbarous, full of rocks and unfriendly, in which Ulysses himself might have been lost.

[2] Something Grecian, and abounding with harbours.

[3] The Haven of the Dolphin;

cipal ingredients of beauty in the opinion of the *Genoese*; and this their prevailing taste has almost entirely banished the first of architectural graces, *simplicity*, both from their palaces and from their churches. Among the former, the palace of *Durazzo*, in the *Strada Balbi*; and among the latter, the church of *Carignano*, possess most of that quality so essential to greatness. A few remarks on these two edifices may enable the reader to form a general idea of others of the same kind.

The palace of the *Durazzo* family was erected by the celebrated *Fontana*; the length and elevation of its immense front astonish the spectator, who perhaps can scarce find in his memory a similar edifice of equal magnitude. Besides the rustic ground floor, it has two grand stories, with *mezzanini*, and over the middle part, consisting of eleven windows, an attic. The portal, of four massive Doric pillars with its entablature, rises as high as the balcony of the second story. The *mezzanini* windows, with the continuation of the rustic work up to the cornice, break this magnificent front into too many petty parts, and not a little diminish the defect of a double line of two-and-twenty noble windows. The portico, which is wide and spacious, conducts to a staircase, each step of which is formed of a single block of *Carrara* marble. A large antichamber then leads to ten saloons either opening into one another, or communicating by spacious galleries. These saloons are all on a grand scale in all their proportions, adorned with pictures and busts, and fitted up with prodigious richness both in decorations and furniture. One of them surpasses in the splendour of its gildings any thing of the kind in Europe. These apartments open on a terrace which commands an extensive view of the bay, with its moles and light-house, and of the rough coast that borders it on one side.

In this palace the Emperor Joseph was lodged during his short visit to *Genoa*, and is reported to have acknowledged that it far surpassed any that he was master of. The merit of this compliment is, that it is strictly true; for few sovereigns are worse accommodated with royal residences than the Austrian princes. The imperial palace at *Vienna* is a gloomy plastered barrack; that in the suburbs is as contemptible an edifice as that called the *Queen's Lodge* at Windsor; and the castle of *Laxenberg*, which has long been the favourite residence, is inferior in size, appearance, and furniture, to the family seat of many an English country gentleman.

Yet, though I have selected the palace of *Durazzo* as the best specimen of *Genoese* architecture, I know not whether I might not with propriety have given the preference to that of *Doria* in the *Strada Nova;* at least in point of simplicity (for it is certainly inferior in magnitude) as its pilasters and regular unbroken cornice give it an appearance of more purity, lightness, and correctness. The *mezzanini* are confined to the rustic story or ground floor, and

thus leave the range of windows above, free and disencumbered. The front however is not entirely exempt from the usual defect, and in graceful simplicity yields to the sides of the same edifice. But these are partly masked by porticos.

The palace of *Domenico Serra* contains one of the richest and most beautiful apartments in *Genoa*.

The palace allotted to the Doge is spacious and ancient, but inferior in beauty to most of the mansions of the great families. The hall however in which the senate assembled, is a most superb apartment; in length one hundred and twenty-five feet, in breadth forty-five, and in height sixty-six; its roof is supported by pillars and pilasters; the space between contains niches, which were once graced with the statues of the great men of the republic: these were removed, it is said, on the approach of the French, and have not yet been replaced. Two of them, erected by the republic to two heroes of the *Doria* family (one of whom was *Andrea*, to whom *Genoa* owes the independence and prosperity of three centuries) were not so fortunate. They stood conspicuous in the great court of the ducal palace, and were thrown down and demolished by the French. Perhaps the inscription provoked their fury. *Andreæ Doriæ, quod rempublicam diutius oppressam pristinam in libertatem vindicaverit*[1]..... Never did ancient tyrants show more hatred to the restorers of liberty, than the French republican. Brutal violence is his delight, as it is that of the lion or the tiger; but to the calm, the generous courage that prompts the patriot to fight and to die for justice, for liberty, for his country—to this noble principle, at once the cause and the effect of freedom, he is an utter stranger.

We now pass to the church called *Di Carignano*. In his way to this edifice the traveller will behold with astonishment a bridge of the same name thrown over, not a river, but a deep dell, now a street; and looking over the parapet he will see with surprise the roofs of several houses of six stories high, lying far beneath him. This bridge consists of three wide arches, but its boldness and elevation are its only merit, for beauty, it possesses none. Full in front, on the swell of the hill of *Carignano*, stands the church with a little grove around it. The situation is commanding, and well adapted to display a magnificent edifice to advantage, especially if faced with a colonnade. But this church has not that decoration; it is a square building, adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The four sides have the same ornaments and a similar pediment; only the western side or front is rather encumbered than graced with two towers. In the centre rises a dome. The interior is in the form of a Greek cross. The merit of this building consists in

[1] To Andrew Doria, because he vindicated the ancient liberty of the long-oppressed republic.

its advantageous situation and its simplicity. It has only one order, and one cornice that runs unbroken all around; this single order is not loaded either with an attic or a balustrade; the cornice is prominent and effective; the windows are not numerous nor too large, and the few niches are well placed. So far the architect is entitled to praise; but what shall we say to the *pigeon* holes in the frieze, to the little petty turrets on each side of the pediments, to the galleries that terminate on the point of these pediments, a new and whimsical contrivance, and above all, to the two towers which encumber and almost hide the front. These deformities might easily have been retrenched, if the architect could have checked his inclination to innovate. The *Genoese* compare this church to St. Peter's,

> Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hœdos.
> Noram [1] . . . . . *Virg. Eclog.* i. 23.

In size the comparison is not, I presume, meant to hold, nor in form either; it must then be confined to the dome and the two towers; features which a thousand other churches have in common with the Vatican.

The view from this church is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of *Genoa*, as it includes the city, the port, and the moles, with all the surrounding hills: that taken in the middle of the harbour is however in my opinion preferable, because it displays the amphitheatric range of edifices, which is the characteristic feature of *Genoa*, to the greatest advantage.

The reader will perhaps be surprised when he is informed, that the church of *Carignano* was built at the expense of a noble *Genoese* of the name of *Sauli*, and that the bridge which leads to it was erected by his son, to facilitate the approach to a monument so honourable to his family. Such instances of magnificence were not uncommon in the brillant eras of Grecian and Roman liberty, though Cicero seems disposed to censure them as ostentatious; and only abstains from a severer expression out of tenderness to his friend Pompey [2]. We have no reason to suspect ostentation on this occasion; but supposing that such a selfish motive had infected the founder's intention, I know not still whether it be not far more honourable to the individual and advantageous to the public, that the exuberance of a large fortune should be thus discharged in stately edifices, than in luxurious repasts and convivial intemperance. And here, I cannot suppress an observation which I think due in justice to the Italian character. Travellers

[1] So kids and whelps their sires and dams express.
*Dryden.*

[2] De Officiis, lib. ii. 17.

of all descriptions are apt to reproach them with a niggardly and parsimonious spirit, because they do not entertain strangers, with the luxuries of the table and a succession of dinners, and because they confine their civilities to *conversazzioni*, and ices and lemonade. Admitting this statement to be generally speaking accurate, though there are many exceptions to it; yet it only follows that in their ideas of enjoyment the Italians differ much from transalpine nations, and not that their taste in this respect is irrational or ill-founded.

In opposition to the practice of the modern Italians, we are fond of citing the example of their ancestors the Romans, and to enforce the argument we can quote many a bacchanalian passage, and moreover enlarge upon the *flow of soul* that accompanies, and the *feast of reason* that follows convivial repasts. In answer the Italian will observe, that the Romans engrossed the riches of the world, that they commanded all the means of enjoyment, and could riot in every species of luxury; that they could erect magnificent palaces, adorn them with pictures and statues, and at the same time crowd their halls with guests, and cover their tables with dainties. The modern Italian (he will continue) is confined within the bounds of a very limited income; as he cannot therefore display his magnificence in the number, he must show his taste in the selection of his enjoyments, and that in this selection he prefers those which are permanent to those which are momentary; that he considers a gallery of pictures, a collection of statues, and a noble palace, as enjoyments much more solid and satisfactory than a well-stocked cellar, and a sumptuous table; that in the latter case the pleasure is confined to himself and his guests, while in the former it extends to his countrymen, and even to posterity—in fine, that a bridge, an obelisk, or a church, is a more honourable memorial than the empty reputation of general hospitality, and an expensive table kept to gratify guests, who seldom want, and never acknowledge, the obligation. As to the pleasures of conversation, he values them as high as others can possibly do, but he enjoys them according to his conception with the more relish when reposing with his friends, like Cicero under the shade of the plane-tree and the cypress, or walking with them in his portico, amid the masterpieces of art, than seated at table with the fumes of meat under his nose, and the bustle and confusion of servants behind his back. These observations may perhaps be allowed to exculpate, if not to recommend, the Italian practice.

The cathedral dedicated to *St. Laurence* is encrusted with marble, and of a mixed style of Gothic, which has little or no beauty; the entrance however, consisting of three grand doors, with lofty pointed arches, with the circular window above, deserve notice.

But besides the churches and palaces in *Genoa*, there are two other kinds of edifices highly interesting to strangers, and honourable to the republic, I mean the moles and the hospitals. The former by their extent, solidity, and utility, may be compared to similar works in ancient times; especially as the depth of the water, by increasing the difficulty added to the spirit of the undertaking. By the latter, *Genoa* attained an honourable distinction even in a country where charitable establishments are founded, and endowed on a scale of magnificence scarcely conceivable beyond the Alps. Of these establishments the two principal are the *Great Hospital*, and the *Albergo dei Poveri*[1]; both of which astonish the stranger by their magnitude, interior arrangement, and excellent accommodations. They were erected and supported by charitable donations.

Commerce, according to some writers, contracts the heart, and confines its feelings to selfish and interested objects. The national character of the Dutch was produced as a confirmation of this ill-natured theory. Without admitting an application so injurious to that industrious and unfortunate people, I may be allowed to observe that the conduct of the citizens of *London* and of *Genoa* (not to speak of those of the other Italian republics), merchants at all times, and in the most extensive sense of the appellation, refutes the imputation. The genius of commerce and the spirit of charity in these capitals, move hand in hand, and act in unison. The riches collected by the one are dispensed by the other; so that, if commerce fills her storehouses, charity holds the keys. While the one is laying the foundation of a mole, the other is erecting a church; while the former is building a palace, the other is endowing an hospital. While commerce enjoys the repast in the magnificent hall, charity sits at the gate, and dispenses food to the hungry [2].

But here, as before on too many similar occasions, I must observe with regret, that I am speaking of past, not of present times. The edifices to which the names of hospitals are annexed still stand,

[1] The House of the Poor!

[2] A practice not uncommon in *Genoa*! one instance deserves to be mentioned. The noble family of *Kugara* were accustomed to lay out each day a sum equivalent to thirty-two pounds English, in providing food for all the poor who came to claim it. Another nobleman, having no heirs, devoted his whole property even during his own life to the foundation of an asylum for orphan girls, who, to the number of five hundred, were educated and provided with a settlement for life, either married or single, at their option. About the public utility of some of these charities my readers may differ, as well as about the best method of providing for the poor in general; but as to the generous spirit that prompted these deeds of mercy, and fed these funds of benevolence, there can be but one sentiment. It is to be recollected, that commerce at *Genoa* was no derogation from nobility, and that the greater part of this body were engaged in commercial speculations.

but stand rather as the monuments, than the actual mansions, of charity: the funds have been swallowed up in the exactions of the French armies, and the mere titles remain like the name of the republic, and even like the city itself, deprived of its commerce, its riches, and its independence.

*Genoa* is surrounded by a double wall or rampart; the one encloses the town only, and is about six miles in circuit; the other takes a much more extensive range, and covering the hills that command the city, forms a circumference of thirteen miles. The interior fortification terminates in a point beyond the summit of the hill, and is supposed or rather proved by late experience to be of very considerable strength. As we rode round these extensive works, we were amused partly by the contrast of the bleak barren hills that rose above us, with the splendour and beauty of the city, its suburbs, and its harbour, that lay expanded below; and partly by the accounts which our guides gave us of the French and Austrian positions, and of the various vicissitudes of the late siege. These anecdotes interested us at the moment, because the event was recent, and we had the theatre of the contest before our eyes; but the siege of *Genoa* after all was a petty occurrence in the history of a campaign that, after more than twice ten centuries of contest, laid the glories of Italy at the feet of the *Gauls*, and opened the garden of Europe to the devastation of a swarm of semi-barbarians.

*Genoa* presents no vestige of antiquity[1]; if ever she possessed magnificent edifices or trophies of glory they have long since mouldered into dust, or been swept away by the waves. Her name alone remains, and that name she has ennobled since the fall of the empire by a series of great achievements abroad, and at home by an almost uninterrupted display of industrious exertions, bold speculations, and wise councils. *Genoa* is one of the three great republics which, during the middle ages, that is, at a period when the rest of Europe was immersed in slavery, ignorance, and barbarism, made Italy the seat liberty, of science, and of civilization, and enabled her, though bereft of general empire, not only to outshine her contemporary powers, but even to rival, at least in military fame, and domestic policy, the glories of Greece herself in her most brilliant era. Of these republics *Venice* was undoubtedly the first, and *Genoa* confessedly the second. These honours she acquired by her commerce and by her fleets, which enabled her often to dispute, and frequently to share the empire of the seas with her adversary. At one period indeed the Ligurian

[1] *Genoa*, though called by Strabo the *emporium* of the Ligurian shore, seems to have been a place of little importance: Livius calls it *oppidum*, a term that implies either a mere town or a strong post.

capital had for some time the advantage, and reigned queen of the Mediterranean.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, not *Corsica* and *Sardinia* only, but the islands of the *Archipelago,* and the coasts of *Syria* and *Africa,* acknowledged the sovereignty of *Genoa,* and even the imperial city of *Constantinople* itself saw a colony of Genoese established in its suburbs. But while these glorious events succeeded each other rapidly abroad, at home *Genoa* was convulsed by intestine debates and perpetual contests between the nobles and the people. Similar divisions took place in ancient Rome, and, like the political differences that exist in England, contributed merely to agitate the public mind, to keep it awake to its interests, to introduce improvements, and by incessant attacks to hold the government in a state of wholesome restraint. The domestic broils at *Genoa,* though of the same nature, produced very different effects, and generally terminated either in subjecting the city to the despotism of a ruler, or in sacrificing its independence to foreign influence. Hence we find the Genoese, notwithstanding their republican spirit, submitting to the authority, or rather courting the protection of the Emperors, the Popes, the Kings of Spain, of Naples, and of France, and the Princes of *Milan* and of *Montferrat,* and thus bartering their liberty for a precarious and dishonourable tranquillity. It is true, she seldom bore the yoke long; but she accustomed herself to bear it, and lost not a little of that high sense of independence, and of that abhorrence of foreign influence, which is the leading feature or rather the very soul and essence of a republic. Hence again even in our times, we may observe that *Genoa* has been more under the influence of foreigners than the other states of Italy, and, unfortunately for its own welfare, peculiarly open to the intrigues and the insinuations of France, not only before, but since its fatal revolution.

But to return back to the more brilliant periods of the *Genoese* history, there are two events recorded in its annals, on which the mind rests with some complacency; the one is its siege in the year thirteen hundred and seventeen, and the other its war with *Venice.* The former of these events has been compared by the Italian historians to the siege of *Troy,* and is represented as uniting as many different tribes, calling forth as much talent and energy, and exhibiting as many vicissitudes as that well-known contest. However the result was very different—*Troy* fell, and *Genoa* triumphed; but the fall of *Troy* has been ennobled by Homer, while the triumphs of *Genoa* are lost in oblivion. It is surprising that an event so interesting at the time, and so glorious to the Guelphs, then the popular party in Italy; an event connected with the fate of a powerful republic, and claiming the attention of all the Mediterranean, should not have been celebrated by one or other of the many poets which tha

very century and the following produced in Italy; especially as the subject, like that of the Greek poet, would have afforded an opportunity of displaying all the varieties of the national character, and all the diversities of the regions and the governments of Italy, with numberless anecdotes taken from the records of its cities and of its illustrious families.

The other event to which I allude, is the long and arduous contest between *Genoa* and *Venice*, which the same historians produce as a parallel to the second Punic war, both in its duration, in its extent, and in the perseverance and animosity of the contending parties. Another feature of resemblance has been observed, and that is, that the power finally victorious seemed at one period nearer ruin than its rival [1]; but though in this respect, as indeed in many others, *Venice* emulated Rome, yet in another she fell far short of her grand archetype, and basely solicited peace in circumstances in which Rome rejected all offers with disdain. But these considerations are confined to the contending republics; not so the consequences of the contest, which, if we may believe a judicious historian [2], by weakening the two great maritime states of Italy, destroyed the balance of power, and opened the way to the conquests of the Turks in the succeeding century.

According to the same writer, Italy owes to that destructive rivalry, the loss of her mercantile superiority, and the lead which the Portuguese and Spaniards took in the discovery of the East Indies, and in the general commerce of Europe. Certain it is that *Venice*, though she carried on the war against the Turks with unabated courage down to the commencement of the last century, yet could no longer boast of certain victory, or meet the infidels with the same confidence of success. Instead of increasing her empire, she could not even maintain its integrity, and saw with unavailing indignation island after island wrested from her by the Mussulman arms. If the victors had to lament the consequences of this civil contest, the vanquished it must be supposed, felt them still more vitally. In truth, the *Genoese* fleets, I believe, never after performed any achievement worthy the ancient prowess and fame of the republic.

While *Venice*, even till the moment of her extinction, kept some and indeed several of her dependencies, *Genoa* had lost all her's long before the last fatal invasion of the French; and her contest with *Corsica*, the only one that remained to her till the middle of the last century, after having displayed her weakness, terminated in the surrender of that island to the King of France.

[1] Adeo varia belli fortuna, ancepsque Mars fuit, ut propius periculum fecerint, qui vicerunt.—*Tit. Liv.* lib. xxi. cap. 1.

"So various was the fortune of war, and so doubtful the contest, that they who were eventually victorious, were once in the greatest danger of ruin."

[2] Abbate Denina.

But if *Genoa* had the mortification, during the last three centuries, of seeing her glory on the decline, it must be owned that she found some compensation in the internal tranquillity which she has almost invariably enjoyed during that period. This tranquillity is ascribed to the revolution which the celebrated *Andrea Doria* planned and executed with so much decision and ability; by which he wrested his country from the grasp of France, secured her independence abroad, and by a fair and moderate, if not a perfect government, established order and concord at home. This event occurred in the beginning of September, 1528, and is still commemorated by a festival of thanksgiving.

In the different wars that have taken place during the last century, *Genoa* has generally adhered to the French interest; a line of policy dictated not so much by inclination, as by interest. The vicinity of the French coast, and particularly of their grand naval arsenal *Toulon*, furnished them with the means of annoyance, if the republic declared against them; while the vast sums which they had borrowed from it, and the interest which they paid, all of which if not forfeited, would have been suspended by war; served as an additional and probably more powerful check on the temper of the *Genoese*, supposing it to be hostile. But this spirit of calculation, however well adapted to ordinary occurrences, was misplaced at the commencement of the revolution; it opened their gates to their enemies, and by making them masters of a position so advantageous, it contributed not a little to their future triumphs, and to all the disasters of Italy. The state of humiliation and almost slavery in in which *Genoa* now groans, is therefore in a certain degree the work of their own hands, the result of an interested and narrow policy, and rather a self-inflicted punishment than an unmerited misfortune. Yet I lament its fall; the fame of its past achievements, its present magnificence, the industry of its people, and the boundless charities of its nobles; the splendour and fertility which it spreads over a scene of rocks and precipices; the senatorial dignity of its government, and the spark of Roman liberty that still glowed in its institutions, all combine to awaken compassion, and to excite a sentiment of deep regret for its ruin.

The day after our arrival we were presented to the Doge (*Durazzo*) a venerable old man, who received us with great affability or rather kindness, and very obligingly invited us to dinner; an honour which we were reluctantly compelled to decline, as we were under the necessity of leaving *Genoa* before the appointed day; a circumstance which we have many reasons to regret. The manners of the Doge were easy and unaffected; his conversation was open and manly. One sentiment I thought remarkable, "Peace," said he "will, I hope, last, and give us an opportunity of redeeming our honour." I observed (with satisfaction, I acknowledge) that though long employed as ambassador of the republic at *Vienna*, he

spoke French as becomes an Italian, unwillingly, and with the accent of his country strongly marked and perceptible even to our ears. We had twice the honour of an audience, and both times, every reason to be gratified with our reception. If our good wishes can possibly be of any avail, the venerable Doge will pass the evening of his honourable life in glory, and close it in tranquillity.

If in my observations on *Genoa* I passed over some objects of curiosity noticed by most other travellers, such as the *catino* or celebrated plate of emerald, the beak of a Roman galley, etc., the reader will remember that the French had been for several years masters of the city, and that the articles alluded to were either seized by them, or removed previous to their first arrival, and still kept, and indeed likely long to remain, in a state of concealment.

Some anecdotes also may perhaps be expected relative to the character and the proverbial cunning and dishonesty of the *Genoese*. It is a misfortune to a nation as well as to an individual, to be branded by a great and popular poet with the imputation of vice, or even to be held up to ridicule. The stain is indelible, and the *Ligurian* deceitful, *dum fallere fata sinebant*[1], will be repeated in every school, and echoed from pole to pole as long as men shall read, or Virgil be understood. Yet supposing this imputation to have been applicable to the ancient, it is not fair to conclude from thence, that it is equally so to the modern *Ligurians*.

The character of a nation is the result of climate, soil, religion, government, and numberless other circumstances, most of which are liable to various modifications, and consequently not always regular in their effects. Now of all these causes the two first alone remain unaltered. The *Ligurians* still live under the same genial sky, and still inhabit the same rugged mountains; in every other respect they differ essentially from their forefathers. These had long struggled with enemies more powerful, more numerous, and better disciplined than themselves. Art and stratagem became their principal weapons, and the fastnesses of the mountains were their only retreats. Thus, necessity first broke, and long habit inured them, both to patience and to deceit, and made these two qualities the prominent features of their national character. The modern *Ligurians* enriched by commerce smile at the sterility of their soil, and blest for ages in the enjoyment of liberty, they have defended it as it deserves to be defended, with courage and open force. They have met their enemies in array, and obtained many a glorious victory by skill and intrepidity. Stratagem does not seem to have entered into their tactics, nor do we hear that even in their negociations and treaties they have been remarkable for subterfuge or duplicity. I need not observe the influence which

[1] —— like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
At least while fortune favour'd his deceit.
*Dryden.*

Christianity must have over the national character, and the improvement which must inseparably accompany the universal adoption of a morality that commands strict justice, not in deeds only and external transactions, but even in thought and desire. This influence, I acknowledge, is sometimes counteracted, and with regard to some very perverse or very ignorant individuals, may now and then be totally suspended; yet with regard to the public mind, it is too generally felt and acknowledged, to admit of such constant habitual contravention as can make dishonesty and theft a feature of the national character.

To these considerations we may add, that *Genoa* subsists entirely by commerce, and that the essential interests of such a nation compel it necessarily to cultivate good faith and honesty as prime and indispensable virtues; nor has it ever, I believe, been heard that the bankers and merchants in *Genoa*, have been deficient in these qualities. When I say bankers and merchants, I include many of the nobles, and almost all the opulent and respectable part of the community, that is, the portion which gives life, colour, and energy, or in other words, character to a people. As for the mob, it would be very unfair indeed to form an estimate of the worth of any nation from their ignorance and vices; for though they may have several qualities in common with the higher orders, yet as they are less under the influence of moral restraint, their vices more frequently predominante. Not that I mean to insinuate that the populace of *Genoa* are in any respect more vicious than the same class in other capitals, but such they have been represented, at least with regard to pilfering; and as a proof we are told by strangers even at *Genoa*, that the merchants, in order to avoid the losses occasioned by their dishonesty, employ as porters men from *Bergame*, a strong bodied honest race, to the total exclusion of their own countrymen. The fact may be admitted, but the motive is not quite so clear. All the chairmen in London are Irish, almost all the watchmen of the same nation; therefore some sagacious foreigner may infer, that the English are too weak for chairmen, too thievish and dishonest for watchmen. We should smile at the absurdity of such a reasoner. As for habits of over-reaching, cheating, and deceiving strangers, they are too common in every country, to be characteristic of any in particular; so general indeed are they, that I should find it difficult to fix upon the spot where they are most prevalent. We may therefore be allowed to hope that the *Genoese*, though they are *Ligurians*, may be exempt from the vices of their ancestors; and that religion, liberty, and opulence may have eradicated propensities which arose from ignorance, oppression, and misery.

Saturday, the eighteenth of September, we took leave of our friends of the Medusa, saw the ship under weigh, and then set out for *Milan*

## CHAPTER XV.

Passage of the Bocchetta—Novi—Marengo—Tortona—the Po—the Tesino—Pavia, its History, Edifices, and University—the Abbey f Chiaravalle.

ABOUT half a mile from the gate of *Genoa* is the village or rather suburb of *San Pier d'Arena;* its situation on the coast, and close to the *Polcevera,* rendered it at once a place of great resort, and many palaces and villas remain as monuments of its magnificence. The *Villa Imperiale* is its principal ornament; it is said to have been planned by *Palladio,* and has two regular rows of Corinthian and Ionic columns, an arrangement both simple and majestic. But this edifice is neglected, and like many others around it, is apparently falling to ruins.

We next entered the valley of the *Polcevera,* so called from the torrent (*Porcifera*) that intersects it. This stream had disappeared, and left no traces but its broad rocky channel; it is said however to return sometimes with such rapidity as to carry off travellers crossing its channel, and loitering in the passage; a circumstance which occasioned many disasters when the road lay in the very bed of the river. The Austrians, when driven out of the city by the spirited efforts of its inhabitants in the year 1746, encamped in the channel of the *Polcevera* then dry, but were alarmed in the middle of the night by the roaring of the torrent, descending in vast sheets from the mountains, and sweeping men, horses, and even rocks before it. The army extricated itself from this dangerous situation with difficulty, and not without the loss of several hundred men.

The bridge thrown over the *Polcevera* and *Cornigliano* is a monument of the munificence of a nobleman of the *Gentile* family. To the honour of the *Genoese* nobility, the same may be said of the excellent road that leads from *San Pier d'Arena* to *Campo Marone.* This road follows the banks of the *Polcevera,* forming a long winding defile beautifully diversified with villas and gardens, cypresses, olives, and vineyards. The soil is indeed naturally a dry naked rock, but industry protected by liberty has covered it with verdure and fertility. Immediately on leaving *Campo Marone* the first stage, we began to ascend the steep of the *Bocchetta,* one of the loftiest of the maritime *Apennines* or rather *Alps* (for so the ridge of mountains to the west of *Portus Delphinus,* now *Porto Fino,* was anciently called). The lower and middle regions of this mountain are well peopled, well cultivated, and shaded by groves of lofty chestnuts. In this respect it resembles the *Apen-*

*nines*; but its upper parts are totally Alpine, rough, wild, and barren.

The *Bocchetta* is one of the great bulwarks of *Genoa*. It was in the late war occupied by the French, but forced by the Austrians. The trenches and mounds thrown up by the former are still discernible, and may be traced for a considerable distance, forming altogether a barrier almost insuperable. The French army was at least fifteen thousand strong, furnished with artillery and every article of ammunition in abundance, and commanded by *Massena*, a general of some experience and of acknowledged intrepidity. Yet with all these advantages, their entrenchments were forced, and they were compelled to shelter themselves behind the ramparts of *Genoa*, by an enemy not twice their number.

The view at the *Bocchetta* is confined by the various swells and pinnacles that form the ridge of the mountain, excepting on one side, where it extends over the valley of the *Polcevera*, takes in the outworks of *Genoa* intersecting the brows of the hills, and just catches a glimpse of the sea on each side; for *Genoa* itself lies covered by its guardian mountains. The *Bocchetta* is one of the few mountains where the road runs nearly over the summit, while in the other passages over the *Alps* and *Apennines* it commonly winds through a defile; it is represented as one of the *Apennines*, though, as I suspect, without sufficient grounds, at it does not appear to rise more than five thousand feet at the utmost above the level of the sea, an elevation far below several points of this chain of mountains. The descent is almost as long and tedious as the ascent, but neither is dangerous, excepting in a few places where there is no parapet on the brink of the precipices. We spent about six hours in the passage of the *Giogo* (*Jugum*, hill) of the *Bocchetta*, and entered *Voltaggio* about ten o'clock at night.

Next morning we set out early; the road (the *Via Posthumia*) traverses the defile, sometimes on level ground, sometimes on the verge of a precipice suspended over a torrent. The scenery is very romantic, alternately open and wooded, here green and fertile, there barren and rocky, thus presenting all the delightful contrasts of shade and nakedness, of wildness and cultivation, which characterize the *Apennines*. One of the most striking objects that occurred was the fortress of *Gavi*, occupying the summit of a rocky hill, and commanding the defile. Shortly after we discovered through a break in the mountains the immense plain of *Piedmont*, and then crossing the *Molinario*, a high, fertile, and well-wooded hill, we found ourselves at length at the foot of the *Apennines*, and turned for ever from these beautiful and majestic mountains.

A few miles further on we entered *Novi*, a small busy town, the last of the *Genoese* territory, where several of the nobles have villas in which they used to pass the spring and the autumn. The country which we had traversed exhibits no monuments, and awakens

few recollections of classic ages. The long contests of the Romans with the Ligurian mountaineers contributed less to the fame than to the discipline of the former, by keeping the legions in exercise, and by accustoming the generals to caution and vigilance.

"Is hostis," says Titus Livius, speaking of these people, "velut natus ad continendam inter magnorum intervalla bellorum Romanis militarem disciplinam, erat; nec alia provincia militem magis ad virtutem acuebat. Nam Asia, et amenitate urbium, et copiâ terrestrium maritimarumque rerum, et mollitiâ hostium regiisque opibus, ditiores, quam fortiores exercitus faciebat . . . . . In Liguribus omnia erant, quæ militem excitarent: loca montana et aspera, quæ et ipsis capere labor est, et ex præoccupatis dejicere hostem—itinera ardua, angusta, infesta insidiis; hostis levis et velox et repentinus, qui nullum usquam tempus, nullum locum quietum aut securum esse sineret; oppugnatio necessaria munitorum castellorum laboriosa simul periculosaque: inops regio, quæ parsimoniâ astringeret milites, prædæ haud multum præberet. Itaque non lixa sequebatur, non jumentorum longus ordo agmen extendebat: nihil præter arma, et viros omnem spem in armis habentes, erat. Nec deerat usquam cum iis vel materia belli vel causa: quia propter domesticam inopiam vicinos agros incursabant; nec tamen in discrimen summæ rerum pugnabatur [1]."

I insert this passage in full length, not only on account of the solidity of the observation and the beauty of the language, but of the historical allusions which it contains, as they tend to display the character of the ancient Ligurians, and to show how widely it differs from that of their descendants. To this we may add, that if the moderns have not the activity, the enterprise, or the patience of their ancestors, neither have they the same motive to impel them to warfare—*poverty;* and indeed, it must be acknowledged, that

[1] Liv. xxxix. cap. 1.—That enemy was born as it were to keep up the Roman discipline in the intervals betwixt greater wars, nor did any other province more whet the valour of the soldier. For Asia, from the deliciousness of its cities, and the abundance of its productions both by sea and land, and the effeminacy of the enemy, and the wealth of its kings, encreased rather the riches than the bravery of the armies. In Liguria there was every thing to rouse the soldier; rugged and mountainous places, which it is both laborious to take possession of, and to dislodge the enemy from them when they are pre-occupied—roads difficult, narrow, beset with ambuscades; a light-armed and rapid and sudden enemy, who would suffer no hour and no place to be secure or at rest; the necessary sieges of fortified places, at once toilsome and dangerous; a poor country, which pinched the soldiers with want, but which could afford little plunder. Consequently no sutlers attended, no long train of beasts of burden swelled the army; there was nothing but arms, and men whose sole hope was in arms. Nor was there ever wanting either the subject or occasion of war with them, because on account of their poverty at home, they were always making incursions into the neighbouring territories; and yet the vital interests of the state were not endangered in the contest.

the people throughout the *Genoese* territory seem in general well fed, healthy, and contented. Possibly the exactions of their present masters (the French), by plundering them of their wealth and by restoring their mountains to their primitive barrenness, may revive their former restlessness, and convert them once more into a tribe of free-booting mountaineers.

The road from *Novi* to *Alessandria* crosses a plain, fertile and well cultivated, but sandy and rather naked. The ruins of the citadel of *Tortona* (*Dertona*) demolished by the French, lie extended over the side of a distant hill, and from their magnitude and whiteness present a grand and striking spectacle.

We now entered the fatal plain of *Marengo*, where the fortune of *Bonaparte* triumphed over the skill and the valour of the veteran *Melas*, and obtained a victory which Europe, and in particular Italy plundered and enslaved, will long have reason to deplore. This event is inscribed in bad Latin, Italian, and French, on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric pillar, erected on the high road in the little village of *Marengo:* a few sculls collected in digging the foundation, and now ranged in order round the pedestal, form a savage but appropriate ornament to this monument.

It is not my intention, as indeed it would be foreign to my plan, to give an account of the battle of *Marengo*, or to add one more to the many contradictory relations of that event now in circulation. But I may observe, that this battle, whether the scale was turned by the skill or by the fortune of *Bonaparte*, was in its result one of the most important that has taken place either in modern or in ancient times. Compared to it, the bloody fields of *Jemappe*, *Neerwinden*, *Hohenlinden*, sink into insignificance; their consequences were transitory, and no country was permanently lost or won by the contesting parties in consequence of the defeat or victory. Even the carnage of *Cannæ* loses its horrors when put in competition with the disaster of *Marengo*. Rome, in the wisdom of her senate, in the courage of her people, and in the magnanimity of both, found adequate resources, and rose from her defeat, more glorious and more tremendous. At *Marengo*, Italy was laid prostrate and bound at the feet of *Bonaparte;* her fortresses were abandoned: her ramparts levelled; or to use the phrase of the conqueror himself, the *Alps were annihilated*. The whole of this delightful country, the garden of Europe, the mistress of the Mediterranean, teeming with population, and big with the seeds of empire, *magna mater frugum, magna virûm* [1], is now not nominally but really and effectually at the disposal of France. Often invaded, sometimes overrun, but never before totally subdued and in

[1] . . . . . of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men.
*Dryden.*

entire subjection to a foreign power, Italy must at length bend her neck to the yoke, and submit like Greece to a barbarian conqueror. Her republics, that still retained the name and breathed the spirit of ancient liberty, are no more; her cities, each the capital of an independent state, are now reduced to provincial towns; her kingdoms, though still flattered with the title, are sunk into tributary dependencies: the monuments of her glory, and the masterpieces of her arts, are all marked out for plunder; and what she has still more reason to deplore, the spirit which acquired that glory, and inspired those arts, is fled perhaps for ever.

> Quod fugiens redituraque nunquam
> Libertas. . . . non respicit ultra
> Ausoniam [1]. *Luc.* vii. 432.

The village of *Marengo* is about two miles from *Alessandria*. The *Bormida* in summer, a shallow stream, spread over a wide channel intersected with little islands and lined with willows, flows within half a mile of the latter. *Alessandria* is merely a fortress, and remarkable only for the sieges which it has sustained. It was built in the twelfth century, and takes its name from the then Pope, Alexander III. It lately belonged to the King of Sardinia.

From *Alessandria* we returned to *Marengo*, and again crossing the plain passed through *Tortona* (anciently *Dertona*) a town by no means handsome, and proceeded thence to *Voghiera*, where we passed the night. This town is supposed to take its name from *Vicus Iriæ*, a little barbarized indeed, but still perceptible in its modern appellation. It is large and well built. In common with the neighbouring cities, *Voghiera* is said to have suffered more from the quarrels between the Emperors and the Popes than from the arms of the invading barbarians. The observation might perhaps be generalized, as with few exceptions, the towns of Italy have been treated with more cruelty by internal than external enemies.

From *Tortona* to *Voghiera*, and indeed to *Milan*, the road traverses one of the most fertile as well as beautiful parts of the celebrated plain watered by the *Po* and the *Tesino*, with their many tributary streams, and bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines*. No country in the world perhaps enjoys more advantages than this extensive and delicious vale. Irrigated by rivers that never fail, it is clad even in the burning month of July and August with perpetual verdure, and displays, after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green carpet of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn had scarcely tinged its woods, while

[1] Fair Liberty has spread her wings, and fled,
Ah! never to return . . . . . nor, as she flies,
On sad Ausonia deigns revert her eyes.

the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegated its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene; but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of *Florence* and *Genoa*, no sooner crosses the *Apennines*, and descends into the *Milanese*, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness, the more agreeable and unexpected, because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky, and azure firmament. Nor is this vale deficient, as plains if extensive usually are, in interest; nor is it like the *Netherlands*, a lifeless level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye, and to vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the *Po*, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one and sometimes both in view; while numberless ramifications branching from them, intersect the adjacent countries in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the parent mountains.

The road from *Novi* to *Pavia* presents on the right many of these eminences, resembling the hills of Surry, and like them adorned with trees, churches, villas, and castles.

As we approached the *Po* we found the roads deep and sandy; the river, though nearly confined by the dryness of the season to the middle of its channel, is yet a majestic stream; we passed it on a flying bridge, and admired its banks as we glided across. As they are low, they are susceptible of one species of ornament only, and that consists of groves of forest trees that shade its margin, and as they hang over it and sometimes bathe their branches in its waves, enliven it by the reflection of their thick and verdant foliage. Among these trees the poplar is now, as it was anciently, predominant; and by its height and spreading form, adds considerably to the beauty of the scenery.

> Rami caput umbravere virentes
> Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis [1].
>
> *Claudian.*

The fable of Phaeton, so prettily told by Ovid, and so amusing to boyish fancy, naturally occurs to the recollection of the traveller, and enhances the pleasure with which he contemplates the stream and its bordering scenery.

A little neat church not far from the river dedicated to *St. Lau-*

[1] Above the heads of all the sister-train
Thick-spreading branches form'd a verdant shade,
And from their dripping tresses amber stream'd.

*rence, quia flumen pestemque repulit*[1], shows what ravages the *Po* sometimes makes, and how much the inhabitants dread its inundations. As we approached *Pavia*, the verdure and freshness of the country, if possible, increased, and exhibited an appearance altogether cooling and delightful.

The *Tesino* (*Ticinus*) bathes the walls of *Pavia*, and waters its whole territory. Another branch of the same river flows about a mile and a half from the town, and is finely shaded with poplar groves. The *Ticinus* is a noble stream, clear and rapid. In clearness as well as in the shades that grace its banks, it agrees with the well-known description of Silius; but in the rapidity of its current it differs widely from it[2]. Perhaps the poet meant its apparent, not its real course, and if so, his expressions are at least poetically applicable; as the unruffled smoothness of the surface, and the evenness of the motion deceive the eye, and in part conceal its rapidity. Another circumstance, which contributes much to the beauty of this river, has not, I think, been noticed; I mean its serpentine course and the number of islands encircled by its meanders, which, shaded as they frequently are with poplars, beeches, and elms, entitle the stream to the epithet of *beautiful* attached to it by Claudian (*Pulcher Ticinus*). A stone bridge, long and covered with a wooden gallery, leads over the river to the gate of *Pavia*.

## PAVIA.

This city derived its first and ancient name from the river on the banks of which it stands, and was, like it, called *Ticinum*. Under this appellation it acquired no fame, and seems indeed scarcely to have attracted notice. The first battle between Annibal and the Romans under Scipio, reflected a bloody glare on the banks of the stream, but left the town (if it then existed) in its original obscurity. A melancholy visit of Augustus to honour the ashes of Drusus, and a few disorderly skirmishes in the contest between Vitellius and Otho, serve merely to record the existence of *Ticinum*. Between the sixth and eighth century the ancient name

[1] Because he kept of the inundation and the pestilence.

[2] Cæruleas Ticinus aquas, et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat turbari nescia fundo,
Ac altidum viridi lente trahit amne liquorem:
Vix credas labi; ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter volucrum certamina, cantus,
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.
*Lib.* iv. 72.

No sand upturning from his shallow bed,
Tesino keeps his waves unsullied still,
And slowly drags his azure stream along:
Scarce might he seem to move, so soft and smooth,
Amid the chaunt of birds that warble round,
His limpid current flows, inspiring sleep.

disappeared, and under the appellation of *Papia*, softened by Italian euphony into *Pavia*, the town became a considerable city, and the residence of a race of barbarian monarchs. *Theodoric* first noticed it; his Gothic successors frequented it, and the *Longobardic* princes not being masters of Rome, made it the capital of their dominions. While the seat of their ignorant court it became, by a singular fate, the centre of the few glimmerings of science that still beamed on that benighted region, and may perhaps be considered as the first *Mother* university.

*Voltaire* acknowledges that France owes all her arts and sciences to Italy; and if we may believe recorded tradition, *Pavia* sent her one of her first masters, *Pietro di Pisa*. To him the university of Paris looks up as to her founder, next at least to Charlemagne, whose zealous endeavours to propagate knowledge attracted some of the most eminent scholars of the age to his capital, and drew at the same time, *Alcuin* from *York* and *Pietro* from *Pavia*. Whether either of these *once* illustrious seminaries can really boast of so early an origin, I do not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that to her University *Pavia* owes her principal fame, I might almost say her existence. In common with the other cities of Italy *Pavia* suffered all the extremes of barbarous invasion and tyrannic sway, went through all the vicissitudes of the middle ages, flourished under the auspices of liberty, and finally, withered away under the yoke of monarchy. In this last stage, her University alone suspended her total extinction, and still continues her only hope and support. It has in its time produced many men eminent in every branch of literature and science, and is still supplied with professors of reputation. It has a noble library, grand halls for lectures, anatomical galleries, a botanical garden, and several well-endowed colleges; yet with all this apparatus, its schools are not much frequented, and indeed the very streets of the town seem solitary and forsaken. Whether this desolation be ascribable to the influence of the French, to the spirit of the times, or to any internal defect in the constitution of the University, it is difficult to determine.

When a republic, *Pavia* sent, it is recorded, fifteen thousand men to the crusades, a number equal to half her actual population, which amounts to little more than thirty thousand souls. It is however some consolation to reflect, as it is highly honourable to the city, that its spirit did not evaporate with its prosperity, that it is one of the few states which have always rebelled against the French, and that more than once it succeeded in expelling them from its walls; unfortunately in their last attempt, though perhaps

[1] An appellation taken from the Roman tribe of that name, in which the natives of *Ticinum*, who enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, were enrolled. The name of *Pavia* is therefore strictly classical.

more intrepid than in a former[1], its citizens were less successful, and atoned for their untimely patriotism by the blood of their magistrates, whom *Bonaparte* ordered to be shot. Had every city in Italy shown as much resolution, their united exertions must have been crowned with success, and this lovely country would not now groan under the iron rod of a most insolent enemy.

Of its edifices, whether churches, colleges, or palaces, none, for their magnitude, style, or decorations, seem to deserve particular attention. One church however the traveller will visit with interest, because it contains the ashes of *Boetius*, distinguished by his taste and learning in an age of barbarism and ignorance; by his noble birth at a time when few indeed could claim patrician honours; and, above, all, by his independent senatorial spirit in an era when Rome was obliged to bend her neck under the sway of a barbarian. Though put to death by the jealousy of a tyrant, he enjoys a double privilege which, I believe, has never before fallen to the lot of a patriot. His tomb was raised by an Emperor, and his epitaph written by a Pope. The church I allude to, is that called *In Cielo Aureo;* the Emperor was Otho III. and the Pope Sylvester II.

In the same temple the body of St. Augustin is said to repose; it was first transported to *Sardinia* by the Romans who fled from the fury of the Vandals then ravaging Africa, and afterwards it was conveyed by order of one of the Longobardic monarchs to *Pavia*, where it lay concealed and forgotten till the seventeenth century. Every traveller, who loves truth or reveres genius, would visit with interest and respect the tomb that contains the ashes of the learned, the pious, the benevolent Austin, the christian Plato — *Quid enim habet*, says *Erasmus*, a competent judge, *orbis christianus hoc scriptore vel magis aureum vel augustius?*[2] But the oblivion that so long brooded over these venerable remains, and the doubts that must naturally arise from it check our ardour as we advance, and excite an apprehension lest the tribute which we wish to offer to virtue and wisdom, should be erroneously directed to the putrid dust of some northern invader, or of some half savage Longobard.

## CHIARAVALLE.

About four miles from *Pavia* stands the abbey of *Chiaravalle*, once celebrated for its riches and magnificence. It belonged to the Carthusian monks, and on the suppression of the order by the Emperor Joseph, it passed with a property of twenty thousand pounds

[1] An. 1706.

[2] For what can the Christian world boast, more golden, or more august than this writer?





per annum to government; of this sum about *five hundred pounds per annum* was annexed to the hospital of *Pavia*; of the disposal of the remainder, equally appropriate and benevolent, *without doubt*, there is, I believe, at present nothing on record. A fine avenue of limes and poplars, shedding a religious gloom on the traveller as he drives under them, leads to the arched entrance opening into a spacious court, with the church full in front. This edifice is of Gothic and Saxon intermingled; its walls are of solid white marble, lined within with various kinds of precious stones. Sculpture and carving, whether in marble, gems, or metals, are here displayed in all their pomp, and oftentimes, in all their excellency. Ornaments indeed are not so much bestowed as squandered on every part; but they are all so rich, so perfect in their kind, so well placed for effect, and so admirably adapted to the style of the edifice at large, that the most fastidious observer would find it difficult to retrench them.

This abbey was founded about the year 1400 by *Galeas Visconti*, whose tomb stands on one side of the transept; though the church itself may justly be considered as his real mausoleum. A few Augustinian friars are now employed to perform the duties required by the foundation, and to keep the church in order; a task which they fulfil with commendable zeal and exactness, as few similar edifices exhibit more neatness and cleanliness than that entrusted to their care. The view from the tower over the surrounding plain, bordered by the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is verdant, rich, and luxurious beyond expression. Besides these qualities it has another title to our attention, as it was the theatre of the bloody and decisive battle of *Pavia*, between the French and the Imperialists, which terminated in the defeat of the former, and in the capture of their gallant monarch Francis I.

A French traveller [1] relates an anecdote that does equal credit to this prince's piety and magnanimity on this trying occasion. He was conducted after the battle to this Abbey, and entering the church at the time the monks were singing part of the hundred and eighteenth (nineteenth) psalm, immediately joined the choir in the following verse: —

> Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas.
> It is good for me that thou hast humbled me; that I may learn thy statutes.

Such resignation combined with so much valour, and with so high a spirit in such circumstances, is heroic and almost sublime. However, though we admire and love the prince we cannot but rejoice in this, and indeed in every other defeat of the French army, particularly on this side of the *Alps*. They are the most active and

[1] Abbé Richard.

most persevering enemies that Italy knows, and have wasted her cities and fields more frequently, more extensively, and more wantonly, than any other invading barbarians. Hitherto indeed they have generally met with the punishment due to cruelty, ambition, and insolence; and their short-lived triumphs on Hesperian ground have terminated in discomfiture and ruin. It is to be hoped, that their late successes will be as transient as their ancient victories, and add another proof to the observation of the poet, that the Lily is not destined to flourish in Italian soil [1].

They still show the chamber in which the French monarch was confined during the first day and night of his captivity. It is small, plain, and unadorned, as the private apartments, even of the richest abbies, invariably are; and it is distinguished only by the imaginary importance which it derives from the presence of the royal captive.

We left the abbey in the dusk of the evening, rolled rapidly over a smooth and level road, and entered *Milan* about nine o'clock.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Milan, its History, its Cathedral—Comparison between Roman and Gothic Architecture—St. Charles Borromeo, his Character—St. Ambrose—Basilica and Bibliotheca Ambrosiana—Colleges and Hospitals of Milan—Character of its Inhabitants.

MILAN, *Milano*, anciently *Mediolanum*, may be ranked among the few cities of Italy which have, I will not say escaped, but risen

[1] Merlin gli fe veder che quasi tutti
Gli altri, che poi di Francia scettro avranno,
O di ferro gli eserciti distratti,
O di fame, o di peste si vedranno;
E che brevi allegrezze, e lunghi lutti,
Poco guadagno, ed infinito danno
Riporteran d'Italia; che *non lice*
*Che 'l Giglio in quel terreno abbia radice.*
*Ariosto. Orlando Furioso,* Canto XXXIII. 10.
Sage Merlin show'd him, that whatever king
In days to come shall fill the Gallic throne,
Shall see his armies by the sword destroy'd,
Or famine, or wide-wasting pestilence.
Short space of joy, and long-enduring woe,
And scanty profit, and unmeasur'd loss,
Shall be their lot in Italy; for ne'er
Will fate permit the lily-flow'r of France
To strike its roots in our thrice happy soil.

The flower *de luce* or lily was the distinctive ornament of the royal arms of France.

superior to the devastation of ages, wars and revolutions, and brought down to modern times the greatest part, if not the whole, of their ancient celebrity. This city must be acknowledged to have enjoyed, during certain of her history, greater independence, but it may be doubted whether for any length of time she could boast of so exuberant a population, so wide a circumference, or such durable peace and prosperity, as from the middle to the end of the last century. Many, we well know, are the blessings which accompany independence; but independence, by which I mean exemption from foreign influence, is only a partial advantage if it be not perfected by liberty. This observation is, I think, in a peculiar manner elucidated by the history of *Milan*, which, from its situation, the fertility of the surrounding country, and the mildness of the climate, soon attained, and with a few intervals of visitation and disaster generally preserved, but never exceeded, a certain mediocrity of fame and magnificence.

This city, like most of those situated between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is of Gallic origin. The *Insubrians* were its founders, and at an early period of Roman history, built it, or rather erected a few hovels, which gradually rose from a village to a town, and at length became a city; or so at least it was called during the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, or his successor Ancus Martius. As the capital of a considerable territory it had acquired, in the year of Rome 531, strength sufficient to keep a Roman army in check for some time, and to require the united efforts of two Consuls. Under Roman control it enjoyed tranquillity undisturbed for many ages, increased in opulence, improved in the polite arts, and became the seat of an academy honoured, if we may be allowed to conjecture from an inscription still extant, with the appellation of *Novæ Athenæ* (New Athens). One advantage indeed this city possessed quite peculiar to itself, as its prosperity was rather increased than diminished by the civil wars and the invasions of the third and fourth centuries; so that while the other cities of Italy and of the whole empire were gradually wasting away under the increasing calamities of the times, and even Rome herself, with all her lofty prerogatives of majesty and of fame, saw her streets deserted and her pomp withering under the influence of warring powers, *Milan* flourished in population and splendour, and became, not indeed the nominal but oftentimes the real seat of empire. Such was its state under some of the successors of Constantine: and particularly during the reign of the Valentinians, and such its glory when described by Ausonius, and decorated with temples and porticos, with baths and amphitheatres. But here its ancient prosperity closed, and the era of its disasters commenced. Its situation at the foot of the *Alps*, exposed it to the attacks, while its splendour and fame attracted the attention, of every invading barbarian. *Attila* visited it in his fury, and first plundered, then butchered its inhabitants.

Next the *Goths*, under *Vitiges*, in order to punish an effort of Roman spirit indignantly spurning at their yoke, delivered it up to flames and devastation. It was afterwards taken and sacked by the *Langobardi*, under their king *Alboin*, and abandoned during the existence of their kingdom, to contempt and insignificance. *Charlemagne* restored it, in part at least, to its former dignity; but one of his successors, the emperor *Barbarossa*, irritated by the insolence of its inhabitants, or perhaps instigated by the neighbouring rivil cities, razed it to the ground, and if we may believe some historians, tore up its foundations and passed the ploughshare over its ruins. But *Milan* survived even this tremendious visitation, and rose almost immediately, and even with the assistance of the same prince, from her ashes.

This re-establishment, as well as her former splendour, was in some measure owing to the zeal and the authority of her pastors, who, like the Roman pontiffs, after having long been the benefactors and the fathers of their flocks, at length became their sovereigns. One of them, of the name of *Visconti*, transmitted his temporal authority to his nephew, whose descendants reigned for several generations with considerable influence and reputation. Of these dukes, for such was their title, *John Galeas Visconti*, was the most distinguished, and the first perhaps who merited both by his military talents and by his useful institutions, the sovereignty which his ancestors had in part usurped. The cathedral of *Milan*, the Carthusian abbey of *Pavia*, several bridges and aqueducts, and above all the various canals that intersect, drain, and fertilize this country, are to this day monuments of the piety, the patriotism, and the benevolence of this prince.

Unfortunately for *Milan*, and indeed for all Italy, the family of the *Visconti* formed matrimonial connexions with the royal dynasty of France, which, on the extinction of the former, laid claim to its torritories, and made repeated attempts with various success to take possession of them. These attempts at length terminated in the decisive battle of *Pavia*, which broke the French power in Italy, and secured the possession of *Milan* to Spain, and eventually to Austria, who retained it, with a few intervals of incidental and temporary incursions, till the French revolutionary invasion.

I have elsewhere observed that the Austrian government is in general mild and benevolent, and that the provinces under its control enjoy a fair proportion of ease and prosperity. This observation is peculiarly applicable to the *Milanese*, the natural fertility of which, if the cultivators be not checked by despotic regulations, and partial taxation, supplies in abundance all the comforts of life, and all that can stimulate and recompense industry. Hence, under the Austrian sway, it exhibited, like the Netherlands, a scene of population, riches, and felicity, seldom equalled even in free countries, and alike delightful to the eye, and to the

heart of the humane traveller. The emperor *Joseph*, with good intentions but bad policy, first disturbed the tranquillity of both these happy provinces, in attempting to introduce innovations, most of which, whether in their own nature useful or not, were unquestionably unpopular. The fermentation excited by these ill-advised measures, was scarcely appeased by the prudence of *Leopold, Joseph's* successor, when the French revolution burst forth like a volcano, and disgorged its burning torrent over all the neighbouring territories. How long the effects of this infernal ebullition may be felt, or how far its ravages may extend, it is difficult to determine. Suffice it to say, that both the *Milanese* and the *Netherlands* fell within its range, and have experienced the full effects of its fury. The latter, plundered of its riches, and its constitution, and deprived of half its population, shares with France, her name, her misery, and her infamy. The former erected into the capital of a nominal republic, but in fact, of a miserable and oppressed province, sees its resources swallowed up in contributions, its churches stript, its public establishments plundered, its youth corrupted and enrolled in the armies of its oppressors, and all its scenes of opulence, and all its prospects of security, turned into want and uncertainty.

*Milan* is a great and splendid city, near eleven miles in circumference, containing about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its general appearance however, does not in my opinion, correspond with its reputation; the streets are not always either wide or regular, or well built, and it presents few edifices of magnificence or beauty sufficent to attract attention. Of these, the cathedral without doubt is the principal. It is situated almost in the centre of the city, and occupies part of the great square. It is of Gothic architecture, and its materials are white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few. Inferior only to the *Basilica Vaticana*, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses the cathedral of *Florence* and St. Paul's; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in exterior it exceeds both; in fret work, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. Such, at least, it must appear to those who admire the Gothic manner called by the Italians *Tedesca* (Teutonic), so uncommon in Italy in its purity, as most of the edifices that bear that appellation are, as I have before observed, a mixed style formed of a degradation of Roman architecture dressed up in *moresco* ornaments. The admirer of English Gothic will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of *Milan*, there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation. In the front of the chancel, and almost immediately above the steps, rises on four

additional steps the altar, and behind it, in a semicircular form, the choir. Thus the altar stands as in the Roman *Basilicæ*, and indeed in all ancient churches, between the clergy and the people.

Two circumstances are particularly observable in this church; the one is, that there are no chapels properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, which long retained the ancient custom of allowing one altar only, and one service in each church, not having conformed to the modern mode when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made in the plan for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and the unity of the edifice. Altars however there now are in abundance, but placed in such a manner as does not interfere with the general design. The second is the thinness of the pillars or rather of the clusters of pillars, which, while they support the vault, and are of course numerous, amounting to fifty-two, yet conceal no part of the edifice, and allow the eye to range over the whole at pleasure. How much superior are pillars to buttresses, and colonnades to arcades! the lightness, the simplicity, and the openness of the one, to the cumbersome weight of the other, which occupies so much space, conceals so many parts, and so obstructs the appearance of an edifice. In truth, the traveller when he has seen and admired the majestic simplicity of *St. Peter ad Vincula*, *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, and *St. Paul, fuori le mura* (without the walls), views even the towering arcades of *St. Peter's* with regret, and laments that a colonnade is wanting to the interior perfection of the Vatican.

The pillars of the cathedral of *Milan* are more than ninety feet in height, and about eight in diameter. The dimensions of the church at large are as follows: In length four hundred and ninety-eight, in breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, in interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight, and four hundred in exterior, that is to summit of the tower. The pavement is formed of marble of different colours, disposed in various patterns and figures. The number of niches is great, and every niche has its statue, which, with those placed on the balustrade of the roof, are reported to amount to more than four thousand. Many among them are said to be of great beauty.

Over the dome rises a tower or spire, or rather obelisk, for its singular shape renders it difficult to ascertain its appellation, which, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, adds little either to the beauty or to the magnificence of the structure which it surmounts. This obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century [1], contrary to the opinion of the best architects. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascend-

[1] 1763.

ing the traveller will observe, that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement, that has not only its hardness and durability, but its colour, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is extensive and even novel, as it includes not only the city and the rich plain of *Milan*, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, and takes in the neighbouring *Alps*, forming a magnificent semicircle and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant *Apennines*.

The traveller will regret as he descends, that instead of heaping this useless and cumbersome quarry upon the dome, the trustees of the edifice did not employ the money expended upon it, in erecting a front (for that essential part is still wanting) corresponding with the style and the stateliness of this superb temple. A front has indeed been begun, but in a taste so dissimilar to that of the main building, and made up of such a medley of Roman orders and Gothic decorations, that the total suspension of such a work might be considered as an advantage, if a more appropriate portal were to be erected in its place. But unfortunately the funds destined for the completion and repair of this cathedral are now swallowed up in the general confiscation; and an edifice destined to be a monument of the piety of fifty generations will be abandoned by the present atheistical government to neglect and decay. Had it been finished, and had the western front been built in a style corresponding with the other parts, the admirers of Gothic would have possessed one specimen perfect in its kind, and accompanied with all the advantages of the best materials set off by a fine climate.

In materials indeed, the cathedral of *Milan* surpasses all other churches, the noblest of which are only lined and coated with marble, while this is entirely built, paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and that of the whitest and most resplendent kind. Here then there would have been an object of comparison, and the lover of sacred architecture, after a minute examination, I will not say of the Vatican, for the magnitude, elevation, and accompaniments of that vast fabric, admit of no comparison, but of *Santa Maria Maggiore, S. Paolo fuori le Mura, Sta. Justina* at *Padua*, *St. Paul* in *London*, might decide which of the two styles is best adapted to the solemnity of religious offices, or which delights the eye and the mind most. The decision would be difficult. Most men have habits to resist, and prejudices to conquer on the subject. All the ancient, and with the exception of *St. Paul's* only, all the great edifices dedicated to religion in our own country are Gothic and Saxon, while Greek and Roman architecture is seen

only in palaces, villas, and theatres. How naturally therefore does the former excite sentiments of awe and devotion? especially when we learn from our very infancy,

> To walk the studious cloister pale,
> And love the high imbowed roof,
> With antique pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.
> *Milton. Il Penseroso.* 156.

If to these enchantments we add the *pealing organ*, the *full-voiced choir*, the *service high*, and *anthems clear*, we are irresistibly attracted to a style that awakens so many delicious recollections, and calls forth some of our best and most holy feelings. When opposed to it, Greek and Roman architecture, though it may retain its beauty, yet seems divested of its majesty; and appropriated as it is almost entirely amongst us to the mansions of the great and to the resorts of the gay, it inspires pleasurable ideas only, and awakens emotions of mirth, and expectations of theatrical amusement. But this association of ideas, so favourable to Gothic, is peculiar to an Englishman. An Italian's prejudices run in a contrary direction. The Gothic, or *Tedesca*, he considers as an invention of the northern barbarians, and a combination of disproportions and dissonances. Its *twilight pale* is to him the chilling gloom of northern forests, and of skies for ever clouded; its clustered pillars are mere confusion, ill contrived bundles of stone; the apparent length or elevation is the result of narrowness and disproportion; the pointed arch, the consequence of ignorance in not knowing the art of forming a round one; the stone braces that intersect the vault, clumsy contrivances to support it; the fretwork of the windows, happy inventions to obstruct the light; in short, he looks upon the whole style as an ill assorted mass of incongruities, disproportions, encumbrance, confusion, darkness, and intricacy, well adapted indeed, as were the forests of *Scandinavia*, to the gloom and the horror of Druidical sacrifices and Runic incantations,

> Barbara ritu
> Sacra Deum, structæ diris feralibus aræ [1].
> *Lucan*, lib. III. 404.

but very ill calculated for the purposes of a christian congregation, the order and decorum of its rites, and the festive celebration of its mysteries.

[1] Where barb'rous rites profan'd the dark abodes,
And altars rose to furies, not to gods.

It would here, perhaps, be the place to inquire when and *whence* the Gothic style passed into Italy; an inquiry which would naturally lead to another inseparable indeed from it, though more extensive and intricate, *where* that style originated. But, as the subject is, if not strictly speaking Gothic, at least anticlassical, I may be allowed to exclude it from these sketches, and instead of a dissertation and my own very insignificant opinion, call the attention of the reader to a passage from Cassiodorus; and admitting that it may not refer to the style in question, yet I will ask him whether it would be possible to describe it more accurately[1]. — *Quid dicamus columnarum junceam proceritatem? moles illas sublimissimas fabricarum, quasi quibusdam erectis hastilibus contineri et substantiæ qualitate concavis canalibus excavatas, ut magis ipsas æstimes fuisse transfusas, alias cæris judicas factum, quod metallis durissimis videas expolitum*[2]. (Lib. vii. Var. Form. xv.)

The most remarkable object in the interior of this church is the subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles *Borromeo* reposes. It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into pannels representing the principal actions of the life of the Saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind the altar; it is stretched at full length, drest in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly because much disfigured by decay; a deformity increased, and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendour of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale ghastly light that gleams from the aperture above. The inscription over this chapel or mausoleum, was dictated by St. Charles himself, and breathes that modesty and piety which so peculiarly marked his character. It is as follows:

CAROLUS CARDINALIS
TITULI S. PRAXEDIS
ARCHIEP. MEDIOLAN.
FREQUENTIORIBUS

[1] Cassiodorus lived in the sixth century, and was secretary to the first Gothic kings.

[2] What judgment shall we form of that reedlike length of columns, where the most lofty piles of building seem to depend for support upon mere spears set upright? The doubtful substance scooped out into hollow channels, conveys the impression, of the whole having been cast in a mould: and a material which we know can only be brought to a surface by means of tools made of the hardest metals, has all the appearance of being formed of wax.

From this epistle we learn, that under the abovementioned princes, Rome still abounded in statues even of bronze—that its edifices were in good repair—and that government was extremely attentive to their preservation.

CLERI. POPULIQ. AC
DEVOTI FÆMINEI SEXUS
PRECIBUS SE COMMENDATUM
CUPIENS HOC LOCO SIBI
MONUMENTUM VIVENS ELEGIT [1].

If ever a human being deserved such honours from his fellow-creatures, it was St. Charles *Borromeo*. Princely birth and fortune, the highest dignities, learning, talents, and accomplishments, qualities so apt to intoxicate the strongest mind even in the soberness of mature, I might say, in the sullenness of declining age, shone in him even when a youth [2], without impairing that humility, simplicity of heart, disinterestedness and holiness, which constituted his real merit and formed his most honourable and permanent distinction. It was his destiny to render to his people those great and splendid services which excite public applause and gratitude, and to perform at the same time those humbler duties which, though perhaps more meritorious, are more obscure, and sometimes produce more obloquy than acknowledgment. Thus, he founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, built parochial churches, most affectionately attended his flock during a destructive pestilence, erected a lazaretto, and served the forsaken victims with his own hands. These are duties uncommon, magnificent and heroic, and are followed by fame and glory. But, to reform a clergy and people depraved and almost barbarized by ages of war, invasion, internal dissension, and by their concomitant evils, famine, pestilence, and general misery; to extend his influence to every part of an immense diocese including some of the wildest regions of the *Alps;* to visit every village in person, and to inspect and correct every disorder; are offices of little pomp and of great difficulty. Yet, this laborious part of his pastoral charge he went through with the courage and the perseverance of an apostle; and so great was his success, that the diocese of *Milan*, the most extensive perhaps in Italy, as it contains at least eight hundred and fifty parishes, became a model of decency, order, and regularity, and in this respect has excited the admiration of every impartial observer. The good effects of the zeal of St. Charles extended far beyond the limits of his diocese; and most of his regulations for the reformation of his clergy, such as the establishment of seminaries, yearly retreats, etc., were adopted by the Gallican church, and extended over France and Germany.

[1] Charles, Cardinal, Archbishop of Milan, desirous to recommend himself to the more frequent prayers of the clergy and people, and of the devout female sex, chose in his lifetime, this spot for the situation of his tomb.

[2] He was made cardinal and archbishop in his twenty-third year, by his uncle Pius IV. who had resigned several rich livings to him twelve years before.

Many of his excellent institutions still remain, and among others that of Sunday schools; and it is both novel and affecting to behold on that day the vast area of the cathedral filled with children forming two grand divisions of boys and girls ranged opposite each other, and these again subdivided into classes, according to their age and capacities, drawn up between the pillars, while two or more instructors attend each class, and direct their questions and explanations to every little individual without distinction. A clergyman attends each class, accompanied by one or more laymen for the boys, and for the girls by as many matrons. The lay persons are said to be often times of the first distinction. Tables are placed in different recesses for writing. This admirable practice, so beneficial and so edifying, is not confined to the cathedral or even to *Milan*. The pious archbishop extented it to every part of his immense diocese, and it is observed in all the parochial churches of the *Milanese*, and of the neighbouring dioceses, of such at least as are suffragans of *Milan*.

The private virtues of St. Charles, that is, the qualities that give true sterling value to the man, and sanctify him in the eyes of his Creator, I mean humility, self-command, temperance, industry, prudence, and fortitude, were not inferior to his public endowments. His table was for his guests; his own diet was confined to bread and vegetables; he allowed himself no amusement or relaxation, alleging that the variety of his duties was in itself a sufficient recreation. His dress and establishment was such as became his rank; but in private he dispensed with the attendance of servants, and wore an under dress coarse and common; his bed was of straw; his repose short; and in all the details of life, he manifested an utter contempt of personal ease and indulgence [1].

The immense charities of St. Charles exceed the income and the magnificence of sovereigns. In every city in which he had at any time resided, he left some monument of useful munificence; a school, a fountain, an hospital, or a college. Ten of the latter, five of the preceding, and the former without number, still remain at *Paria*, *Bologna*, *Milan*, and in all the towns of its diocese. Besides these public foundations, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor, and added to it in various cases of public distress during his life the sum of two hundred thousand crowns more; not including numberless extra benefactions conferred upon individuals whose situations claimed peculiar and perhaps secret relief. The funds

[1] That uniformity of action, demeanour, and conversation, which constitutes consistency of character, and gives to all stages of live a certain symmetry and unity of design so much admired by the ancients (Cicero De Off. lib. i. 31.) was peculiarly conspicuous in St. Charles. He lived only to serve his God; to this grand object he directed his thoughts, actions, and whole being, without one sideling glance at interest or pleasure.

which supplied these boundless charities were derived partly from his own estates, and partly from his archi-episcopal revenue. The former, as he had no expensive tastes or habits to indulge, were devoted entirely to beneficence; the latter he divided according to the ancient custom into three parts, one of which was appropriated to the building and reparation of churches and edifices connected with them, the second was allotted to the poor, and the third employed in the domestic expenditure of the bishop. But, of the whole income, the humble and disinterested prelate ordered an account to be submitted annually to the diocesan synod.

It is not wonderful that such virtues should have engaged the affection of his flock during his life, and that after his death they should be recollected with gratitude and veneration. The benevolent protestant will not quarrel with the *Milanese* for supposing that the good pastor at his departure cast an affectionate glance on his beloved flock, *non deserens sed respectans*[1]; that the flame of charity still burns in the regions of bliss; that he looks down upon the theatre of his labours and of his virtues with complacency; and that he still continues to offer up his orisons for his once beloved people through the common Lord and Mediator[2].

Of the statues crowded in and around the Cathedral of Milan, I have already observed that many are esteemed, and some admired. Of the latter, that of St. Bartholomew is the first; it stands in the church, and represents the apostle as holding his own skin, which had been drawn off like drapery over his shoulders. The play of the muscles is represented with an accuracy, that rather disgusts and terrifies than pleases the spectator. The sculptor *Agrati* may have just reason to compare himself, as the inscription implies, to Praxiteles; but his masterpiece is better calculated for the decoration of a school of anatomy than for the embellishment of a church. The exterior of the chancel is lined with marble divided into panels, each of which has its *basso relievo*; the interior is wainscoted, and carved in a very masterly style. The whole of the chancel was

[1] Cic de Sen. cap. 23. — Not deserting, but looking back upon them.

† This extraordinary person died at the age of forty-six, not exhausted by his labours or austerities as the reader might imagine; nor of the plague to which he exposed himself without precaution or antidote (excepting the most effectual of all *abstemiousness*), but a violent fever caught in the neighbouring mountains (An. 1584). He was nephew to the last Medicean Pope, Pius IV. and by him he was nominated archbishop of *Milan* in the twenty-third year of his age. He who reads his life will find few miracles to entertain him, but will see many virtues which are much better; these virtues have extorted a reluctant compliment from Addison and even from Burnet, and when we consider on the one side the spirit of these writers, and particularly of the latter, and on the other recollect that St. *Charles Borromeo* was an archbishop, a cardinal, and, what is still worse, a *saint*, we shall be enabled to give this compliment its full value.

by St. Charles *Borromeo*. Two large pulpits stand one on de of its entrance; that on the right, appropriated to the of the gospel, rests upon four bronze figures representing the sterious animals of Ezechiel; that on the left is supported by doctors of the Latin church in the same metal.

is not my intention to enumerate all the ornaments of this but merely to enable the reader to form a general idea of nitude and decorations. When we saw it, its magnificence ne decline; the income destined for its completion and support n considerably retrenched by the Emperor Joseph, and was, e, entirely confiscated by the French; the archbishopric and ter were impoverished by exactions and alienations; and the resources that fed the splendour of this grand metro- cathedral were drained or exhausted. Hence, it seemed that neatness and lustre which arise from great attention lence united. Here indeed, as in every territory where the domineer, appearances of irreligion too often strike the glected churches and plundered hospitals,

> Ædesque labentes Deorum et
> Fœda nigro simulacra fumo [1],
> *Hor. Carm. lib.* iii. *Od.* vi. 3.

ment spectacles as little calculated to please the sight as to te the judgment, that looks forward with terror to the con- es of such a system of atheism. In fact, the dilapidation of ent establishments and the decay of sacred edifices are the only nor the worst symptoms of the propagation of principles. The neglect of education, arising partly from t of instructors, and partly from the suppression of ancient ments, and the early depravation of youth that results from lready deeply felt and lamented. The lawless example of ich soldiery dispersed over the whole territory, carries vice iety into every village, and literally scatters disease and oth of mind and body, over all this country lately so vir- d so happy.

> Ille sitim, morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
> Nascitur, et lævo contristat lumine cœlum [2],
> *En.* 10. *ver.* 275.

haracter of St. Ambrose, the celebrated archbishop of *Mi-*

[1] The sacred fanes, just tott'ring to their fall,
And statues of the gods, with smoke defil'd.

[2] So Sirius, when his baleful beams arise
And glare disastrous o'er the sadden'd skies,
Affrights the nations: while his burning breath
Darts down disease, and pestilence, and death.
*Pitt.*

*lan*, his eloquence, his firmness, and his political, as well as ecclesiastical influence, are well known; but it is not equally so, that he modelled and regulated the liturgy of his church, and that this liturgy is still in use in the cathedral, and indeed in most of the capitular and parochial churches of this diocese. The reader, who may perhaps be acquainted with such forms of public prayer only as are of a later invention, will be surprized to hear that the Ambrosian liturgy in the fourth century, was more encumbered, as a protestant would express it, with rites and ceremonies than the Roman is in the nineteenth. It must be remembered that St. Ambrose did not institute or compose the liturgy that now bears his name (it existed before his time, and was probably coeval with the church of *Milan*), but that he merely reduced it into better order, and improved it in expression and arrangement.

The body of this saint lies, not in the cathedral, but in an ancient church at a considerable distance from it, that is now called from him the *Basilica Ambrosiana*, and is said to have been that in which he generally officiated. Though ancient, it has been so often repaired that it may possibly retain not much of its original materials or appearance. One proof indeed of its antiquity is the gradual elevation of the ground all around it, occasioned by the ruins of neighbouring buildings; so that you descend some steps to enter it; a circumstance that gives it a damp and cheerless aspect. It has in front a large court surrounded with galleries conformably to the ancient mode, which ought never to have been neglected, because it contributes so much to the silence and the tranquillity so necessary to the exercise of devotion. The doors are of bronze and said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius; but without the least foundation, as no doors were closed on the occasion; the piety of the Emperor rendered such a precaution unnecessary, and in the next place the present doors were made in the ninth century.

The church is divided by arcades into a nave and two aisles; it is terminated by a semicircle, and vaulted nearly in the same manner as the church of the Carthusians at Rome (the great hall of Diocletian's baths). The body of the saint is supposed to lie under the high altar together with those of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, of his brother Satyrus and of his sister Marcellina. St. Victor's church, called in St. Ambrose's time *Basilica Portiana*, is ennobled by its connexion with the actions of the saint, and by his contests with the Arians. It is however old in site and in name only; the whole fabric being entirely modern, and far too gaudy for ancient taste. This censure indeed may be passed upon many other churches in *Milan*, which lose much of their majesty and even of their beauty by the profusion of rich and splendid decorations that encumber them. The materials of all are costly, the arrangement of most is tasteless; yet there are few which do not

present some object of curiosity worthy of a visit. The same observation is applicable both ot the convents and to the palaces.

From these edifices therefore we will pass to the Ambrosian library, an establishment which, notwithstanding its appellation, has no connexion with antiquity, and owes its existence entirely to the munificence of Cardinal *Federigo Borromeo*, nephew of St. Charles, and his successor in the See of *Milan*. This prelate, who seems to have inherited the virtues, if not the talents of his uncle, began to collect books when a student at Rome, and enlarging his plan as he advanced in age and dignities, at length when raised to the archbishopric, erected an edifice, placed his collection in it, and opened it to the public under the title of *Bibliotheca Ambrosiana* (the Ambrosian library). It contains about forty thousand volumes, and more, it is said, than fifteen thousand manuscripts. There is also annexed to this library a gallery of pictures, statues, antiques, and medals, which contained many articles of great rarity and reputation. But these, whether statues, medals, or paintings, have, together with the most valuable books and manuscripts, been conveyed to Paris. The hall of this library is well proportioned, though not so large as might be expected, and as is indeed requisite for a collection of books so considerable. The ceiling is adorned with paintings, and the space between the book cases and the cornice filled up, by the portraits of the most eminent authors, whose writings are deposited below, or to use the elevated language of Pliny the Elder, *quorum immortales animæ, in locis iisdem loquuntur*[1].

It is well known, that one of the most curious and valuable articles in this library was a manuscript collection of various works of *Leonardo de Vinci*, accompanied with drawings, designs, etc., which had been presented to it by a citizen of the name of *Galeas Arcosati*, who generously refused vast sums offered for this precious deposit, and to secure its possession to his country, consigned it to the Ambrosian library as to an inviolable sanctuary. The reputation of *Leonardo*, whose genius ranged over all the sciences at pleasure, and shone with equal lustre in poetry, painting, architecture, and philosophy, gave these volumes, of sufficient importance in themselves, an inestimable value in the eyes of his countrymen, who accordingly, with that enthusiasm for the arts which distinguishes the modern Italians as honourably as it did the ancient Greeks, erected a marble statue to the donor, and enregistered his name among the public benefactors of the city. What then must have been their rage and indignation when they saw this relict, the object of their

[1] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv. cap. 2. — Whose immortal souls still speak in the same

pride and complacency, torn from them by the French[1], and sent off jumbled and tost in the common mass of plunder, to Paris? But this injustice was not the last nor the greatest insult offered to the feelings of the *Milanese* by their invaders.

In the refectory or hall of the convent of the Dominicans was, as is well known, the celebrated Last Supper by the same painter, supposed to be his masterpiece. The convent was suppressed; the hall was turned into a store-room of artillery; and the picture was used as a target for the soldiers to fire at! The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others. Their impiety, though wanton and to them unprofitable, was impotent, and may be passed over with contemptuous abhorrence; but their barbarism in defacing a masterpiece which, though in decay, was still a model in the art, succeeded to the full extent even of their mischievous wishes, and has erased for ever one of the noblest specimens of painting in the world. It may be doubted whether the Goths, the Lombards, or even the Huns were ever guilty of such unnecessary outrage.

In colleges, hospitals, and establishments of charity in general, *Milan* is or rather was, most splendidly endowed, owing in a great degree to the princely munificence of St. Charles. Of the former, the college of *Brera*, once belonging to the Jesuits, is the principal; it contained twelve hundred students besides professors, masters, and teachers; is of great extent and magnificence. Its courts (surrounded with galleries in two stories supported by granite pillars), its staircase, its library, and its observatory, are much admired by the *Milanese*, and not without reason; but the galleries would appear to more advantage if the pillars were nearer. Wide intercolumniations are however very general in almost all galleries, piazzas, and colonnades, that I have seen even in Italy; a defect more opposite perhaps to greatness of manner and even to beauty than any other.

The Seminary, and *Collegio Helvetico* (Swiss college), particularly the latter, are adorned in the same manner with courts and porticos, and furnished with noble halls and libraries.

The *Ospedale Maggiore* (great hospital) is an immense edifice; its principal court, for it has several, is more than three hundred feet square; it is lined with a double portico, supported by columns of granite: the lower order is Ionic, the upper Composite; it contains more than twelve hundred persons, and has halls appropriated to different trades and to working convalescents.

The *Lazaretto* is a spacious quadrangle of twelve hundred and fifty feet in length, and twelve hundred in breadth. It contains

[1] Di Parigi
Le vagabonde belve.
Ab. *Monti.*
The vagrant savages of Paris.

about three hundred rooms with fire places, is surrounded by a stream, and admirably adapted for the residence of epidemical patients, by its airiness and cleanliness. In the centre of the court stands a chapel, so contrived that the priest at the altar may be seen by the sick even from their beds. The pillars that support the portico are slender, and distant from each other; yet the solidity, uniformity, and immensity of this edifice give it a grand and very striking appearance. It is now used as barracks, or rather, I believe, as cavalry stables.

The reader may, perhaps, expect an account of the remains of ancient magnificence, the relics of that imperial splendour which once adorned *Milan*, and is recorded in the well known verses of Ausonius.

duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri;
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis;
Mœniaque in valli formam circumdata labro:
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ [1].

*Auson. Claræ urbes.* v.

But of these edifices the names only remain, annexed to the churches built on their site, or over their ruins.—*Stu. Maria del Circo, S. Georgio al Palazzo, S. Vittore al Theatro.* We must except the baths, of which a noble fragment still stands near the parochial church of *St. Lorenzo*. It consists of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns fluted, and of white marble, with their architrave. They are all of the best proportion, and placed at the distance of two diameters and a quarter, the most regular and most graceful intercolumniation. The houses behind the pillars, and indeed the church itself, evidently stand on ancient foundations, and have enabled the antiquary to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the form of the original building. The era of the erection of these baths is not known, but the extreme elegance of the remains is a sufficient proof that they are the work of a period of

[1] ——a two-fold wall surrounds,
And makes the spacious town seem doubly great.
Add too the circus, scene of costly games,
The theatre, the temples, palaces
High-tow'ring to the skies; the wealthy mint,
And baths that boast Alcides' glorious name,
And porticos with marble statues grac'd,
And all the town by ramparts high o'ertopp'd;
Whate'er is great in art, fair Milan boasts,
Nor dreads the neighb'ring rivalry of Rome.

architectural perfection, and consequently long prior to the iron age of Maximian [1].

But while the grand features of the ancient are wanting to the modern city, the minor advantages are nearly the same in both, and the plenty, the number of splendid and well-furnished houses, and till the present disastrous epoch, the simple manly manners of the inhabitants of *Milan* in the eighteenth century would, perhaps, enable it to vie, without loosing much by the comparison, with *Mediolanum* in the fourth.

> Copia rerum
> Innumeræ cultæque domus—fecunda virorum
> Ingenia; antiqui mores [2] ....
>
> *Auson. Ibid.*

The mental qualifications which the poet ascribes to the ancient inhabitants of *Milan* may perhaps with equal reason be attributed to the modern; especially as the Italians are no where deficient in natural abilities. I do not however find that this city was at any period *particularly* pregnant with genius, nor do I recollect the names of any *very* illustrious writers born in it, or formed in its schools. We may therefore consider the import of this verse, as far as it confers on the *Milanese* any pre-eminence of talent, as merely poetical and complimentary [3]. Another mark of resemblance I must mention, which is, that the modern like the ancient town is surrounded with a double wall, which is perhaps raised on the foundation of the old double circumference, and may be considered as an indication that the city covers as great a space now as formerly, and perhaps contains as many inhabitants.

I shall say nothing of the intended embellishments, nor of the future *Forum* of *Bonaparte:* the present government has a great talent for destruction, and is now occupied in the demolition of ramparts, convents, and houses, to make room for the latter edifice, destined hereafter to outshine that of Trajan itself. When it is to be begun is not known; meantime the work of destruction pro-

[1] The inscription on one of the pilasters is generally acknowledged to have reference to this edifice.

[2] There plenty reigns; there mansions rich and fair
Abound in ev'ry street . . . . .
Primæval manners deck her manly sons,
With genius rar indeed.

[3] The author does not mean to insinuate that Milan has produced no great men, or no celebrated authors: but that the great men and celebrated authors which she has produced, either as natives or students, have not acquired that pre-eminence of fame which distinguishes the denizens of several other cities, such as Verona, Padua, and Florence; and of course that they were not entitled to the appellation of *very* illustrious writers.

ceeds. However be these improvements what they way, I must say, that the beauties of *Milan* are not a little at present, and in opposition to the poet's declaration were, I believe, anciently still more eclipsed by the splendour of Rome. *Juncta premit vicinia Romæ* [1], is an observation applicable to *Milan*, to *Genoa*, and still more to *Florence* because nearer that capital, so long the seat of beauty, of empire, and of majesty [2].

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Como*—The Larian Lake—Pliniana, the intermitting Fountain—Insula Comacena—The Lago di Lecco—The Addua—Site of Pliny's Villas—Observations on Collegiate Churches—Lago di Lugano—Varese and its Lake.

On Monday the 27th of September, we set out from *Milan*, about twelve o'clock, and took the road to *Como*. The distance is about twenty-six miles, and runs over an extensive plain, presenting in the midst of verdure and fertility many villas, but no object particularly interesting.

At *Berlasina* (about half way) we changed horses; and a few miles further on, the distant *Glaciers* began to increase in magnitude and grandeur, and at the same time, the country around gradually assumed rougher features, and presented hills heightening as we advanced, and exhibiting a variety of wild broken scenery. We entered *Como* about six o'clock.

*Comum* is, like most of the towns between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, of great antiquity, and like them also it owes its origin to a Gallic tribe, and its importance to Roman colonization. For the latter benefit it was indebted partly to the father of Pompey, and partly to Julius Cæsar. It never fell to its lot to make a figure in the world, nor indeed to attract the attention of the historian, either by its glories or by its reverses; and it seems to have derived from its humble mediocrity a greater degree of security and quiet in the numberless disasters of Italy than any of the more powerful and more illustrious cities can boast of. Its principal advantage is its situation, and its greatest glory is the re-

[1] The neighbourhood of Rome eclipses them.

[2] The traveller would do well to visit, as he easily may, the three cities above-mentioned, to which we may add *Turin* and *Venice* on his way to Rome. As for *Naples* it derives its attractions not from art but from nature, and will charm as long as its bay with all its isles, its coasts with their windings, its lakes with their wild borders and classic haunts, and its mountains with their fires, fertility, and verdure, continue to glow with the beams of the sun that now enlightens them.

putation of one of its ancient denizens, Pliny the Younger. Its situation is beautiful. On the southern extremity of the *Larian* lake it commands a fine prospect of that noble expanse of water, with its bold and varied borders. It is covered behind, and on each side, with fertile hills. It is an episcopal town of some extent, and of a pleasing appearance. The cathedral is of white marble, and mixed architecture; the front is of light and not inelegant Gothic; the nave is supported by Gothic arches; the choir and transepts are adorned with composite pillars; a dome rises over the centre. The effect of the whole, though the mixture is incorrect, is not unpleasant. In the front of the cathedral there is a statue of Pliny with basso relievos alluding to his writings, and on each side of the grand entrance is an inscription in his honour. The inscriptions are more commendable for the spirit than for the style; the best of the two concludes in the following manner:

Ordo, populusque Comensis Caium Plinium Secundum ..... Municipem suum incomparabilem statuâ et elogio ornavere.

Faustus honor, dulcisque juvat me fama Secundum,
At mage concives hæc posuisse meos [1].

Without doubt a writer so much attached to his country on one side, and so fond of fame on the other, as Pliny seems to have been, may be supposed to look down with complacency on the honours thus zealously paid in his beloved *Comum* [2] to his memory so many ages after his decease. However, these honours are justly due, not to his reputation only, but to his public spirit, as few citizens seem to have conferred so many solid benefits upon their country as he did on *Comum*. In the first place he established, or at least he contributed largely, both by his example and munificence, to the establishment of a school with an able teacher at its head [3]. In the next, he provided a fund for the support of free children; built a temple to contain the busts of the emperors, which he had presented to his fellow citizens [4]; adorned the temple with a bronze statue of exquisite workmanship, *dignum templo, dignum Deo donum* [5]; voluntarily resigned a legacy in favour of

[1] The decurionate and people of Como have complimented their incomparable townsman, Caius Plinius Secundus, with a statue and an eulogy.

Fair honour and renown impart
No common joy to Pliny's heart;
Yet hence the proudest praise I claim,
That thus my townsmen grace my name.

[2] *Tuæ meæque deliciæ* (your delight and mine), says he to his friend, speaking of his town, their common country.—*Lib.* i. *Epist.* 3.

[3] iv. Ep. 13.

[4] x. 24.

[5] iii. 6.—A gift worthy of the temple, and worthy of the god.

*Comum*; and, in short, seized every occasion of manifesting his affection for the town and for its inhabitants. Few characters in truth appear more accomplished and more amiable than that of Pliny the Younger. Indefatigable both in the discharge of his duties and in the prosecution of his studies, frugal in the management and generous in the disposal of his fortune, gentle in the private intercourse of society, but firm and intrepid in his public capacity, grateful and affectionate as a husband and friend, just as a magistrate, and high-minded as a senator, he seems to have possessed the whole circle of virtues, and to have acted his part in all the relations of life with grace and with propriety. Nothing can be more pleasing than the picture which he gives of his domestic occupations, and few lessons are more instructive than the transcript which we find in his epistles, of his sentiments and feelings on every occasion where friendship, merit, virtue, and patriotism, are interested. It is true, that the picture is drawn by Pliny himself, and both it and the transcript confessedly intended for the public; but the intimacy of such men as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Quintilian, and the countenance of an emperor like Trajan, who knew so well how to appreciate merit, are sufficient guarantees that the author's life and writings were not at variance. One reflection however occurs not a little derogatory to the real substantial virtue of Pliny, and that is, that its motive was, or to speak more tenderly, seems to have been vanity[1]; a mean principle that makes virtue the handmaid of self-love, and instead of the noble object of ambition, degrades her into its tool and instrument. But, Christianity alone can correct this depravity; and we can only deplore the misfortune of Pliny, who never opened his eyes to its heavenly light.

We may collect from Pliny that *Comum* was in his time a rich and flourishing city, adorned with temples, statues, porticos, and pillared gates, and encircled with large and splendid villas; that it was governed by decurions, inhabited by opulent citizens, and endowed with rich lands. In most of these respects, modern *Como* does not perhaps yield to the ancient city. The cathedral, in materials, magnitude, and probably in decoration, though not in style, equals the temple of Jupiter; and ten or fifteen other churches, four or five of which are remarkable for some peculiar excellence or other, may be deemed as ornamental to the city as half the number of temples. One of these churches, that of *St. Giovanni*, is adorned by the several pillars, which are supposed to have belonged to a portico which Pliny mentions, as erected by Fabatus, his wife's grandfather[2]. Three colleges of reputation, and as many public libraries, are advantages which Pliny would have ex-

tolled with rapture, and are far superior, it must be owned, even to the collection of imperial statues, and to the temple erected for their receptacle[1]. To complete the resemblance or the equality, *Como* is now (was lately, I should have said) as anciently, governed by *Decurions* of birth and property; to which I must add, that it contains a population of nearly twenty thousand souls. Pliny therefore might still behold his beloved country with delight, and exult in its prosperity after so many centuries of revolution, as well as in its gratitude after so many ages of barbarism and oblivion.

Next morning we embarked at nine o'clock. The view of the lake from the town is confined to a small basin that forms the harbour of *Como*, but the view of the town from the lake, taken at the distance of a mile from the quay, is extremely beautiful. The expanse of water immediately under the eye, the boats gliding across it; beyond it the town with its towers and domes, at the foot of three conical hills all green and wooded, that in the middle crowned with a crested castle, extending its ramparts down the declivity; on both sides bold eminences, chequered with groves and villas; form altogether a varied and most enchanting picture.

On passing the little promontory that forms the harbour, we discovered a fine sheet of water of seven miles, with the pretty little town of *Carnobio* full before us; and on our left, an opening between the hills, through which we discovered some *glaciers*, and in particular Mount *St. Bernard*, covered with perpetual snows. The mountains on both sides rose to a great elevation, sometimes ascending abruptly from the lake itself, and sometimes swelling gradually from its borders, always shaded with forests of firs and chestnuts, or clad with vines and olives. But whether steep or sloping, the declivities are enlivened by numberless villas, villages, convents, and towns, seated sometimes on the very verge of the water, sometimes perched on crags and precipices; here imbosomed in groves, and there towering on the summits of the mountains. This mixture of solitude and of animation, of grandeur and of beauty, joined with the brightness of the sky, the smoothness of the lake, and the warm beams of the sun playing upon its surface, gave inexpressible interest to the scene, and excited in the highest degree our delight and admiration.

We next doubled the verdant promontory of *Torno* on the right, and bending towards the eastern bank, landed at a villa called *Pliniana*. It owes this appellation, as the reader will easily guess, to the intermittent fountain so minutely described by the younger Pliny. It is situated on the margin of the lake, at the foot of a precipice, from which tumbles a cascade, amid groves of beeches,

[1] The curious reader may see a description of a temple which Pliny was about to erect, though probably on his Tuscan property, not at *Comum*.—*Lib.* ix. *Epist.* 39.

poplars, chestnuts, and cypresses. A serpentine walk leads through these groves, and discovers at every winding some new and beautiful view. The famous fountain bursts from the rock in a small court behind the house, and passing through the under story, falls into the lake. Pliny's description of it is inscribed in large characters in the hall, and is still supposed to give an accurate account of the phænomenon. It is rather singular that the intervals of the rise and fall of this spring should be stated differently by the elder and by the younger Pliny; both of whom must have had frequent opportunities of observing it. The former represents it as increasing and decreasing every hour — *In Comensi juxta Larium lacum, fons largus, horis singulis semper intumescit, ac residet*[1]; the latter thrice a day only — *ter in die statis auctibus ac diminutionibus crescit, decrescitque*[2]. According to some modern observers, the ebb and flow are irregular; but the greater number, with the inhabitants of the house, assure us, that now, as in Pliny's time, it takes place usually thrice a day; *usually*, because, in very stormy and tempestuous weather, the fountain is said to feel the influence of the disordered atmosphere, and to vary considerably in its motions. This latter circumstance leads to the following conjectural explanation of the cause of this phænomenon.

The west wind, which regularly blows upon the lake at twelve o'clock, or mid-day, begins at nine in the upper regions, or on the summits of the mountains; upon these summits, and particularly that which rises behind the *Pliniana*, there are several cavities that penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, and communicate with certain internal reservoirs of water, the existence of which has been ascertained by various observations. Now, when the wind rushes down the cavities above-mentioned, and reaches the water, it ruffles its surface, and carries its waves against the sides of the cavern, where, just above its ordinary level, there are little fissures or holes. The water raised by the impulse which it receives from the wind, rises to these fissures, and passing through them, trickles down through the crevices that communicate with the fountain below, and gradually fills it. In stormy weather the water is impelled with greater violence, and flows in greater quantities, till it is nearly exhausted; or at least, reduced too low to be raised again to the fissures. Hence, on such occasions, the fountain fills with rapidity first, and then dries up, or rather remains low, till the reservoir regains its usual level, and impelled by the wind, begins to ebb again. Such is the explanation given by the *Abate Carlo Amoretti*.

[1] Nat. Hist. Lib. ii. cap. 103.—In the district of Como, near the Larian lake, is a copious spring, which swells and subsides every hour.

[2] iv. Ep. 30. — Thrice a day it increases and decreases with a regular augmentation and diminution.

We had not time to verify the return of the fountain, which when we visited it, was at its lowest ebb, but we have no doubt as to the flux and the reflux; the regularity of which was confirmed by the testimony of the servants of the house, and indeed by that of all persons in its vicinity. After all, this fountain is classical, the scenery around it is romantic, and the way to it is magnificent; but in itself, it is inferior in every respect to the intermitting fountain near *Settle* in Yorkshire, whose ebb and flow recur every quarter of an hour, and succeed each other without a minute's variation.

Some writers have supposed, that one of the villas which Pliny possessed in the neigbourhood of *Como* occupies this site; but though he had many in the vicinity of the lake, he yet describes only his two favourite retreats, and the situation of the *Plinians* corresponds with neither. The one was, it seems, on the very verge of the lake, almost rising out of the waters, and in this respect it resembled the *Plinians;* but it would be difficult to find in the latter sufficient space among the rocks for the *gestatio quæ spatiosissimo xysto leviter inflectitur*[1]. The other villa might possibly have stood on the neighbouring promontory of *Torno*, whence *(editissimo dorso*[2]) it might have commanded two bays. There are, indeed, many situations on the banks of the lake which correspond with Pliny's descriptions, and consequently leave us at a loss to guess at the particular spots to which he alludes. A little farther on, the lake first contracts itself at *Brienno*, remarkable for its flourishing laurels, and then expands again and makes a fine sweep, which forms the bay of *Agregno*, a busy little town, the mart of the neighbouring vallies. The banks still continued to present the same bold and wooded scenery — *amœnum* (as Pliny the Elder expresses it) *arbusto agrum*[3] — the constant characteristic feature of the *Larian* lake, and territory.

We next landed on a little island, now called *Di S. Giovanni*, anciently, that is, in the seventh century, *Insula Comacena* (the Comacene island). This island is wooded and cultivated like a garden, or rather an orchard, and presents a most enchanting retreat to its proprietor, if he have either taste to discern, or means to enjoy its beauties. However, with all the charms of its situation, it never seems to have attracted much notice, as we find no allusion to it among the ancients, and little attention paid to it by the moderns. But, in the ages of barbarian invasion, and particularly under the *Longobardic* kings, it was occasionally resorted to as an asylum safe from sudden attack, and sometimes capable of sustaining a siege.

[1] The walk, which gently winds along an extensive gallery.

[2] From its lofty ridge.

[3] x. 29.—A district delightful from its abundance of woody copses.

There is, indeed, an account of one of the *Longobardic* monarchs having discovered and conveyed to *Pavia* a treasure which the Romans had here deposited; a circumstance which, with a few additional embellishments, might be worked into a tolerable romance, especially as the age, in which the event is supposed to have taken place, is fertile in legends, and of course fully open to fiction. We are told, indeed, that it afforded a retreat to the Christians during the persecutions of the three first centuries, and that from their numbers it derived the rank of a town, under the appellation of *Christopolis;* that it next sheltered the Greek exarchs, and enabled them to make a successful stand against the *Longobardic* invaders; and, in fine, that it became an independent republic, extended its conquests over the neighbouring banks, and carried on a long and eventful war with *Como*. But, these and its other brilliant achievements, not having a Thucydides to transmit them emblazoned to posterity, are gradually sinking into darkness, and will probably ere long be buried in total oblivion. This romantic island swells gently from the lake, is about a mile in length, half a mile in breadth, and half a mile distant from the western bank.

Nearly opposite to it on the eastern bank, the rocks and precipices are rough, shapeless, and menacing; hollowed into caverns and recesses, all dark and tremendous; while beneath them the water is unusually deep, and from its depth, and the shade which the superincumbent rocks cast upon it, appears black and dismal to the eye, as well as the imagination.

As we advanced, we passed some beautiful bays and promontories with their villas and villages. Among these are *Balbiano; Lenna*, where some years ago a subterraneous temple was discovered with a marble statue of Diana; and on the very margin of the lake, *Villa*, which took its name without doubt from the mansion which formerly occupied the same spot, and seems to have been of great extent and magnificence, as remains of pillars are discernible, in calm weather, under the water close to the shore. Some antiquaries suppose this to be the real site of Pliny's villa; he could not indeed have chosen a more beautiful spot, nor, if we may believe the general opinion, a more genial climate. Hence, its productions, such as aloes, capers, etc. seem to belong to a more southern sky, and surprise us by their blooming appearance under the snowy brows of the *Alps*. We then traversed the little bay of *Tramezzina*, and landed at *Cadenabbia* about four o'clock.

The view from *Cadenabbia* is the most extensive, and at the same time, the most interesting on the lake; it takes in the greatest expanse of water, because it overlooks the *Larian* before its division into two branches (one of which takes its name from *Como*, and the other from *Lecco*) and it includes the greatest variety of scenery, because it commands the entrance into both these branches, and the

promontory that separates them from each other. This promontory swells into a lofty eminence, is covered with woods, adorned with several villas, and crowned with a convent. It is called *Bellaggio*, from a village that stands on its extremity.

In front and over the widest part of the lake rises a rough rocky shore, with a ridge of broken grotesque mountains beyond, and above them the bare pointed summit of *Monte Legnone*, one of the highest of the *Alps*. As the situation of *Cadenabbia* is so beautiful, and as its accommodations are good, the traveller, who wishes to explore the recesses of the *Larian* lake and its bordering mountains, may make it his head-quarters, and from thence commence his excursions. *Bellaggio*, and the branch of the lake which lies beyond it, will first attract his attention. The *Lago di Lecco* (for so that branch is called) takes its name from the town of *Lecco* (probably the ancient *Licini Forum*) which stands at its extremity, at nearly the same distance from the point of separation as is *Como*. The *Lago di Lecco* is, properly speaking, the channel of the *Adda* (*Addua vivo cærulus*[1]) which flowing through the upper and wider part of the lake, may be considered as turning from it at *Bellaggio*, and contracting its channel as it withdraws, at length resumes its original form and name a little beyond *Lecco*.

The next excursion may be to *Bellano*, some miles above *Cadenabbia*, and on the opposite side of the lake. He will here visit a cavern formed by the falling of the river *Pioverna* through a rocky cliff, and called very appropriately from its darkness and the murmurs of the torrent, *L'Orrido* (the horrid). Lower down and nearly opposite *Cadenabbia* is a village called *Capuana*, supposed by some antiquaries to have been the real situation of Pliny's lower villa. Their conjectures are founded principally upon a mosaic pavement discovered there, a circumstance which proves indeed that a villa was there, but nothing more. Both Pliny's favourite seats must, I conceive, have been in the neighbourhood of *Comum*. Not far from this village is a stream called *Latte* (milk), which bursts from a vast cavern on the side of a mountain, and forms a cascade of more than a thousand feet before it reaches the plain. The cavern is supposed to extend for miles through the bowels of the mountain, and even to lead to the icy summit which supplies the stream.

Thence the traveller may return by *Bellaggio*, and range through its groves of olive and pines, visit its palaces, and compare it with the description which Pliny gives of his upper villa or his *Tragedia*; for on this spot it stood, if we may credit antiquaries, and certainly a more commanding and majestic site he could not have chosen; but though several circumstances of the description agree

[1] Claudian De vi. Cons. Hon. 196.—Addua of curulean hue.

with this situation, yet, I doubt much as to the accuracy of their application—*Imposita saxis lacum prospicit..... lacu latius utitur... fluctus non sentit*[1], etc., are features applicable to a hundred situations on both the shores of the lake, as well as to the promontory of *Bellaggio;* while the only expression which seems to distinguish it from many others is not, in my opinion, applicable, in Pliny's sense, to the spot in question. His words are—*Hæc unum sinum molli curvamine amplectitur; illa editissimo dorso duos dirimit*[2]. That the word *sinus* may be understood of the two branches of the lake I admit, but that it is not so extensively applied in this passage must appear evident, when we consider that no villa, garden, nor park, can be supposed to embrace in its windings one of the branches of the lake, which is fifteen miles in length; and consequently we may conclude that the word *sinus* here signifies one of the little bays formed by some of the numberless promontories that project from the shores between *Como* and *Cadenabbia*.

I must here notice another mistake, into which the same antiquaries seem to have fallen. They suppose that the channel between the island above described and the shore, is alluded to in the following words:—*Quid Euripus viridis et gemmeus?*[3] Now it is evident from the context, that the villa to which this *Euripus* belonged, was in the immediate vicinty of *Como, suburbanum amœnissimum*[4], an appellation by no means applicable to a seat sixteen or eighteen miles distant from a country town.

But to return to *Bellaggio*.—This delightful spot, now covered with villas and cottages, was, during the anarchical contests of the middle ages, not unfrequently converted into a receptable of robbers, outlaws, and banditti, who infested all the borders of the lake during the night, and in daytime concealed themselves amid these thickets, caverns, and fastnesses: and indeed when neglected, and abandoned to nature it must have resembled the fictitious haunts of Apuleius's robbers, and have been a steep and savage wilderness —*Mons horridus, sylvestris, frondibus umbrosus et imprimis altus . . . per obliqua devexa . . . saxis asperrimis cingitur*[5].

[1] Built upon the rocks, it looks over the lake.... it commands an extensive view of the lake.. it does not feel the waves.

[2] The latter comprehends *one* bay within its gentle curvature; the former, with its elevated ridge, separates *two* from each other.

[3] Lib. i. epis. 3. and ix. epis. 7.—What, the glassy and sparkling Euripus?

[4] A most delightful suburban retreat.

[5] Apul. Met. iv. cap. 67.—A savage and woody hill, thickly shaded with leaves, and very high.... along the shelving declivities..... it is environed with craggy rocks.

From *Cadenabbia* we sailed to *Menaggio*, a few miles higher up the lake. From this little town we had a full view of the lake from *Bellaggio* to *Graredona* and *Domaso*; beyond this latter place the *Larian* receives the *Adda*, after which it contracts its channel, and changes its name into the *Lago di Chiavenna*. We are now about to take our leave of this celebrated lake, but think it necessary first to make some general observations.

The lake of *Como*, or the *Larian* (for so it is still called, not unfrequently even by the common people) retains its ancient dimensions unaltered, and is fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth. Its form is serpentine, and its banks are indented with frequent creeks and harbours; it is subject to sudden squalls, and sometimes even when calm, to swells violent and unexpected; both are equally dangerous. The latter are more frequently experienced in the branch of the lake that terminates at *Como* than in the other parts, because it has no emissary or outlet, such as the *Adda* forms at *Lecco*. The mountains that border the lake are by no means either barren or naked; their lower regions are generally covered with olives, vines, and orchards; the middle is encircled with groves of chestnut of great height and expansion, and the upper regions are either downs, or forests of pine and fir, with the exception of certain very elevated ridges, which are necessarily either naked or covered with snow. Their sides are seldom formed of one continued steep, but usually interrupted by fields and levels extending in some places into wide plains, which supply abundant space for every kind of cultivation. These fertile plains are generally at one-third, and sometimes at two-thirds of the elevation. On or near these levels are most of the towns and villages, that so beautifully diversify the sides of the mountains.

But cultivation is not the only source of the riches of the *Larian* territory: various mines of iron, lead, and copper, are now as they were anciently, spread over its surface, and daily opened in the bowels of its mountains; besides quarries of marble, which supply *Milan* and all the neighbouring cities with the materials and the ornaments of their most magnificent churches.

Nor are (*were* I should say) the borders of the *Larian* lake destitute of literary establishments. Several convents, and some collegiate churches kept or patronized schools, and spread knowledge and civilization over the surface of a country apparently rugged and abandoned. Collegiate churches, especially where all the canons, without exception, are obliged to reside nine months in the year (as in the district of *Milan*, and indeed in all catholic countries) have always appeared to me of great utility in the country in general, and particularly in remote tracts and unfrequented provinces. The persons promoted to stalls in these establishments are generally such as have acquired reputation as authors, distinguished themselves in universities and colleges as professors, or rendered





lves serviceable as tutors in private education. The con-
on of such men was well calculated to propagate a spirit of
tion and improvement in the vicinity of their Chapter; while
vice of the church, always supported in such establishments
eat decency and even splendour, strengthened the influence
ion, and with it extended the graces and the charities which
company its steps. To these we may add, that the decora-
oth external and internal of these churches and of the build-
nexed to them, not only give employment almost constant
erous artisans, but moreover inspire and keep alive a taste
fine arts; and to the number of such establishments and
splendid embellishments we may perhaps ascribe that relish
, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and that nice dis-
in these arts, so generally prevalent in Italy, and obser-
ven in peasants and day-labourers. The entire suppression
re of such foundations, which is now taking place almost all
e continent, is to be lamented as impolitic and mischievous,
ely in its consequences to deteriorate the taste, and gradually
arize the manners of the people at large; and in a special
r, of the inhabitants of wild and mountainous regions.
not turn from the *Larian* lake without reminding the reader
verses in which Claudian alludes to its magnitude, the fer-
its banks, and the mountains that border it.

> Protinus umbrosa qua vestit littus oliva
> Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
> Parva puppe lacum prætervolat. Ocius inde
> Scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes [1].
>
> *De Bello Getico.* 319.

set out from *Menaggio* about ten o'clock, and took our way
s the lake of *Lugano* on foot, first over a fine hill, and then
h a most delightful vale, between two very lofty and steep,
dant mountains. From the summit of the hill we looked
n the *Lario,* and had also a distinct view of a considerable
its eastern branch, the *Lago di Lecco.* The latter part of
ley through which we passed seems, at some distant period,
been under water, as it is low and swampy, and terminates
ser lake, called from its situation *Lago di Piano.* The pic-
ue hill which rises beyond this lake appears, from the marshy
at surround it, as if it had once been an island. The travel-
passing the valley ought to turn round occasionally, in order

[1] The Larian lake, whose shores with olives bloom,
In a small skiff the vent'rous warrior trust:
His huge expanse of waters, tempest-toss't,
Roars like the main: then, spite of wint'ry skies,
Scal'd the steep mountains, on his banks that rise

to behold the magnificent barrier of craggy rocks that close it behind.

## LAGO DI LUGANO.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at *Porlezza,* six miles from *Menaggio,* and immediately embarked on the *Lago di Lugano.* This lake is twenty-five miles in length, in breadth from three to six, and of immense depth; indeed, in some places, it is said to be almost unfathomable. Its former name was *Ceresius Lacus* (the Ceresian Lake); but whether known to the ancients, or produced, as some have imagined, by a sudden convulsion in the fifth or sixth century, has not yet been ascertained. The banks are formed by the sides of two mountains, so steep as to afford little room for villages or even cottages, and so high, as to cast a blackening shade over the surface of the waters. Their rocky bases are oftentimes so perpendicular, and descend so rapidly into the gulph below, without shelving or gradation, as not to allow shelter for a boat, or even footing for a human being. Hence, although covered with wood hanging in vast masses of verdure from the precipices, and although bold and magnificent in the highest degree from their bulk and elevation, yet they inspire sensations of awe rather than of pleasure. The traveller feels a sort of terror as he glides under them, and dreads lest the rocks should close over him, or some fragment descend from the crag, and bury him suddenly in the abyss.

To this general description there are several exceptions, and in particular with reference to that part, which expanding westward forms the bay of *Lugano*. The banks here slope off gently towards the south and west, presenting fine hills, fields, and villas, with the town itself in the centre, consisting in appearance of several noble lines of buildings. On the craggy trop of the promontory on one side of this bay stands a castle; the towering summit of the opposite cape opens into green downs striped with forests, bearing a strong resemblance in scenery and elevation to the heights of *Vallombrosa*. The snowy pinnacles and craggy masses of the neighbouring *Alps* rise behind the town, and form an immense semicircular boundary. The town is said to be pretty, and the climate is considered as mild and genial.

*Lugano* formerly enjoyed prosperity and independence under the protection of the Swiss Cantons. In the late revolutionary war it was seized by the French, and annexed to the *Cisalpine* Republic. The change was not very popular, as may be imagined; however submission was unavoidable, till, impoverished by taxes, and teased by swarms of blood-suckers under the titles of prefects, mayors, commissioners, etc. the inhabitants yielded to the impulse of courage, threw off the yoke, and expelled the *Cisalpine* officers. It

was in actual rebellion when we passed, and it had our cordial but unavailing wishes. In front of the town we sailed under a lofty mountain covered with wood, and projecting into the lake. Its interior is hollowed into a variety of caverns (called by the people *cantini,* cellars) remarkable for coolness and dryness. Here the citizens of *Lugano* store their wine and corn, and in the summer months they keep their meat here, which, even in the most sultry weather, remains untainted for a considerable time.

The bay of *Lugano* lies nearer the southern than the northern extremity of the lake, which, a few miles beyond it, again expands and forms three other branches. One of the branches, bending northward, is of considerable extent, and discharges itself by the river *Tresa* into the *Lago Maggiore.* In turning from *Lugano,* the depth of the lake is, where narrowest, considerably diminished, a circumstance ascribed to the fall of a vast promontory. The same effect is supposed to have been produced by the same cause lower down, near a town called *Melano.* These tremendous falls are occasioned principally by the action of subterraneous waters that hollow the mountain into caverns, and sometimes force their way through its sides, tearing it asunder as they rush forth, and hurling its fragments into the lake below. Such an event happened in the year 1528, and nearly swept away a little town called *Campione,* almost opposite *Lugano;* and again in the year 1710 near the *Tresa* (the *emissary* or outlet of the lake) and choked its channel with the ruins of a neighbouring mountain. Hence we may conclude, that those who ascribe the origin of the lake itself to an internal convulsion, derive some presumptive and plausible arguments to support their conjecture from the frequency of similar accidents.

As we advanced the boatmen pointed to some distant caverns on the bank, as having once been the receptacles of a troop of banditti, who infested the lake and its immediate neighbourhood for a considerable time, and by the secrecy and the extent of their subterraneous retreats, long eluded the pursuit of government. We glided over the latter part in the silence and obscurity of evening, and landed at about half past seven at *Porto.* The carriages had here been appointed to meet us, and as accommodations are very indifferent, being only a village, we immediately set out for *Varese.* The distance is seven miles. The country is said to be very beautiful, but the darkness of the night prevented us from observing the scenery.

At *Biuseshio,* the first village from *Porto,* there is a villa belonging to a family called the *Cicogna,* surrounded with a garden, *veramente Inglese* (truly English), for so they assured us. In a country like this, where there is so great a variety of ground, so much water, so much wood, and so much mountain, nothing is wanting to make a garden or park *truly English* but a little judg-

ment, and some partiality for a rural life to bring it into action. It is to be regretted that this taste, so conformable to nature, and so favourable both to public and private felicity, should be uncommon in a country pre-eminently adorned with all the charms calculated to inspire and nourish it.

. . . . . Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos; squallent abductis arva colonis [1].
*Georg.* i. 507.

*Varese* is a small and cleanly town. It seems formed principally of the villas of some of the *Milanese* nobility: the Ionic front of the principal church was the only object that attracted my attention.

From *Varese*, having sent the carriages to *Novara*, we proceeded post in the vehicles of the country to *Laveno*. We set out about half past nine. The country which we traversed, when considered as bordering upon the *Alps*, may be called flat, but it is in reality varied with fine swells and undulations. Its principal ornament is the *Lago di Varese*, an expanse of water very noble in itself, though it loses much of its real magnitude from the comparison which is perpetually made between this lake and the three inland *seas* in its immediate vicinity. It appears to be of an oval form, about twelve miles in length, and six in breadth. Its banks slope gently to the verge of the water, and are covered with all the luxuriancy of vegetation. Fields of deep verdure bordered by lofty trees; hills covered with thickets; villas shaded with pines and poplars; villages encircled with vineyards, strike the traveller wherever he turns his eye, and amuse him as he wanders along the margin of the lake, with a continual picture of fertility and of happiness.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lago Maggiore or Verbanus—Its Islands—Lake of Magotzo—Vale of Ossola—Sempione—Arona—Colossal Statue of St. Charles—Observations on the Lakes—Comparison between the Italian and British Lakes—Novara—Vercelli—Plain of Turin.

About twelve o'clock we arrived at *Laveno*, a large and handsome village on a bay of the *Lago Maggiore*. Close to this village

[1] The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords.
*Dryden.*

northward rises a rough craggy mountain, that pours a constant stream in a cascade from its hollow bosom. In front spreads the *Lago Maggiore*, in its widest expansion. The ancient name of this lake was *Verbanus;* its modern appellation is derived from its greater magnitude, or rather from its superior beauty; for in this latter quality only is the *Larian* lake inferior to it. Opposite the bay of *Laveno* opens another bay, and in the centre of the latter rise the *Borromean* islands, which are considered as the principal ornaments of the lake, and ranked indeed among the wonders of Italy. To these islands, therefore, we immediately bent our course.

As we rowed along gently in order to enjoy the magnificent prospect that opened around us in every direction, we were informed by the boatmen that we were then in the widest and deepest part of the *Verbano*. Its breadth may be here about seven or eight miles, while the plummet descends to the enormous depth of eighteen hundred feet! The imagination takes alarm at the idea of skimming in a light boat over the surface of such a tremendous abyss, and even the traveller, who has been tost in the bay of *Biscay*, or lifted on the swell of the ocean, may here eye the approaching shore with some degree of complacency.

We first landed on the *Isola Bella* (beautiful island), as the first in fame and the most attractive in appearance. It derives the epithet of *beautiful* from the palace and gardens which cover its surface. The palace stands on the extremity of the island, and almost hangs over the water. It contains upon the lower story a suit of rooms fitted up in the style of grottos, paved, lined, and even covered with spars, shells, and party-coloured marbles, and in appearance, delightfully cool and refreshing. Two magnificent saloons in the principal story form the state apartments; the other rooms are not worth notice. The garden occupies nearly the whole island. It consists of a pyramid, formed of ten terraces rising above each other, and terminating in a square platform. The terraces have gravel walks their whole length; they are bordered with flowers, and their walls are covered with fruit trees. Rows of orange and citron shade the walks; and gigantic statues, which when near appear grotesque, crowd the corners and front the palace. The parterres are watered by fountains that rise in different parts of the edifice, and fall in sheets from marble vases. The area of the pyramid covers a space of four hundred feet square; the platform on its summit is fifty feet square; and its whole elevation about one hundred and fifty. The terraces are supported by arcades, which form so many grand galleries or greenhouses, where the more tender plants and flowers are ranged during the winter. The form and arrangement of this garden have been the subject of great admiration during part of the last century, and the *Isola Bella* has been represented by many as a terrestrial para-

dise, an enchanted island, the abode of Calypso, the garden of Armida [1].

In process of time when the public taste changed, and straight walks and parterres and terraces with their formal accompaniments were exploded, the *Isola Bella* forfeited its fame; the spell was dissolved; the fairy scenes vanished; and nothing remained but a dull heavy mass, a heap of deformity. But if it was then too much panegyrized, it is now perhaps too much despised. Praise is due to the man who had taste and discernment enough to select such a spot for his residence, especially as it was originally a bare and craggy or rather shapeless rock, and had no recommendation but its site, till then unnoticed. In the next place it would be unjust not to applaud the nobleman who, instead of wasting his income in the fashionable amusements of a neighbouring capital devoted it to works which gave employment to thousands of hands, diffused riches over a large extent of country, and converted three barren crags into as many productive and populous islands. Edifices that give a permanent beauty to a country, that exercise the taste and the talents of the age in which they are erected, and become monuments of that taste and of those talents to prosperity, are at least a proof of public spirit, and deserve our praise and our acknowledgment. To this we may add, that if pleasant walks at all seasons, and the most delicious fruit in abundance, be objects of importance in gardening; we must allow the merit of utility to an arrangement which multiplies space, sunshine, and shade, and adapts itself in some measure to the state of the weather, and to the fancy of the proprietor. However, even modern taste will be gratified and delighted with a grove, lining the north side of the garden, formed of various evergreens, but particularly of bay (laurel) of great height and most luxuriant foliage. A path winding in an easy curve through this thicket leads to a town, and thence to the palace. This grove, from its resemblance to domestic scenery, awakens some pleasing recollections in the mind of an English traveller.

A high wall surrounds the whole island, but it is so constructed as to form a terrace, and thus to aid the prospect. The prospect, particularly from the top of the pyramid, is truly magnificent. The vast expanse of water immediately under the eye, with the neighbouring islands covered with houses and trees. The bay of *Magotzo* bordered with lofty hills westward, eastward the town of *Laveno* with its towering mountain, to the south the winding of the lake with numberless villages sometimes on the margin of the water, sometimes on gentle swells, and sometimes on the sides and

[1] Burnet, who is enthusiastic in abuse only, when describing this island for once rises into panegyric, pronounces it to be the finest summer residence in the world and rapturously gives it the epithet *enchanted*.

crags of mountains. To the north, first the little town of *Palanza*, at the foot of a bold promontory, then a succession of villages and mountains bordering the lake as it stretches in a bold sweep towards the *Alps*, and loses itself amid their snow-crowned pinnacles. The banks of the lake are well wooded, and finely varied with a perpetual intermixture of vineyard and forest, of arable and meadow, of plain and mountain. This latter circumstance indeed characterizes the *Lago Maggiore*, and distinguishes it from the others which are enclosed in a perpetual and interrupted ridge of mountains; while here the chain is frequently broken by intervening plains and vallies. This interruption not only enlivens its surface by admitting more light and sunshine, but apparently adds to its extent by removing its boundaries, and at the same time gives a greater elevation to the mountains by bringing them into contrast with the plains. Another circumstance, common indeed to all these lakes, contributes much to enliven their borders; it is, that all the villages with their churches are built of white stone, and have, particularly in distant perspective and in high situations, a very splendid and palace-like appearance.

The bank nearest to the *Isola Bella* is formed of a bold swell covered with a forest, and intersected by several dells, the beds of mountain torrents. The foliage of this forest was even at this season, of a fresh and vivid green, and it harmonized admirably with the gleam of the waters below, and with the deep azure firmament above. On the side of the island that faces this forest, a church with a few houses forms a little village.

About half a mile westward from the *Isola Bella* is the *Isola dei Pescatori* (fisherman's island), so called from the ordinary occupation of its inhabitants. It is nearly covered with houses, and with its church makes a pretty object in the general view, but has no claim to nearer inspection. Its population amounts to about one thousand.

The *Isola Madre* rises at the distance of a mile north from the *Isola Bella*. The southern part of this island is occupied by terraces; its northern side is covered with a wood; its summit is crowned with a villa. The terraces are formed on the slope of the hill, and may be considered almost as natural; the villa is spacious, but looks cold and uncomfortable. The wood is formed of laurel, cypress, and pine, and is the more beautiful for being neglected. This island is indeed in the whole less disfigured by ill-directed art, and for that reason more picturesque and more likely to please English travellers than the *Isola Bella*, notwithstanding the more flattering appellation of the latter.

From *Isola Madre* we sailed up the bay of *Magotzo* lying full west, and landed at its extremity, whence we walked over a rough stony road about three miles, and about eight o'clock arrived at *Magotzo*. The inn seemed poor and dirty, but the people were

obliging. Next morning we arose at day-break, and had an opportunity of contemplating the surrounding scenery.

The little town of *Magotzo* is situated on the western extremity of a lake nearly oval, three miles in length, in breadth one and a half, bordered on the south and north by hills bold but not too steep, wild yet finely wooded. It is separated from the *Verbano* (*Lago Maggiore*, the great lake), by a plain of luxuriant verdure, divided by rows of poplars into numberless meadows, and intersected by a narrow stream winding along the road side, navigable only when swelled by abundant rains. This streamlet forms a communication between the two lakes.

About seven o'clock we mounted our horses, and advanced towards *Domo d'Ossola* through one of the most delightful vallies that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed. It is from two to seven miles wide, encompassed by mountains generally of a craggy and menacing aspect, but not unfrequently softened by verdure, wood, and cultivation. It is closed at one end by the towering summits of *Sempione*, whitened with everlasting snows. Through the middle of the valley meanders a river called *Tosa*, wide and smooth, narrow and rough alternately. The road sometimes crosses meadows, sometimes borders the stream shaded by the poplar, the lime, and the weeping birch; here it winds up the mountains, and edges the brink of the precipice, and there it intersects groves and vineyards, passing under vines carried over it on trellis-work, and interwoven into arbours of immense length and impenetrable foliage.

About three miles from *Domo d'Ossola* we crossed the river in a ferry, passed a marshy plain covered with underwood, and entered the town about one o'clock. Thence we immediately proceeded by an excellent road towards *Sempione*.

This mountain, the object of our excursion, is one of the highest of the Italian Alps; it is covered with perpetual snow, and is remarkable for the passage of *Bonaparte* previous to the battle of *Marengo*. A road is now making over it under the direction of the French government, in order to open an easy *military* communication with *Milan*, and thus to secure the dependence of the Italian republic. The ascent and difficult part of the road commences at the spot where the torrent of *Divario* bursts through a vast chasm in the rock, and rushes headlong into the valley of *Ossola*. Over this chasm a bridge is to be thrown, an undertaking bold in appearance, but in reality not difficult, as the shallowness of the water in summer enables them to lay the foundation with ease, while the rock on each side forms immoveable abutments. The piers were nearly finished. The road then, like all the Alpine passages, follows the windings of the defile, and the course of the torrent, sometimes on a level with its bank, and at other times raised along the side of the mountain, and on the verge

precipice. To enlarge the passage, the rock has in many places n blown up; an operation carrying on as we passed, and ing, by the echo of the explosion, not a little to the grandeur of scene. In one spot, where the mass of granite which overhung torrent was too vast to be misplaced and too prominent to be ked externally, it was hollowed out, and an opening made of ut sixty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and as many in height. s cavern is represented by the French as an unusual and grand rt, a monument of exertion and perseverance; but how insignint does it appear when compared to the grotto of *Posilipo,* or he gate of *Salzburg* [1]. The ascent is very gradual, and perly safe and commodious. It is therefore likely to become, when shed, the principal communication between Italy, France, and tzerland; since no art can render the mountains, *Cenis, St. nard,* and *St. Gothard,* so secure and practicable.

eyond the spot where the rock is perforated, the road reaches levation too cold for the vine, and the face of nature resigns the m features of Italy. Indeed, a little beyond the next village, ed *Gondo,* where the traveller passes from *Pueze* to *Imgutz,* language itself alters; and German, more conformable to the gedness of the situation, assumes the place of Italian. The vil- which gives its name to the mountain, stands not on, but near, summit, and is called by its inhabitants *Sempelendorf.* Its in appellation is supposed to be *Mons Cæpionis,* or *Sempronii* [2], r *Sempione.*

s the road was merely traced out, but not passable beyond *ndo,* we stopped at a spot where the torrent, forcing its way ough two lofty rocks, takes a sudden turn, because the scenery e appeared particularly magnificent. Indeed, in descending, grandeur of the defile is seen to more advantage in all its parts. the bank opposite the road, the mountains rose in large perdicular masses of brown rock, and swelling to a prodigious ation, displayed on their craggy summits a few scattered plants, sometimes woods of pine, fir, and beech. Behind us, were the w-clad pinnacles of *Sempione,* and in front a ridge of towering ks that overhang the vale of the *Tosa.* The severity and terror he prospect increases at every step as we approached the enice of the defile, and the view from the bridge, passing through cliffs where apparently highest and darkest, and resting on the ing *glaciers* that crown the mountain, is by the contrast rened peculiarly striking, and one of the most magnificent scenes of ine solitude.

[1] The spacious galleries worked through the solid rock at Gibraltar, and formed *aerial* batteries, are far superior to the above-mentioned *grottos* both in extent in difficulty of execution.

[2] The mountain of Cæpio, or of Sempronius.

We had in our progress noticed the mode of forming the road, and though praise is due to the undertaking, we could not much admire the execution. The foundation is generally the natural rock, but where that fails, small stones are employed as a substitute; all the upper strata are formed in the same manner of small stones, and seem ill calculated to resist the force of torrents, or even the impetuosity of the winds that rush like hurricanes from the gullies of the *Alps*, sweep the snow in clouds from the frozen summit, and tear trees and shrubs from the foot of the mountains The masses of stone employed by the Romans seem much better adapted to such situations, and would have resisted alike the action of winds and of waters. But the road over *Sempione*, however commodious it may in time become, is not likely to equal the *Via Appia*, either in solidity or in duration; nor indeed is it comparable either in convenience or in extent to the passage by the *Rhætian Alps*, or by the *Tyrol*, which seems to be the most ancient, and is the best and most frequented of all the grand avenues to Italy.

We returned by the same road, and passed the night at *Domo d'Ossola*. The first part of the name of this village or little town is *Duomo*, the appellation always given in Italy to the cathedral, as the *House* by eminence, and was appropriated to *Ossola*, because in it was the principal church of the whole valley to which it gives its name. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of a wooded hill, encircled with fertile meadows, and much frequented by *Milanese* and *Swiss* merchants. The inn is tolerable.

Next morning we returned to *Magotzo*, and after a slight repast, took a boat and rowed across its lake. We traversed the meadows that enclose it to the east, on foot, and re-embarked on the *Lago Maggiore*. It seems highly probable that these two lakes were formerly united, and it is possible that the *Lago Maggiore* extended its waters over all the *Val d'Ossola*, and once bathed the feet of the granite mountains that enclose it. Strabo represents the *Lacus Verbanus* as nineteen miles in breadth, that is, nearly the distance between *Lareno* and *Domo d'Ossola*, a circumstance not a little favourable to this conjecture. We once more glided by the *Isola Bella*, and turning southward, left the grand and stupendous boundaries of the northern part of the lake behind us, and found ourselves amid the milder scenes of ornamented cultivation, verdant swells, tufted hillocks, towns, and villages, scattered confusedly on each side.

Approaching *Arena*, we were struck with the colossal statue of *St. Charles Borromeo*, erected on the summit of a hill near the town. It represents the archbishop in an attitude equally appropriate to his office and to his benevolent feelings, as turned towards *Milan*, and with an extended arm imploring the benedictions of heaven upon its inhabitants. It is supported by a marble pedestal forty-two feet in height, and is itself seventy; it is of bronze, and

supposed to be finely executed. If the qualities which, according to Virgil, open Elysium to those who possessed them, can claim at the same time the minor honours of a statue, *St. Charles* is entitled to it under a double capacity, both as a blameless priest and as a public benefactor.

> Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat. . . . .
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo [1].
>
> *Virg. Æn.* vi. 661. 664.

It must be acknowledged, that such a monument of public gratitude and veneration is highly honourable to the people who conceived and erected it. It bespeaks public feelings grand and capacious, and while it far surpasses the diminutive distinction of modern nations, it emulates the style and the imperial honours of the Romans. A little above the town of *Arona* stands a castle now in ruins. It was once the principal residence of the *Borromean* family, where *St. Charles* was born. Yet neither this circumstance nor its strength and position, could secure it against neglect and decay.

*Arona* is a little but an active commercial town; in the cathedral there are said to be some fine paintings. But it was dusk when we arrived, and as circumstances did not permit us to pass the night there, we took a coach and proceeding to *Novara*, where the carriages were waiting, arrived there at a late hour.

We have now taken leave of the Italian lakes, and as we turn from them, it is impossible not to express some surprise that their beauties should have been so little noticed by the ancients, even in poetry, and apparently so little known by the travelled and inquisitive. Virgil indeed alludes to them in general as conspicuous features of Italian scenery, and mentions two in particular, the *Larius*, for its magnitude, and the *Benacus* for its majestic ocean-like swell [2]. Catullus speaks with fondness of his beautiful villa on the promontory of *Sermio*. But these poets were born in the vicinity of one of the lakes, and had it constantly under their eyes in their youth, and not unfrequently even in their riper years. Pliny the Elder mentions them in a cursory manner, though as a native either of *Verona* or of *Comum*, he might be supposed to glory in them as the principal ornaments of his native country. The younger

[1] Priests of unblemish'd life here make abode . . . .
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
*Dryden.*

[2] The two other lakes he omitted, probably because they were little known, being in a remote part of the country, and at a considerale distance from any great town, while the vicinity of *Comum* to the *Larius*, and of *Verona* to the *Benacus*, gave publicity and fame to their beauties.

does enlarge with expressions of complacence on the views of the lake, and the charms of his villas on its borders. But neither he, nor even Virgil and Catullus, speak of them in such terms of admiration and rapture, as their beauty and magnificence seem calculated to inspire. Whence comes this apparent indifference? were the Romans in general insensible to the charms of nature? it cannot be supposed. Were the Latin poets—were Virgil and Horace inattentive observers? Every line in their works proves the contrary.

> Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes
> Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius, etc. [1].
>
> *Virg. Georg.* ii. 485.

> . . . . . Ego laudo ruris amœni
> Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque [2].
>
> *Hor. lib.* i. *Epist.* x. 6.

is the language of passion and enthusiasm. Yet Virgil, in the lines immediately following those which I have cited, passes from the magnificent objects around him and almost before his eyes, to scenery remote, and certainly inferior, perhaps even known to him only in description, and embellished only by the charms of poetic imagery. This latter circumstance may perhaps in part account for the apparent indifference which we have remarked. At the era of these two poets, *Gallia Cisalpina* was scarcely considered as a part of Italy; it had been successively overrun by various Gallic tribes, and those tribes had not been long enough subjected nor sufficiently civilized and polished to assume the name of Romans. Their country had not yet become the seat of the muses; it had not been ennobled by glorious achievements, nor inhabited by heroes, nor celebrated by poets. Its beauty was inanimate, its grandeur mute, and its forests, and its lakes, and its mountains, were all silent solitudes, unconnected with events and destitute of recollections. Such *barren* scenes the poet contemplates with indifference, and willingly turns to regions where history infuses a soul into nature, and lights up her features with memory and imagination. But what this grand subalpine scene then wanted, it has since acquired. One word of Virgil has given dignity to the *Larian* lake; one verse has communicated the grandeur of the ocean to the *Benacus;* and a few lines have raised the little streamlet of the *Mincius* above the full and majestic *Danube*.

[1] My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a chrystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
*Dryden.*

[2] I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade.
*Francis.*

O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas. . . .
Totum hoc muneris tui est [1].
*Hor. Carm. lib.* iv. *Od.* iii. 17.

The lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are to England, what those of the *Milanese* are to Italy. Yet none of our ancient poets have noticed their distant beauties. They still remain unsung and unconsecrated in classic story. One of the Scottish lakes has lately been more fortunate. Yet, who ever heard of *Loch Katrine* till the minstrel peopled its lonely isle with phantoms of valour and of beauty?

And sweetly o'er the lake was heard his strain
Mix'd with the sounding harp.
*Lady of the Lake.*

Before we abandon the subject it may perhaps be asked, what proportion in beauty, magnitude, and grandeur, the British lakes bear to the Italian. England, as far as regards the face of nature, has been represented as a miniature picture of Europe at large, and its features, though perhaps equal in beauty, are yet considered as inferior in boldness and in relief to the traits observable on the continent. This remark is peculiarly applicable to its lakes and mountains, which contract their dimensions and almost sink into insignificance when compared to similar objects in Alpine regions. In truth, to a traveller lately returned from Italy, *Windermere* appears a long pool, and *Skiddaw* shrinks into a hillock. *Ullswater* alone, in the comparative boldness of its banks, may perhaps present a faint resemblance to some parts of the *Lago di Como;* but the parallel is confined to that single feature. The rocks that frown over *Buttermere* may be sufficiently grand, but how insignificant is the sheet of water spread beneath them. One of the Scotch lakes (for the others I have not visited) *Loch Lomond*, reminded me of the *Benacus* in the wideness of its expanse and in the gradual swell of its banks. But the resemblance goes no further; for, admitting that the little islands interspersed in the broad part of the lake have a considerable share of beauty, yet the heavy lumpish form of *Benlomond,* its heathy sides and naked brow, with the lifeless masses around it, which form the only grand features the prospect can pretend to, are very indifferent substitutes for the noble Alpine ridge that borders the *Benacus*, and presents every mountain-form and colour from the curve to the pinnacle,

[1] Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys . . .
Thy gift it is. *Francis.*

from the deep tints of the forest to the dazzling brightness of snow. When to these conspicuous advantages we add the life and interest which such scenes derive from churches, villas, hamlets and towns, placed as if by the hand of the painter in the most striking situations, so as to contrast with and relieve the horror of the surrounding picture, we describe the peculiar and characteristic features which distinguish the lakes of Italy, and give them an undisputed superiority[1].

> Adde lacus tantos te Lari maxime, teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benace marino[2].
> *Virgil. Geor.* ii. 159.

Having taken a slight refreshment at *Novara*, as the night was far advanced, we determined to continue our journey; especially as the district which we were about to traverse was a dead flat, intersected with canals, and planted with rice, the distinguishing mark of an unwholesome and uninteresting country.

In leaving *Novara* I need only observe, that it is an episcopal city of great antiquity, but of little renown either in ancient or modern times, so that its Roman name is the only title it has to the traveller's attention. The night was clear and refreshing. At a little distance from *Novara* we passed the *Agogna*, and about break of day we crossed the *Sesia*, a wide but then shallow river, and immediately after entered *Vercelli*, a very ancient city, still retaining its Roman name, and probably containing as great a population as in Roman times. It never indeed rose to any very great celebrity, though it enjoyed a transient gleam of liberty and independence in the middle ages. It is rather a handsome and flourishing town. The portico of the cathedral is admired.

We proceeded over a country flat and fertile, but neither so productive nor so beautiful, nor so populous as the *Milanese*. This plain has indeed been the theatre of many sanguinary contests between the French, the Spaniards, and the Austrians, during the two last centuries, and is now subject to the iron sway of the French republic; neither of which circumstances are calculated to improve its appearance, or to increase its importance in classic estimation.

[1] I am willing to believe all that is related of the matchless beauties of the lake of Killarney, but as I have not had the pleasure of seeing them, I cannot introduce them into the comparison. However, they seem to be too often clouded with mists and drenched in rain, to be capable of disputing the palm of beauty with scenes lighted up by the constant sunshine and the azure skies of Italy. Of the Helvetian lakes we may perhaps discourse hereafter. At present I shall only say, that they are on the *wrong* side of the *Alps*.

[2] Our spacious lakes; ther, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vext.
*Dryden.*

In our progress we crossed four rivers, all of which still preserve their ancient appellations; the *Baltea*, the *Orco*, the *Stura*, and the *Dora*. We entered *Turin* about six o'clock (October the third).

## CHAPTER XIX.

Turin, its History, Appearance, Edifices, Academy, and University—the Po—the Superga—Consequences of the French Conquest—previous Introduction of the French Language, Manners, and Dress at Court—Observations on Dress in General.

TURIN, like *Genoa*, though of ancient foundation, can boast only of modern fame; with this difference, that the reputation of the former is recent, and almost confined to the last century, while the glories of the latter rose early and blazed through a series of active and eventful ages. *Augusta Taurinorum* was the Roman appellation of this city, which it received when raised to the dignity of a Roman colony by Augustus. Before that period it seems to have been mentioned only in general, as a town of the *Taurini*, the Gallic tribe of whose territory it was the capital.

*Taurinorum unam urbem caput gentis ejus, quia volentes in amicitiam ejus non veniebant vi expugnavit* [1], says Livius, speaking of Annibal; and from these words we learn the little importance of this city in the eyes of the historian, and in the next place, the attachment of its inhabitants to the Romans. This insignificance and fidelity seem to have been the constituent features of the destiny of *Turin* for a long succession of ages, and have continued to expose it both to the hatred and to the vengeance of all the invading hordes, from Attila to Francis I. During this long era of anarchy and of revolution, it was alternately destroyed and rebuilt, deserted and repeopled.

Its importance commenced in the thirteenth century, when it became the residence of the princes of Savoy, and assumed the honours of a capital; since that period, though in the heart of a country, the constant theatre and oftentimes the object of war; though often besieged, and not unfrequently taken; yet it continued in a progressive state of improvement, and had become about the middle of the last century, one of the most populous and flourishing cities in Italy. This its prosperity must in justice be ascribed to the spirit, the prudence, and the activity of its princes. Its disasters, like those of Italy in general, flow from its vicinity to

[1] L. xxi. 39.—The city of the Taurini alone, the capital of that tribe, he took by storm, because they did not voluntarily enter into an alliance with him.

France, whose armies have so often overrun its territories, assailed its ramparts, wasted its suburbs, and as far as their ability equalled their malice, destroyed its edifices. In one of these inroads, the French, under Francis I. demolished all the monuments of Roman antiquity, which had escaped the rage of preceding barbarians, and which had till then constituted the principal ornament of *Turin*. In another, they were defeated by Prince Eugene, and obliged to raise the siege, with prodigious slaughter. But unfortunately they have since been more successful — *Turin* yielded without the formalities even of a blockade, and *Piedmonte*, in spite of the *Alps*, was declared to be a department of France.

While the residence of its sovereigns, this capital was lively, populous, and flourishing. Its court was equally remarkable for politeness and for regularity, and much frequented by strangers, because it was considered as an introduction to the manners and to the language of Italy. Its academy enjoyed a considerable degree of reputation, and was crowded with foreigners, attracted in part by the attention which the king condescended to show to the young members, and partly by the cheapness of masters, and by the facility of instruction in every branch and language. This academy was indeed a most useful establishment, and extremely well caculated to usher young men into the world in the most respectable manner, and to fashion them to courts and to public life. A year passed in it, with the least application, enabled them to prosecute their travels with advantage, not only by supplying them with the information necessary, but by procuring them such connexions with the first families in all the great cities as might preclude the formalities of presentation, and admit them at once into the intimacy of Italian society. Without this confidential admission (which few travellers have enjoyed for many years past) the domestic intercourse of Italians, and consequently the character of the nation, which is never fully and undisguisedly unfolded unless in such intercourse, must continue a mystery. Now, the academy of *Turin*, where the young students were considered as part of the court, and admitted to all its balls and amusements, placed this advantage completely within their reach, and was in this respect, and indeed in most others, far superior to *Geneva*, where the British youth of rank were too often sent to learn French and scepticism.

*Turin* is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the *Po*, at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, rising southward beyond the river; while northward extends a plain bounded by the *Alps*, ascending sometimes in gigantic groups like battlemented towers, and at other times, presenting detached points darting to the clouds like spires glittering with unmelted icicles, and with snows, that never yield to the rays of summer.

The interior of the town is not unworthy its fame and situation; its streets are wide and straight, intersecting each other at right

angles, and running in a direct line from gate to gate, through some large and regular squares. The royal palace is spacious, and surrounded with delightful gardens. There are many edifices, both public and private, which present long and magnificent fronts, and intermingled with at least one hundred churches and chapels, give the whole city a rich and splendid appearance. In the churches and palaces, marble of every vein and colour is lavished with prodigality, and decorations of all kinds are scattered with profusion; to such a degree indeed, as to encumber rather than to grace these edifices. Such are the general features of *Turin*, both grand and airy. Among these features the four gates of the city were formerly numbered, and as they were adorned with pillars, and cased with marble, they were represented as very striking and majestic entrances. But these celebrated gates the French had levelled to the ground, together with the ramparts, the walks and the plantations, that formerly encircled the town as with a forest.

The misfortune of *Turin* has been, that while both its sovereigns and its inhabitants wanted neither means nor inclination to embellish it, no architect of correct taste was found to second their wishes. The two principal persons of that description employed at *Turin*, *Guarini* and *Juvara*, whatever might have been their talents, were deficient in judgment, and preferred the twisted, tortured curves and angles of *Borromini*, to the unbroken lines and simple forms of antiquity. Novelty, not purity, and *prettiness* instead of majesty, seem to have been their sole object. Hence this city does not, I believe, present one chaste model, one simple grand specimen in the ancient style, to challenge the admiration of the traveller. Every edifice, whatsoever its destination may be, whether church or theatre, hospital or palace, is encumbered with whimsical ornaments, is all glare and glitter, gaiety and confusion. In vain does the eye seek for repose, the mind long for simplicity. Gilding and flourishing blaze on all sides, and we turn away from the gaudy show, dazzled and disgusted. The cathedral is an old Gothic edifice, in no respect remarkable; at its end is the chapel royal *Della Santissima Sindone*[1], rich in the highest degree, and surmounted with a heavy dome. The *Corpus Domini*, *S. Lorenzo*, *S. Philippo Neri*, *Sta. Cristina*, *S. Rocco*, *SS. Maurizio et Lazzaro*, and several other churches, deserve a particular inspection either for their magnitude or their pillars, or for the variety of marbles employed in their decoration.

The university of *Turin* occupied a most extensive building, containing a library of more than fifty thousand volumes; a museum furnished with a numerous collection of statues, vases, and other antiques of various denominations; a very fine collection of metals; a hall of anatomy, admirably furnished, and an observatory.

[1] Of the most holy handkerchief.

It was endowed for four-and-twenty professors, all of whom give daily lectures. They were generally authors and men of great reputation in their respective sciences. There are two colleges dependent upon the university, remarkable also for their spaciousness and magnificence, as well as for the number of young students which they contained. To these we must add the academy which I mentioned above, forming altogether a very noble establishment for the purpose of public education in all its branches and modifications, highly honourable to the judgment and munificence of *Victor Amadeus*, who, by enlarging and reforming its different parts, may justly be considered its founder.

In hospitals *Turin* was, like the other cities of Italy, richly endowed. The *Regio Spedale della Carita* [1] was on the plan of the celebrated hospital at Rome, and furnished at the same time provisions and employment to the poor, education to orphans, a dowry to unmarried girls, and an asylum to the sick and to the decrepid. Eight or more establishments of a similar nature, though on a lower scale, contributed to the same object in different parts of the city, and left no form of misery without the means of adequate and speedy relief.

The palaces, though some are large and spacious, are yet so disfigured by ill-placed decorations and grotesque architecture, as to make little impression on the eye, and consequently to deserve little attention. The pictures which formerly adorned their galleries and apartments have been transported to France, and their rich furniture carried off and sold by the plunderers.

We will pass therefore to the country immediately round *Turin*, which is by no means deficient in beauty. Its first and most conspicuous feature is the *Po*, which gives its name to the principal street of the city, and bathes its walls as it rolls by in all its magnificence. I need not here inform the reader that the *Ligurians*, a tribe of Gallic or German origin, gave this river the name of *Bodinco* or bottomless, on account of its depth; nor need I enlarge upon its different appellations and their origin. He will smile however, when he is informed by a learned Dutchman [2], that the *Eridanus*, consecrated by the fall of Phæton, shaded by his sister poplars, and enriched by their amber tears, is not the celebrated river that gives fertility and fame to one of the noblest provinces of Italy, but the *Raddaune*, a stream that intersects the plains of Prussia, and falls into the Vistula near *Dantzic!* This change of site, climate, and scenery will add much, without doubt, to the ideal charms which poesy has thrown over the *Eridanus*, and considerably enhance the pleasure which the reader receives from the various classic passages in which it is described.

[1] Royal Hospital of Charity.

[2] Cluverius, i. 33. p. 391.

But to drop alike the fictions of the Greek poets, and the dreams of the German critics, we may observe that the account which Pliny the Elder has given of the *Po*, is still found to be tolerably accurate, though physical commotions, aided by human exertions, may be allowed to have made some petty alterations[1]. Of the power of the former we have two striking instances in the destruction of two ancient cities, in this very region, by the fall of mountains, one of which, *Industria*, lay near the road between *Turin* and *Vercelli*, and consequently not far from the channel of the *Po*. As to the latter, it has been exerted principally in opening new outlets at the mouth of the river, and in giving a better direction to its vast mass of waters, in order to prevent the consequences of inundations, and to recover some portions of land covered by its waves.

This magnificent river takes its rise about five-and-twenty or thirty miles from *Turin*, in the recesses of *Monte Viso* or *Vesulus*, celebrated by Virgil for its forests of pines, and for the size and the fierceness of the boars that fed in them[2]. It becomes navigable even before it reaches *Turin*, though so near its source and in a course which, including its windings, extends to three hundred miles, receives thirty rivers, bathes the walls of fifty towns and cities, and gives life, fertility, and opulence to the celebrated plains called from it *Regio Circumpadana*[3]. Its average breadth from *Turin* to *Ariano* may be about twelve hundred feet; its depth is every where considerable; and its current strong and equal. It may justly therefore be called the king of Italian rivers, and ranked among the principal streams of southern Europe. We had beheld it frequently in the course of our wanderings between the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, and always beheld it with interest and admiration. We now had to take leave of it, and turn for ever from the plain,

> qua
> Eridanus centum fluviis comitatus in æquor
> Centum urbes rigat et placidis interluit undis[4].
> *Fracast. Syph. h. 1.*

The next object which attracts the eye of the traveller, and which really deserves his attention, is the mountain of the *Superga*, and the lofty temple that crowns its summit. The elevation and pittoresque appearance of the hill itself, and the cause, the destination, and the corresponding magnificence of the edifice, are all so many claims upon our curiosity.

[1] Lib. iii. 20.
[2] Æneid. x. 708.
[3] The country round the Po.
[4] Where on his journey to the main, fair Po,
Escorted by an hundred rivers, laves
An hundred nations with his tranquil waves.

The *Superga* is about five miles from *Turin*, the ascent is gradual, and the road good. The summit of the hill commands a noble view of the city, its suburbs, the river, and the circumjacent country; and on it *Victor Amadeus* and Prince Eugene met during the famous siege of *Turin* in 1706, and formed the plan for the attack of the enemy and for its deliverance. The duke (for the sovereigns of *Piedmonte* had not then assumed the title of king) made a vow, if Heaven prospered his arms, to build a church on the very spot as an everlasting monument of his gratitude. His prayers were heard; the French were defeated with great slaughter; the siege was raised; and the church was built. The edifice is not unworthy of its origin. It is really a grand memorial of royal and national acknowledgment. Its situation is peculiarly well adapted to its object. On the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, it is visible to the inhabitants not of *Turin* only, but of the whole country for many miles round, and instantly catches the eye of every traveller and awakens his curiosity.

The church is of a circular form, supported by pillars; the portico is ornamented with pillars, and the dome rises on pillars. All these columns are of beautiful marble of different colours, and give the edifice an appearance unusually rich and stately. Instead of pictures the altars are decorated with basso relievos; the pavement is of variegated marble; in short, all the different parts of the edifice, and even the details of execution are on a scale of splendour and of magnificence, well adapted to the rank of the founder, to the importance of the occasion, and to the dignity of the object.

The mansion annexed to the church for the use of the officiating clergy is, in the galleries, the library, and even the private apartments, proportioned to the grandeur of the establishment, and like the temple itself, rich in marbles and in decorations. It is occupied by twelve clergymen, who are remarkable for their talents and acquirements, and are here occupied in qualifying themselves for the highest offices and dignities of the church. In fact, the *Superga* is a sort of seminary which supplies the Sardinian or rather Piedmontese territory with deans, bishops, and archbishops. The expenses necessary for the support of this edifice and establishment were furnished by the king himself, who considered it as a royal chapel, and as the destined mausoleum of the Sardinian monarchs and of the dynasty of *Savoy*. But alas! I am now speaking of establishments that no longer exist; of temples verging to decay; of monarchs dethroned; and of dynasties exiled and degraded.

*Turin* was late the capital of a large and populous territory, and long the residence of a race of active and magnanimous princes, it was furnished with all the establishment, literary and civil, that usually grace the seat of royalty; it was enlivened by a population of one hundred thousand souls, and frequented by crowds of strangers from the most distant countries. *Turin* is now de-

led into the chief town of a French department, the residence of a y tyrant called a *prefect;* it is stripped of its university, of its lemy, and of all its noble and its well endowed establishments; reduced to one-half of its population, and mourns in vain its ery, its impoverishment, and its solitude. The reader, there- will easily believe that the French, every where disliked, are abhorred; that their language, manners, and persons are equally cts of antipathy; and that the day of deliverance and of ven- ice is most ardently desired by the oppressed *Piedmontese.*

It though we sympathize most sincerely with this injured peo- and lament the fall of the court of *Turin* as a general calamity; we may be allowed to observe, that this catastrophe is in some ree imputable to its own weakness and irresolution. Had the ient sovereign inherited, not the justice and the piety only, but martial spirit of his ancestors; had he been animated with the nanimous sentiments of his grandfather *Amadeus,* he would, ie first menace, have marched direct to the *Alps,* garrisoned impregnable fastnesses with his troops; and if the enemy ap- ed, he would have swept the defiles with his artillery. If vic- ious, he would have buried half the French army in the preci- s, and stifled the war at its birth. If defeated, he would have n his people, and they wanted neither courage nor inclination, to assemble and to arm; and had he fallen in the contest he ld have fallen, like Leonidas at *Thermopylæ,* as a hero and a ; encircled with glory and with renown. But at that period of tuation the Roman Pontiff alone had the sagacity to see the ger, and the courage to meet it. All the other Italian powers pted a temporising system, an ineffective neutrality of all mea- s the most pernicious, because it leaves a state open to attack out the means of repelling it. *Sine gratiâ, sine dignitate nium victoris.*[4] Thus they were overpowered one after the r, and plundered by the French, who ridiculed their want of y while they profited by it. How different the conduct of the ent Romans, and how different the result.

When the Cimbri, far more numerous than the French, rushed a torrent down the *Alps,* and threatened to inundate Italy with r myriads, the Senate, not content with the armies opposed to n under Marius and Catullus, ordered a census to be taken in he states, and found that seven hundred thousand foot and one lred and fifty thousand horse were ready to march at their or- and to meet the common enemy. Yet at that time Italy was ided by the *Apennines,* and one-third less than it now is; but different was the spirit of the numerous little republics into h it was then divided under the guardian genius of Rome, from of its present monarchies and its aristocracies, too often under

[4] Liv. xxxv. 49. — Without thanks, without dignity, the prize of the conqueror.

the influence of foreign intrigue. This influence which may justly be ranked among the greatest evils that modern Italy labours under, has been considerably increased, unintentionally perhaps by the court of *Turin*. The matrimonial connections which so often united the house of *Savoy* to that of *Bourbon*, and the partiality which naturally accompanies such connexions, gradually introduced the language, dress, and manners, and with them not a few of the fopperies of the court of *Versailles* into that of *Turin*, and thence opened a passage for them into the other provinces of Italy. Hence an Italian author of some eminence observes, in a tone of half smothered indignation, that at *Turin* French is spoken oftener than Italian[1]; and he might have added, that the preference, thus absurdly and unnaturally given to a foreign tongue so inferior in every respect to the native dialect of the country, is entirely owing to the example and the influence of the court. How impolitic such a preference is, I have elsewhere observed; here I shall only repeat, that the knowledge of the French language introduced French literature, French notions, and French principles into *Piedmont*; and that they again opened the way to French bayonets, French cruelty, and French oppression; to all the evils that now prey upon this once noble capital, consume its resources, devour its population, and seem likely to reduce it ere long to the loneliness and the insignificance of a village. A lesson to the northern capitals, and particularly to *Petersburgh*.

As for the French dress, it was first introduced into the northern parts of Italy by the Dukes of *Savoy*, in the time of Lewis XIV. and thence it passed into the southern provinces, and since has been adopted in all the courts of Europe. To enable the reader to determine how far the adoption of this *costume* is to be regretted, I take the liberty of offering the following observations. The human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet neither decency nor convenience permit it to be exposed to the eye, in all its naked proportions. A covering, therefore, of some kind or other is necessary, but its form and quantity depend upon opinion and circumstances. That which fits the limbs exactly, and shows their form and proportion, is not unbecoming. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful. That which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in his garments, is cumbrous, and if not managed with unusual art, borders upon deformity. The last seems at all times to have been very generally preferred by the Orientals, and is still the mode of dress in use among the Turcs and the Persians. The first, according to Tacitus, was the distinctive mode of the nobles among the ancient Germans, and is still the national dress of the Hungarians.

[1] Denina, Vicende della Letteratura.

nitated in the uniform of the Hussars[1]. The second and most legant, as well as most natural, was the dress of the Greeks and omans. Though all the motives of dress are necessarily combined in these different raiments, yet the object of the first seems hiefly convenience; of the second, grace; of the third, magnifience.

These habits have of course been modified, altered, and intertixed in various manners, according as taste or barbarism, reason r fancy have prevailed; though in most countries some remnant ıay be discovered of their ancient and long established garments. 'o the instances which I have just hinted at, I need only add, that n Italy, in Sicily, and in the other provinces long subject to the tomans, some trace of the *toga* (gown) may be still discovered in he cloak without sleeves, which is thrown about the body to cover : in part or entirely, sometimes over one shoulder and under the ther, and sometimes over both, so that one of the skirts falls oosely down the back. The *toga* was the characteristic dress of he Romans, the habit of peace and of ceremony, the badge of reedom, and the distinguishing ornament of a Roman citizen. Yet rith these honourable claims in its favour, it could not resist the inuence of fashion; since so early as the age of Augustus, we find he Romans fond of appearing without it even in the Forum, and ebuked for this practice as a symptom of meanness and degeneracy, y that prince, so tenacious of the decorum of ancient times. *En*, aid he, *indignabundus*,

> Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam[2].
> *Suet. Oct. Cæs. Aug.* 40.

Horaces alludes to the same custom, as a mark of vulgarity[3]. at as the prosperity of the state declined, and as the Roman name eased to be an object of honourable distinction, the dress annexed o it was gradually neglected, not by the populace only, but by the igher orders, and in process of time by the Emperors themselves, rho were oftentimes little better than semi-barbarians. This negigence increased considerably during the decline of the empire; and et both then and long after its fall, the Roman habit was still, in a reat degree, the most prevalent. And indeed the barbarians, who

[1] De moribus Germ. cap. xvii.

[2] "Behold," said he indignantly, "the Romans, the masters of the world, and the gowned nation."

[3] In Martial's time the *toga* still continued an essential part of decent dress in Rome: it was considered as one of the comforts of the country to be able to dispense with it—Hic *tunicata* quies[4].

[4] Here you may be at ease in your jacket.

invaded Italy, have in general been very ready to adopt its language, manners, and dress, as more polished and more becoming than their own; and the changes which have taken place in all these respects are to be ascribed not to the tyranny of the conquerors, but to the slavish spirit of the Italians themselves, sometimes too much disposed to copy the habits and the dialect of their conquerors. The Goths, in fact (not to speak of the short reign of Odoacer) were Romans in every respect, excepting the name, long before they were introduced into Italy by Theodoric; and the *Longobardi*, though at first the most savage of barbarians, yielded to the influence of the climate, and bowed to the superior genius of their new country.

The principal change which took place therefore during these turbulent ages, was rather the neglect of what the Romans considered as decency of dress, than the adoption of any new habit. The toga was laid aside as cumbersome, and the tunica gradually became the ordinary habit; on the various forms of the tunica most of our modern dresses have been fashioned. In the middle ages richness and magnificence seem to have prevailed; in later times the Spanish dress appears to have been in use among the higher classes, at least in the north of Italy; and to it finally succeeded the French *costume*, without doubt the most unnatural, and the most ungraceful of all the modes hitherto discovered by barbarians to disfigure the human body. By a peculiar felicity of invention, it is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally grace the human exterior, and to remplace them by numerous angles, bundles, and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen; the shoulders are covered with a cape; the arms, elbows, and wrists are concealed and often swelled to a most disproportionate size, by sleeves; the knees are disfigured by buttons and buckles. The coat has neither length nor breadth enough for any drapery, yet full enough to hide the proportions of the body; its extremities are all straight lines and angles; its ornaments are rows of useless buttons; the waistcoat has the same defects in a smaller compass. Shoes are very ingeniously contrived, especially when aided by buckles, to torture and compress the feet, to deprive the instep and toes of their natural play, and even shape, and to produce painful protuberances. As for the head, which nature has decked with so many ornaments, and has made the seat of grace in youth, in age of reverence; of beauty in one sex, of command in the other; the head is encumbered with all the deformities that human skill could devise. In the first place, a crust of paint covers those ever-varying flushes, that play of features which constitute the delicacy and the expression of female beauty, because they display the constant action of the mind. In the next place, the hair, made to wave round the face, to shade the features, and to increase alike the charms of youth and the dignity of age;





is turned back from the forehead, stiffened into a paste, l with irons, and confined with pins; lest its colour should :self, it is frosted over with powder; and lest its length *ang clustering* in ringlets, it must be twisted into a tail : of a monkey, or confined in a black bag, *in sable state ng*. When the man is thus completely masked and d, he must gird himself with a sword, that is, with a of attack and defence, always an encumbrance, though es perhaps necessary; but surely never so when under the on of the law, and perhaps under the roof, and in the im- presence of the first magistrate[1]. In fine, to crown the igure thus gracefully equipped, nothing is wanting but a iangle (a form and colour admirably combining both incon- ; and deformity), in other words a cocked hat! Addison has it if an absurd dress or mode creeps into the world, it is on observed and exploded; but that if once it be admitted church, it becomes sacred and remains for ever. Whether r part of this observation be well or ill-founded, I will not nt undertake to determine; but the first part is clearly con- l by the long reign of French fashions in courts, and by the t reluctance to remove them. After all, it must appear , and almost unaccountable, that courts so proud of their nence, and nations so tenacious of their independence, o generally submit to the sacrifice of their national habits, heir stead put on the *livery* of France, a badge of slavery, cit acknowledgment of inferiority.

i hoped at the union, that the French phrases, which still in parliamentary usage to perpetuate the memory of the conquest, and to disgrace the lips of the sovereign even rayed in all the majesty of the constitution, would have ippressed. The public were then disappointed, but it may

reader need not be informed, that this custom is a remnant of barbarism. is and Romans never carried any kind of weapon, except when actually in when embodied as soldiers. Among the latter, it was deemed a crime to it was murder to slay, even a public enemy, without having previously military oath.—See a striking instance of this delicate sense of law and Cicero *de Officiis*, lib. 1. The barbarians, on the contrary, considered as the mark of freedom and independence; they looked to it, and not to r protection. Like Mezentius they invoked it as their tutelary divinity.

> Dextra mihi Deus et telum quod missile libro.
>
> *Virgil. Æn.* x. 773.
>
> My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke,
> (These only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
>
> *Dryden.*

*lished* courtiers choose to imitate the latter. I recommend to their perusal of Thucydides on this subject.—*Lib.* 1.

not be too much to expect that a public spirited sovereign will, ere long, reject both the livery and the language of a hostile nation, and not yield in patriotism to an usuaper [1], who never appeared in any foreign dress, or listened to any foreign language. Princes can by example, every where, and in their own courts, as well as in all public meetings, by command, establish whatever dress they may please to adopt; and it is not a little extraordinary, that they have so seldom exerted this control which they have over fashion, in favour of taste, of grace, or of convenience. Yet a sovereign of Britain need not go beyond the bounds of his own empire for a national dress, both graceful and manly, that displays at once the symmetry of the form, and furnishes drapery enough to veil it with majesty. The reader will perhaps smile when I mention the Highland dress, not as disfigured in the army, but as worn once, it is *said*, by Highland chiefs, and perhaps occasionally even now, by some remote lairds. The raiment borders nearer upon the Roman, and like it, is better calculated both for action and for dignity, than any modern dress I have ever beheld. A few improvements might make it perfect, and qualify it admirably for all the purposes of a national habit, and would very soon, by its intrinsic merit and beauty, supersede the *monkey* attire of France, not in the British empire only, but even on the Continent, still partial to the taste and to the fashions of England.

## CHAPTER XX.

Susa (Segusium)—Novalese—Passage of Mount Cenis—Convent on its Summit—Observations on the Passage of Annibal—The Advantage of having visited Italy in its present State.—Consequences of the French Invasion—Conclusion.

On Wednesday, the 6th of October, we took a final leave of the last great city of Italy, and at eight in the morning set out for *Susa*. The road for several miles consists of a noble avenue, and runs in a direct line to *Rivoli*, remarkable only for a royal villa. Here we entered the defile of *Susa* through a narrow pass formed by rocky hills branching out from the *Alps*, and approaching so near as merely to leave room enough for the road between them. From this spot Alpine scenery again commences; the sides of the mountains are successively craggy and naked, or green and wooded; the valley sometimes expands into a plain, and sometimes contracts itself almost into a dell; the *Dura*, which waters it, sometimes

[1] Cromwell, whose foreign correspondence was always carried on in Latin, and whose dress was that of the cavaliers of the time.

glides along as a rill, and sometimes rolls an impetuous torrent. Woods and fields are interspersed amidst heaths and precipices; and a perpetual mixture of the wild and the cultivated varies the whole tract and gives it a romantic and delightful appearance. *Susa* is seated amid rocky eminences on the banks of the *Dura* here a mountain stream, on the very confines of the more savage regions of the *Alps*, where the steeps become precipices, and the mountains rise into *glaciers*. The town is in extent and appearance below mediocrity; but its antiquity and a triumphal arch entitle it to the attention and the respect of the traveller. Its original name was *Segusium*, under which appellation it was the seat of Cottius, the petty sovereign of this mountainous region, and was considered as the capital of the Cottian Alps, and of the bordering territory. Cotys (for such was his real appellation) resigned his kingdom to Augustus, and wisely preferred the safer and more permanent honours of a Roman prefect to the insecure tenure of an Alpine crown.

The triumphal arch, which still remains, was erected by this prince to his benefactor, and is a monument rather of his gratitude than of his means or magnificence. He rendered a more solid service to the Romans by opening a road through his mountains and by establishing a safe communication between Italy and Gaul. This road still exists, and traverses *Mont Genevra*. The situation of the town and its strong citadel formerly rendered it a place of considerable importance; but it is now totally disregarded, as the citadel is dismantled, and as the French territory includes all the other passages of the *Alps*, and all the fastnesses that command them[1].

We arrived at *Novalese* about ten o'clock, and as the moon shone in full brightness, we could easily distinguish the broken masses of Mount *Cenis* hanging over the town, with their craggy points and snowy pinnacles. Early in the morning, the carriages were dismounted; the body of each was suspended between two mules, one before and one behind; the wheels were placed on a third, and the axletree on a fourth; the trunks and the baggage of all kinds were divided into several loads, and laid on mules; the whole set out about six o'clock.

At half past seven we mounted our mules, and followed. The morning was fine, and the air cool, but not chilling. The ascent commences from the town-gate, at first very gradual; the steepness

[1] Though the inn did not appear very alluring, yet as the night approached and we were unwilling to pass Alpine scenery in the dark, we were inclined to put up with it. However, considering the time necessary to cross the mountain, and listening to the representations of our drivers, who entreated us to proceed, we drove on. We had reason to thank Providence for the determination, as that very night the inn at *Susa*, with forty horses and all the carriages in the court, were burnt!

however increases rapidly as you ascend. The road at first winds along the side of the hill, then crosses a torrent, and continues along its banks all the way up the mountain. These banks are for some time fringed with trees and bushes. About half-way stands the village of *Ferrieres*, amid rocks and precipices, in a situation so bleak and wintry, that the traveller almost shivers at its appearance. A little above this village, the acclivity becomes very abrupt; the bed of the torrent turns into a succession of precipices; and the stream tumbles from cliff to cliff in sheets of foam with tremendous uproar. The road sometimes borders upon the verge of the steep, but it is so wide as to remove all apprehension of danger. In one place only the space is narrower than usual, and there, a gallery or covered way is formed close to the rock, which rises perpendicular above it, in order to afford the traveller in winter shelter against the driving snows and the wind, that sweep all before them down the steep.

We shortly after entered a plain called *San Nicolo*. It is intersected by the *Cenisolle*, for that is the name of the torrent that rolls down the sides of Mount *Cenis*, or as the Italians call it more classically, *Monte Cinisio*. At the entrance of this plain the torrent tumbles from the rocks in a lofty cascade, and on its banks stands a stone pillar with an inscription, informing the traveller, who ascends, that he stands on the verge of *Piedmont* and *Italy*, and is about to enter *Savoy!* Though this pillar marks rather the arbitrary than the natural boundaries of Italy, yet it was impossible not to feel some regret at the information; not to pause, look back, and reflect on the matchless beauties of the country we were about to leave for ever.

We continued our ascent, and very soon reached the great plain, and as we stood on the brow of the declivity we turned from the bleak snowy pinnacles that rose before us, and endeavoured to catch a parting glimpse of the sunny scenery behind.

Here, amid the horrors of the Alps, and all the rigours of eternal winter, Religion in her humblest and most amiable form had, from time immemorial, fixed her seat; to counteract the genius of the place and the influence of the climate; to shelter the traveller from the storm; to warm him if benumbed; to direct him if bewildered; to relieve him if in want; to attend him if sick; and if dead, to consign his remains with due rites to the grave. This benevolent establishment did not escape the rage of the philosophists, and was by them suppressed in the commencement of the republican era. On the re-establishment of religion, it was restored and augmented by order of the First Consul, and is now in a more flourishing state perhaps than at any former period.

This convent was formerly inhabited by friars; they are now replaced by monks. The superior was once a member of the celebrated abbey of *Citeaux*, the parent monastery of the Bernardin

order, and consequently he was of noble birth, as no others were admitted into that thouse. His manners are extremely polished, and his appearance gentlemanlike. He received us with great cordiality, showed us the different apartments of the convent, and offered us such refreshments as the place afforded. He was accompanied by a fine boy his nephew, born to fortune, but reduced by the revolution to want and dependence. The education of this youth was his principal amusement, and occupied him delightfully, as he assured us, during the dreadful solitude of winter, when, secluded from the whole world, and visited only accidentally by a needy wanderer, they see no object but driving snow, and hear no sound but the howling of wolves, and the pelting of the tempest. Such readers as may have visited *Citeaux* in the days of its glory, will not be surprised at the compassion which we felt for the poor monk transported from such a palace-like residence, in the plains of *Burgundy*, to an hospital on the bleak summit of Mount *Cenis*.

The weather was still clear, and the air just cold enough to render walking pleasant; and as we proceeded very leisurely towards the inn, we had an opportunity of observing the scenery around us. The plain which we were traversing is about six miles in length, and about four in breadth where widest. In the broadest part is a lake, in form nearly circular, about a mile and an half in diameter, and of immense depth. The plain is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding this elevation, is, when free from snow, that is, from June till October, covered with flowers and verdure. It is bordered on all sides by the different eminences and ridges that form the summit of Mount *Cenis*, covered for the greater part with everlasting snows, that glitter to the sun, and chill the traveller with the frozen prospect. On the highest of these ridges, which rises three thousand feet above the convent, there is a chapel to which the neighbouring parishes proceed in procession once a year, on the fifth of August: the ascent from the plain on the north seems gradual and not difficult; to the south, that is, towards Italy, the cliff presents a broken, and almost perpendicular precipice. From hence, it is said, the view extends over the inferior *Alps* that rise between, to *Turin*, to the plains of the *Po*, and to the Apennines beyond; and from hence, some add, Annibal pointed out the sunny fields of Italy to his frozen soldiers. *Prægressus signa Annibal in promontorio quodam unde longe ac late prospectus erat, consistere jussis militibus Italiam ostentat, subjectosque Alpinis montibus Circumpadanos campos*[1]. The appearance of the ridge advancing like a bold headland towards

[1] Annibal advanced before the standards, and having commanded the soldiers to halt on a certain promontory, which commanded an extense and distant prospect, showed them Italy, and the country around the Po, lying beneath the mountains of the Alps.

*Novalese,* and the extensive prospect from its summit answers the description; but these two circumstances are not in themselves sufficient to justify the inference.

Most authors are of opinion that Annibal entered Italy by the Grecian *Alps,* about thirty miles eastward of Mount *Cenis,* and seem to suppose that the road over this latter mountain was not open in ancient times. But as the route which Annibal took in his passage was a subject of doubt and controversy even in Titus Livius's time, and as this historian's own opinion on the subject is far from being very clear, the traveller is at liberty to indulge his own conjectures, and may, without rebelling against the authority of history, suppose that the Carthaginian general entered Italy by the very road which we are now treading, and that he took his first view of its glories from the summit of yonder towering eminence.

Those glories we could indeed no longer discover, yet as we paced along the summit of this vast rampart, these eternal walls [1] which Providence has raised round the garden of Europe, we had time to retrace in our minds, the scenes which we had contemplated, and to revive the impressions which they had made.

To have visited Italy at any time is an advantage, and may justly be considered as the complement of a classical education. Italy is the theatre of some of the most pleasing fictions of the poets, and of many of the most splendid events recorded by historians. She is the mother of heroes, of sages, and of saints. She has been the seat of empire, and is still the nursery of genius, and still, in spite of plunderers, the repository of the nobler arts. Her scenery rises far above rural beauty; it has a claim to animation and almost to genius. Every spot of her surface, every river, every mountain, and every forest, yes, every rivulet, hillock, and thicket, have been ennobled by the energies of the mind, and are become monuments of intellectual worth and glory [2]. No country furnishes a greater number of ideas, or inspires so many generous and exalting sentiments. To have visited it at any period, may be ranked among the minor blessings of life, and is one of the means of mental improvement. But this visit, at all times advantageous, was on the present occasion, of peculiar interest and importance.

[1] Mœnia Italiæ. *Liv.* xxi.
The wals of Italy.

ἐν τειχεος σχηματι ἰσχυρα ἀρρηκτον. *Herod.* ii.
After the fashion of a wall, an impenetrable bulwark.

ὡσπερ τειχος Ἰταλιας. viii.
As it were the wall of Italy.

[2] Nullum sine nomine saxum. *Liv.* ix.
There is not even a rock without a name.





ıly seems now to be in the first stage of one of those revolu-
that occasionally change the destinies of nations, and very
h improve, or very much injure the state of society. Improve-
t Italy can scarce expect; she has enjoyed a long series of tran-
and almost glorious years, and attained a degree of prosperity
independence far greater than any period of her history, from
eigns of the first Cæsars down to the present epoch. She is
once more fallen into subjection, and actually lies prostrate at
ect of her most ancient and most inveterate enemies. These
nies have at all times been remarkable for their treachery and
rapacity, and these two destructive qualities they have already
cised in Italy with considerable latitude, and will probably in-
é, without restraint, when their new domination shall be con-
lated by time and by habit [1]. Though the levity of the national
acter, and the history of the Gallic tribes, which represents
ı as invading almost every country, from the *Hebrides* to the
*ian*, with success always followed by defeat, seem to militate
ıst the probable durability of their empire beyond the *Alps*;
should it last for any time, its consequences would be infinitely
e pernicious to Italy than all the preceding invasions united.
t many of the hordes of ancient barbarians were cruel, I admit,
also that they ravaged Italy, sometimes butchered and always
essed her unfortunate inhabitants; but it must be remembered
they all submitted to her religion, adopted her language, as-
ed her habits and manners, and made either Rome herself, or
e one of the Italian cities, the seat of their empire. Now a
ntry that retains all these advantages, though wasted by war
depradation, still possesses the means of restoration, and che-
es in its bosom the very seeds of independence and of pros-
ty.

ow different are the views, how opposite the conduct of the mo-
ı invaders. Declared enemies to Christianity, to the religion of
, they persecute it in all its forms. Their own language they
ı to make the dialect of Europe; their fashions are to be the
dard of civilization; and Paris is the destined metropolis of the
erse. Italy is to be degraded into a province; her sons are to
be slaves and the instruments of the *Great Nation*, to recruit
ırmies and to labour for its greatness. With such views they
inevitably drain Italy of its population; they will strip it of its
ıments and its riches; they will break its spirit, and con-
ıently they will stifle its genius; that is, they will deprive it of

Gens rapiendi avidissima. *Livius* xxxviii.
nation insatiable of rapine.

Nullum sine nomine saxum. *Liv.* ix.
ere is not even a rock without a name.

all its proud distinctions, of all its glorious prerogatives, and reduce it to the state of Greece under the Turks, that of a desolated province, the seat of ignorance and of barbarism, of famine and of pestilence. Thus the golden era of Leo will be followed, as the Augustan age was, by years of darkness and of disorder; the magnificent remains of its palaces and its temples will strew the earth in their turn, and perhaps excite the interest and exercise the ingenuity of future travellers. The seven hills will again be covered with shattered masses; and the unrivalled Vatican itself only enjoy the melancholy privilege of presenting to the astonished spectator a more shapeless and a more gigantic ruin!

But we had now reached the northern brow of the mountain; we had passed the boundaries of Italy, and left the regions of classic fame and beauty behind us. Nothing occurred to attract our attention, or to counterbalance the inconvenience of delay. England rose before us with all its public glories, and with all its domestic charms. England, invested like Rome with empire and with renown, because like Rome governed by its senate and by its people. Its attractions, and our eagerness increased as we approached; and the remaining part of the journey was hurried over with indifference, because all our thoughts were fixed on home and on its endearments [1].

[1] Not only tost on bleak Germania's roads,
And panting breathless in her *fumed* abodes;
Not only through her forests pacing slow,
And climbing sad her mounts of driv'n snow:
All dreary wastes, that ever bring to mind
The beauties, pleasures, comforts left behind.
But in those climes where suns for ever bright,
O'er scenes Elysian shed a purer light;
And partial nature with a liberal hand,
Scatters her graces round the smiling land.
On fair Parthenope's delicious shore,
Where slumb'ring seas forget their wonted roar;
Where Ocean daily sends his freshening breeze,
To sweep the plain and fan the drooping trees;
And evening zephyrs springing from each grove,
Shed cooling dews and incense as they rove.—
And there, where Arno, curled by many a gale,
Pours freshness o'er Etruria's vine-clad vale;
Where Vallombrosa's groves, *o'er-arching high*,
Resounding murmur through the middle sky——
Even there, where Rome's majestic domes ascend,
Pantheons swell, and *time-worn* arches bend;
Where Tiber, winding through his desert plains,
'Midst modern palaces and ancient fanes,
Beholds with anguish half, and half with pride,
Here ruins strew, there temples grace his side;
[Unhappy Rome! though once the glorious seat
Where empire thron'd saw nations at his feet,
Now doom'd once more by cruel fate to fall
An helpless prey to treacherous pilfering Gaul.]
Even in these scenes, which all who see admire,
And bards and painters praise with rival fire;
Where memory wakes each visionary grace,
And sheds new charms on nature's lovely face;

# DISSERTATION.

General Observations on the Geography—Climate—Scenery—History—Language—Literature—and Religion of Italy—and on the Character of the Italians.

The following reflections are the result of the author's observations and researches while in Italy, and may, in part, be considered as a recapitulation of the whole work, and as the summary of an Italian tour. We will begin with its geography, because from its situation and climate, it derives the beauty and the fertility which render it the garden of Europe, and mark it out as perhaps the most delicious region on the surface of the globe.

## GEOGRAPHY.

I. In geography, there are two modes of division to be considered; one natural, the other artificial. The former is generally permanent and unalterable; the latter being factitious, is liable to change, and seldom indeed outlasts the cause that produced it. The former interests us where its lines are bold and magnificent; the latter, when connected with great events and with the history of celebrated nations [1]. In both these divisions Italy is peculiarly fortunate, but transcendently so in the former. The *Alps*, the highest ridge of mountains in the ancient world, separate it from the regions of the north, and serve as a barrier against the frozen tempests that blow from the boreal continents, and as a rampart against the inroads of their once savage inhabitants. Annibal justly calls these mountains, *Mœnia non Italiæ modo sed etiam urbis Romanæ* [2].

The *Adriatic Sea* bathes it on the east; the *Tyrrhene* on the west; and on the south the *Ionian* opens an easy communication with all the southern countries. Numberless islands line its shores,

> Even in these sacred scenes, so fam'd, so fair,
> My partial heart still felt its wonted care;
> And melted still to think how far away,
> The dearer scenes of lovely Albion lay.

[1] Most of the provinces still retain their ancient names, such as, Latium (Lazio) Etruria, Umbria, Sabina, Campania, Apulia (La Pulia), Calabria, Samnium, etc. names blended with the fictions of the fabulous ages, as with the first events recorded in the infancy of history.

[2] Liv. xxi.—The walls, not only of Italy, but also of the city of Rome.

and appear as so many outposts to protect it against the attacks of a maritime enemy; or rather as so many attendants to grace the state of the queen of the *Mediterranean*. Such are its external borders. In the interior, the *Apennines* extend through its whole length, and branching out into various ramifications, divide it into several provinces materially differing in their climates and productions.

Italy lies extended between the thirty-eighth and the forty-sixth degree of northern latitude; a situation which exposes it to a considerable degree of heat in summer and of cold in winter; but the influence of the seas and of the mountains that surround or intersect it, counteracts the effects of its latitude, and produces a temperature that excludes all extremes, and renders every season delightful. However, as the action of these causes is unequal, the climate of the country at large, though every where genial and temperate, varies considerably, and more so sometimes than the distance between the places so differing, might induce a person to expect. Without entering into all, or many of these variations, the effects of the bearings of the different mountains, Italy may be divided into four regions, which, like the sister naiads of Ovid [1], though they have many features in common, have also each a characteristic peculiarity.

The first of these regions is the vale of the *Po*, which extends about two hundred and sixty miles in length, and in breadth, where widest, one hundred and fifty. It is bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines* on the north, west, and south; and on the east, it lies open to the *Adriatic*. The second, is the tract enclosed by the *Apennines*, forming the Roman and Tuscan territories. The third is confined to the *Campania Felix* and its immediate dependencies, such as the borders and the islands of the bay of Naples, and of the plains of *Pæstum*. The last consists of the *Abruzzi*, *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and the southern extremities of Italy.

The first of these regions or climates, has been represented by many, as perhaps the most fertile and the most delicious territory in the known world; to it we may apply literally the encomium which Virgil seems to have confined to the vicinity of *Mantua*.

> Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt,
> Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus
> Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponit [2]. *Georg.* ii. 200.

[1] Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.
*Metam.* lib. ii. 13.

Not all alike their beauteous faces were,
Nor yet were different: so should sisters be.

[2] There chrystal springs perpetual tenor keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep;
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew. *Dryden.*

s this fertility to the many streams that descend from the
g mountains and furnish a constant supply to the majestic
t intersects it; *Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*[1]. But while the
is thus water it with fertilizing rills, they also send down
il gales to cool it in summer, and blasts that sometimes
climate, and give its winter some features of transverity; slight indeed, as if merely to call the attention of
its to that repository of eternal snow that rises perpetually
em; but sufficient to check the growth of such plants as,
orange and the almond, shrink from frost or pine away unost mitigated aspect. The vine, though common and inuriant, is supposed by many not to prosper in this climcause the wines are in general thin and sour; but this de- be ascribed, not solely to the climate, which in warmth rmity far excels that of *Champagne* or *Burgundy*, but to of cultivation. To allow the vine to raise itself into the read from branch to branch, and to equal its *consort* elms ars in elevation and luxuriancy, is beautiful to the eye htful to the fancy; but not so favourable to the quality of , which become richer and stronger when growth is re- and the energies of the plant are confined within a smaller .

cond climate is protected from the blasts of the north by onal ridge of mountains, so that it is less obnoxious to the frost, and is indeed more liable to be incommoded by the ummer than by wintry cold. Its productions accordingly in strength and flavour; its wines are more generous, and ds are graced with oranges. It is however exposed occao chill piercing blasts, and not entirely unacquainted with and the snows of transalpine latitudes.

bird climate, that is, in the delicious plains of *Campania*, and so deservedly celebrated by travellers, painters, and ture seems to pour out all her treasures with complacency,

[1] King of rivers.

ader will observe, that I avoid the name frequently given to the plains of Milan. *Lombardy* is a barbarous appellation derived from one of the es that invaded and wasted the delicious region I am describing. After two centuries of devastation and restless warfare, they were exterminated ague; and I do not see why their name should survive their existence, or rous term should displace a Latin appellation.

Occidit occideritque sinas cum nomine.
*Virg. Æn.* xii. 823.

Call them not Trojans; perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town.
*Dryden.*

and trusts without apprehension her tenderest productions to gales ever genial, and to skies almost always serene.

The plains of *Apulia*, that lie beyond the *Apennines*, opening to the rising sun, with the coasts of *Abruzzo* and *Calabria*, form the last and fourth division, differing from that which precedes in increasing warmth only, and productions more characteristic of a southern latitude, such as the aloes and the majestic palm; objects which, though not common, occur often enough to give a novelty and variety to the scenery. I have confined this distinction of climate principally to the plains; as the mountains that limit them vary according to their elevation, and at the same time enclose in their windings, vallies which enjoy in the south the cool temperature of the *Milanese*, and in the north glow with all the sultriness of *Abruzzo*. Such, in a few words, is the geography of Italy.

I must here observe, that an opinion has been adopted by several authors, that the climate of Italy has undergone a considerable change during the last fifteen centuries, and that its winters are much warmer at present than they were in the time of the ancient Romans. This opinion is founded upon some passages in the ancients, alluding to a severity of cold seldom experienced in latter ages, and sometimes describing winter scenes never now beheld beyond the *Apennines*. The supposed alteration is explained by the subsequent cultivation of *Germany*, whose immense forests and wide extended swamps, the receptacles of so many damp and chilling exhalations, have been cleared away, drained, and turned into fertile fields and sunny meadows, that fill the air with vegetable warmth and genial emanations.

Cultivation, without doubt, while it opens the thick recesses of woods, and carries away stagnating waters, not only purifies the atmosphere, and may probably extends its beneficial influence to the adjacent countries. Yet, it is much to be doubted, whether the air of *Germany*, howsoever it may have been ameliorated, could ever reach Italy, or have the least influence on its climate. Not to speak of the distance that separates the two countries, the *Alps* alone form an insurmountable barrier that soars almost above the region of the wind, and arrests alike the breath of the gale and the rage of the tempest. If the long lingering winters of *Germany*, do not now retard the progress of spring in Italy, and if the deep snows and the bitter frosts that chill the mountains and defiles of *Trent*, do not either check the verdure or blast the opening flowers in the neighbouring plains of *Verona*, it is not credible that anciently the damps, which rose from the overflowings of the *Elbe* or the *Oder*, should have clouded the Italian sky; or that the keen blasts that sprung from the depths of the *Hercynian* forest should chill the gales of *Campania*, or cover its vineyards with snow. The Alps formed then, as they do now, the line of separation which distinguishes the climates as effectually as it divides the countries,

nd confines the rigours of winter to the northern side, while it al-ws the spring to clothe the southern with all her flowers. The limate, we may then fairly conclude, remains the same; or if any artial changes have taken place, they are to be attributed to earth-uakes, volcanic eruptions, or such like local causes, too confined their operations to produce any general effect.

The classical passages which gave rise to the contrary conjec-ure may, I presume, be explained in a manner perfectly satisfac-ory without it. The first and principal argument in favour of the retended change of climate is taken from Pliny the Younger, who hen describing his villa on the banks of the *Tiber*, admits that the everity of the winter was oftentimes fatal to his plants; but as a ind of consolation adds, that the neighbourhood of Rome was not xempt from a similar inconvenience. The reader must observe, hat the villa, of which Pliny speaks, was situated in a vale flanked y the *Apennines*, and open only towards the north, obnoxious, f course, to the cold blasts that sweep the bleak forests of *Monte omma* on one side, and the snowy summits of *Sera Valle* on the ther, as well as to the boreal tempest that blows unimpeded in its rogress over the whole length of the valley. That, in such a situa-ion, plants should frequently suffer from the inclemency of the eather formerly as well as at present, is not wonderful. As for he effects of cold in the neighbourhood of Rome they are full as trong and as frequent now as in Pliny's time; and the reason is lain. The *Apennines* form an immense theatre, including Rome nd its *Campagna*, as its arena. Of these mountains most are co-ered with snow, three, many six, and some nine months in the ear [1]. Whenever a strong wind happens to blow from any of these ast magazines of ice it brings with it so many frozen particles as to hill the warmest air, and to affect the temperature of spring though onsiderably advanced, and sometimes even of summer itself. nstances of such alteration are by no means uncommon. The ame influence of mountain air on the climate in general enables us o explain different passages of Horace usually quoted on this sub-ect. *Mandela*, now *Bardela*, which the poet characterizes as, *ru-osus frigore pagus* [2], is situated in the midst of the *Sabine* moun-ains, and of course chilled by many a biting blast; and as for Mount

[1] The weather was so warm on the twenty-third of March, when we ascended he *Montagna della Guardia*, near *Bologna*, as to render the shade of the portico xtremely pleasant. Near the church, on the summit of the hill, we found a consi-erable quantity of deep snow, which had till then resisted the full force of a vernal un. As this hill forms the first step of the neighbouring *Apennines*, the snow that ay on its summit was only the skirt of that vast covering which remains spread over he higher ridges of those mountains, till dissolved by the intense heats of Mid-ummer.

[2] A district contracted with cold.

*Socrate*[1], the traveller may see it almost every winter *lifting its snowy ridge* to the clouds: while, if he traverses the defiles of the *Apennines*, he may behold many a forest *encumbered with its wintry load*, and discover here and there a stream *fettered with icicles*[2].

The climate of Italy is therefore now, as it was anciently, temporate though inclined to heat. The rays of the sun are powerful even in winter; and the summer, particularly when the *Sirocco* blows, is sultry and sometimes oppressive. The heat, however, is never intolerable, as the air is frequently cooled by breezes from the mountains, and is refreshed on the southern coasts by a regular gale from the sea. This breeze rises about eight in the morning and blows without interruption till four in the afternoon, deliciously tempering the burning suns of Naples, and sweeping before it the sullen vapours that brood over the torrid *Campagna*. Moreover, the windings and the recesses of the mountains afford as they ascend several retreats, where, in the greatest heats of summer, and during the very fiercest glow of the dog-days, the the traveller may enjoy the vernal coolness and the mild temperature of England. Such are the baths of Lucca, situated in a *long with-drawing* vale and shaded by groves of chestnuts; such is Vallombrosa, encircled by the forests of the Apennine; and such too the situation of Horace's Sabine Villa, concealed in one of the woody dells of Mount Lucretilis, with the oak and the ilex wafting freshness around it.

Though rain is not frequent during the spring and summer months, yet occasional showers fall abundant enough to refresh the air and to revive the face of nature. These showers are generally accompanied by thunder storms, and when untimely, that is before or during the harvest, are as mischievous in their consequences as that which Virgil describes with such appearances of apprehension[3]. As I have elsewhere mentioned the rains of

[1] One of these sudden squalls occurred during our visit to Horace's villa, and has been mentioned among the incidents of that excursion.—Vol. I. chap. xviii.

[2] Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustinent onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.
*Hor. Carm.* lib. i. 9.

Behold Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands an heap of snow;
Behold the winter's hoary weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below,
And by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd the lazy rivers stand. *Francis.*

[3] Sæpe ego cum flavis messorem indoctum aristis
Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo
Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi
Quæ gravidam late segetem radicibus imis

Autumn, and the inundations of winter torrents, I need not enlarge upon the same subject again; but it will be sufficient to observe, that the periodical rains, and the accidental showers, the local effects of mountains and seas; and that even the clouds and storms of winter, are only transient and temporary interruptions of the general serenity that constitutes one of the principal advantages of this delightful climate. The traveller, when after his return he finds himself wrapped up in the impenetrable gloom of a London fog, or sees the gay months of May and June clouded with complacency to the pure azure that canopies Rome and Naples, and contemplates in thought perpetual vapours, turns his recollection with the splendid tints that adorn the vernal skies of Italy.

> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo [1].
>
> *Æneid.* vi. 640.

## SCENERY.

II. Nothing is more pleasing to an eye accustomed to contemplate prospects through the medium of a vaporous sky, than the extreme purity of the atmosphere, the consequent brightness of the light, and the distinct appearance of remote objects. A serene sky takes off much of the horrors of a desert, and communicates a smile to barren sands and shapeless rocks; what then must be its effects upon the face of a region, in which nature seems to have collected all her means of ornament, all her arts of pleasing; plains fertile and extensive, varied with gentle swells and bold elevations; mountains of every shape, outline, and degree, different distances, but always in view, presenting here their shaggy declivities darkened with woods, and there a long line of brown rugged precipices; now lifting to the skies a head of snow and now a purple summit; unfolding as you advance, and discovering in their windings rich vallies, populous villages, lakes and rivers, convents and cities; these are the materials of picturesque beauty,

> Sublime expulsam eruerent . . . . . .
> *Georg.* i. 316
>
> Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
> Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year;
> Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
> And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands;
> Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
> From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
> The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
> And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne.
> *Dryden.*

[1] The verdant fields with those of heav'n might vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky.
*Dryden.*

and these are the constant and almost invariable features of Italian scenery. Hence, this celebrated country has not only been the resort and the theme of poets, but the school of painters, whether natives or foreigners; who have found in its varied prospects, the richest source of every species of beauty. There, amid the Sabine hills, that spread so many soft charms around *Tivoli*, *Poussin* formed his taste, and collected the originals of the mild rural scenes displayed in his most famous landscapes. *Claude Lorraine* made the Alban Mount, and all the successive range of Apennine that sweeps along the Roman and the Neapolitan coast, his favourite haunt; and there he saw and copied the glowing shades that embrown the woods, and the rich tints that gleam along the distant promontories, and brighten the surface of the ocean. *Salvator Rosa* indulged his bolder genius in the mountains and the forests of Calabria, where he found that mixture of strength and softness, of grace and wildness, and that striking combination of deep and airy tinges that characterize his daring pencil.

## HISTORY.

III. That a country, thus gifted with a fertile soil, a serene sky, and unusual beauty, should have attracted the attention of its neighbours, and not unfrequently allured distant tribes from less favoured settlements was natural; and accordingly we find that the nations of the south and the tribes of the north, *Phenicians*, *Trojans* and *Greeks*, *Gauls*, *Goths* and *Vandals*; and in more modern times, that *Spaniards*, *French* and *Austrians*, have invaded, ravaged, or subdued its several provinces in their turns with various success, and with very different consequences. The *Phenicians* established themselves in *Etruria*: the *Greeks* principally occupied the southern provinces: the *Trojans* fixed themselves in *Latium*, the heart and the centre of the country; and the *Celtic* tribes seized the fertile territories extending along the banks of the *Po*, and stretching from the *Alps* to the *Apennines*. The *Phenicians* and the *Greeks* brought with them their arts and sciences, established flourishing cities, and laid the foundations of the future glory and prosperity of the country. The barbarians of the north never passed their frozen barriers without bringing devastation and ruin in their train. If they made a transient incursion, like a tempest they swept away every thing within their range of havoc; if they settled, they lay like a swarm of locusts, a dead weight on the soil; and ages passed over their iron generations before they were softened into civilization and humanity. To the *Trojans* was reserved the nobler lot of establishing the Roman power; of taming and breaking the fierce spirit of the northern savages; of carrying the arts and sciences

of the southern colonists to the highest degree of perfection; of uniting the strength, the genius, the powers of Italy in one centre; and of melting down the whole into one vast mass of interest and of empire.

Previous to the establishment of the Roman sovereignty, Italy, though independent and free, was weak because divided into petty states, and was incapable not only of conquest, but even of long and successful defence. During the era of Roman glory, Italy united under one head and directed by one principle, displayed talents and energies which astonished and subdued the Universe, and furnished the brightest examples of virtue and courage, of wisdom and success that emblazon the pages of history. After the fall of the empire, Italy was again divided and again weakened; frequently invaded with success, and repeatedly insulted with impunity. The *Venetians*, it is true, rose to a high degree of preeminence and consideration; but they retained even in their greatness the spirit of a petty republic, and alive to their own, but indifferent to the general interest, they too often conspired against their common country, and to further their own projects, abetted the cause of its oppressors. The sovereign Pontiffs alone seem to have inherited the spirit of the Romans, and like them to have kept their eyes ever fixed on one grand object, as long as its attainment seemed possible: that object was, the expulsion of the *barbarians*, and the annihilation of all foreign influence in Italy. They have failed, though more than once on the very point of success, and their failure, as was foreseen, has at length left Italy at the disposal of one of the most insulting and most wantonly mischievous nations that ever invaded its fair domains.

What may be the duration, and what the consequences of the present dependent and degraded state of that country, it is difficult to conjecture; but should it terminate in the union of all its provinces under one active government seated in Rome (and there is at least a possibility that such may be the result) such an event would compensate all its past sufferings, and would place it once more within the reach of independence, of empire, and of renown. The power which the present sovereign of Italy and of France enjoys, is peculiarly his own; and like that of Charlemagne, will probably be wrested from the grasp of his feeble successors. Whoever then becomes master of Italy, if he should possess abilities, will find all the materials of greatness ready for his use; an Italian army, a rich territory, an immense population, and a national character bold, penetrating, calm and persevering; with such means at his command he may defy all foreign power and influence; he may stand up the rival of France, and may perhaps share with the British monarch, the glory of being the umpire and the defender of Europe. No country in reality is better calculated to oppose the gigantic pride of France than Italy; strong in its natural situation, big with re-

sources, *magna parens frugum, magna virum*[1], teeming with riches and crowded with inhabitants, the natural mistress of the *Mediterranean*, she might blockade the ports, or pour her legions on the open coast, of her adversary at pleasure, and baffle her favourite projects of southern conquest, with ease and certainty.

But the fate of Italy, and indeed of Europe, hangs still uncertain and undecided; nor is it given to human sagacity to divine the permanent consequences that will follow the grand revolutions which have during the last fifteen years, convulsed the political system. To turn, therefore, from dubious conjectures about futurity to observations on the past; Liberty, which has seldom visited any country more than once, and many not at all, has twice smiled on Italy, and during many a happy age has covered her fertile surface with republics, bold, free, and independent. Such were the *Sabines, Latins, Volci, Samnites*, most of the *Etrurian* tribes, and all the Greek colonies, previous to the era of Roman preponderance; and such the states of *Siena, Pisa, Florence, Lucca, Genoa,* and *Venice,* that rose out of the ruins of the empire, flourished in the midst of barbarism, and transmitted the principles and the spirit of ancient liberty down to modern times. Of these commonwealths, some were equal, and two were superior, in power, policy and duration, to the proudest republics of Greece, not excepting *Lacedemon* and *Athens;* and like them they enjoyed the envied privilege of producing poets and historians to record and to illustrate their institutions and achievements. The reader, who peruses these records, will applaud the spirit of liberty and patriotism that animated almost all the Italian republics during the periods to which I allude; and he will admire the opulence and the prosperity that accompanied and rewarded that spirit, as well as the genius and the talents that seemed to wait upon it, or to start up instantaneous at its command.

While contemplating the splendid exhibition of the virtues and the power of the human mind, called into action and perfected in these latter as in those more ancient commonwealths of Greece and Rome, the candid reader will perhaps feel himself disposed to question that grand axiom of politicians, that monarchy, when lodged in the hands of a perfectly wise and good prince, is the best mode of government. If peace, security, and tranquillity, were the sole or even the principal objects of the human mind in the present state of existence, such a position might be true; and in admitting its truth, man must resign his dignity, and must sacrifice the powers and the accomplishments of his nature to ease and to indolence. But the intention of Providence seems to be very different. He has

[1] of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men.
*Dryden.*

bestowed upon man great intellectual powers, and endowed him with wonderful energies of soul, and his Will must be, that these powers and energies should be put forth, and developed and matured by exertion. Now the more perfect the monarchy, the less occasion there is for the talents and the exertions of subjects. The wisdom of the prince pervades every branch of administration and extends to every corner of the empire; it remedies every disorder, and provides for every contingency; the subject has nothing to do but to enjoy, and to applaud, the vigilance and the foresight of his sovereign. That a state so governed is very delightful in description, and very prosperous in reality, I admit; but what are its fruits, and what the result of its prosperity? Ease, or rather indolence, pride, and luxury. No manly talents ripen, no rough hardy virtues prosper under its influence. Look at the Roman empire under Trajan and the Antonines, the most accomplished princes that have ever adorned a throne, whose era is represented by Gibbon as constituting the happiest period of human history. Peace, justice and order, reigned, it is true, in every province, and the capital received every day additional embellishments.

> Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes [1].
> *Ovid. Met.* i. 100.

But what great men arose to distinguish and to immortalize this age of happiness? The two Plinys, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Look next at the great republic in the days of Cicero, when jarring factions and clashing interests roused every passion, and awakened every energy: when every virtue and every vice stood in array and struggled for the mastery. See what talents were displayed! what genius blazed! what noble characters arose on all sides! Lucretius, Sallust, Cato, Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar, all sprang up in the midst of public fermentation, and owe their virtues, their acquirements, and their fame to the stormy vicissitudes of a popular government. Behold again the glories of the Augustan age, all a splendid reflection of the setting sun of liberty. Virgil, Horace, and Titus Livius, were nursed, educated, and formed under the Republic; they speak its lofty language, and breathe in every page its generous and ennobling sentiments. Let us again turn to the Italian states. Naples has for many ages, indeed almost ever since the time of Cæsar, been under the sway of a monarch; Florence, for many a century, and in reality till the sixteenth, was a republic. How unproductive in genius is Naples; how exuberant Florence!

In pursuing these observations I am tempted to go a step farther, and to infer from the great prosperity of the Italian, as well as of

[1] The happy nations liv'd, secure, in peace.

the ancient Grecian republics, that small territories are better calculated for happiness and for liberty than extensive empires. Almost all the great towns in Italy, particularly on the coasts and in the northern provinces, have in their turns been independent; and during the era of their independence, whatsoever might be the form of their internal government, have enjoyed an unusual share of opulence, consideration, and public felicity. *Mantua, Verona,* and *Vicenza,* owe all their magnificence to their governors or to their senate, during that period; since their subjection or annexation to greater states, they have lost their population and riches, and seem to subsist on the scanty remains of their former prosperity.

*Sienna* and *Pisa* could once count each a hundred thousand inhabitants, and though their territories scarce extended ten miles around their walls, yet their opulence enabled them to erect edifices that would do honour to the richest monarchies. These cities yielded in time to the prevailing influence of their rival *Florence;* and under its Dukes they withered away into secondary towns; while their wide circumference, stately streets, and marble edifices daily remind the few scattered inhabitants, of the greatness and of the glory of their ancestors.

*Lucca* still retains its independence and its liberty, and with them, its population, its opulence, and its fertility. *Parma* and *Modena* possess the latter advantages because independent, but in an inferior degree comparatively, because not free. *Bologna* is (I am afraid I may now say *was*) a most flourishing city, though annexed to the papal territory; because though subject to the pontiff, it is in part governed by its own magistrates, and enjoys many of the benefits of actual independence.

These petty states, it is true, were agitated by factions at home, and engaged in perpetual warfare abroad; but their civic tempests and foreign hostilities, like the feuds and the contests of the ancient Greeks, seem to have produced more good than evil. They seldom terminated in carnage or in destruction; while they never failed to give a strong impulse to the public mind, and to call forth in the collision every latent spark of virtue and of genius. It may, perhaps, be objected that such petty states are too much exposed to external hostility, and are incapable of opposing a long and an effectual resistance to a powerful invader; and the fate of Italy itself may be produced as an instance of the misery and desolution to which a country is exposed when divided, and subdivided into so many little independent communities. It may indeed be difficult for such states to preserve their independence at a time like the present, when two or three overgrown Powers dictate to the rest of Europe, and when great masses are necessary to resist the impetus of such preponderant agents. But I know not whether a sort of federal union, like that of *Switzerland* (for *Switzerland* lost her liberty, not because subdivided but because enervated) or an occa-

sional subjection, like that of the Greeks to Agamemnon, and that of the Italian municipal towns to the Roman republic, when the common cause required them to unite and act as one body (while at the other times each state enjoyed its own laws and was governed by its own magistrates, under the honourable appellation of *Socii*, Allies:) I know not whether such a conditional and qualified submission would not be adequate to all the purposes of defence, and even of conquest in general, without subverting the independence, or checking the prosperity of any state in particular.

——— Sic fortis Etruria crevit :
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma [1].

But to conclude, and to sum up the history of Italy in one short observation : No country has ever been the subject or the theatre of so many wars, has enjoyed a greater portion or a longer duration of liberty, has exhibited more forms of government, and has given birth to so many and such powerful empires and republics. Virgil seems, therefore, not only to have described its past, but explored its future destinies, when comprising in four emphatic words its eventful annals, he represents it as,

Gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem [2].
*Æneid.* iv. 229.

## LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF MODERN ITALY.

IV. That a country subject to so many vicissitudes, colonized by so many different tribes, and convulsed by so many destructive revolutions, should have not only varied its dialects but sometimes totally changed its idiom must appear natural and almost inevitable : we are only surprised when we find that in opposition to the influence of so many causes, Italy has retained, for so long a series of ages, so much of one language, and preserved amidst the influx of so many barbarous nations uttering such discordant jargons, the full harmonious sounds of its native Latin. I have elsewhere made some observations on the origin and progress of this language [3], and I need only add that it remained long in a state of infancy and imperfection ; that, in the short space of one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, it passed rapidly to the highest re-

[1] 'Twas thus th' austere Etrurian virtue rose . . .
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.
*Dryden.*

[2] With empires pregnant, and alive with war.

[3] Vol. iii. Ch. 12.

finement: and that in the days of Cicero and Virgil, it was compared by the partial Romans, and not without some appearance of reason, for copiousness, grace, and majesty, to the most perfect of human dialects, the language of Plato and of Demosthenes. Its decline was as rapid as its progress. The same century may be said to have witnessed its perfection and its decay. The causes that produced this decay continued to operate during ten or even twelve centuries with increasing activity, during which Latin was first corrupted, and then repolished and softened into modern Italian. When this change took place, by what causes it was effected, or, in other words, when and from what the Italian language originated, has been a matter of much curious research and long discussion among the learned in Italy; and where the most eminent native critics differ, it would be presumption in a foreigner to decide. As to the precise period when pure Latin ceased to be spoken it would indeed be useless to inquire, because impossible to discover. Languages are improved and corrupted, formed and lost almost imperceptibly: the change in them, as in the works of nature, though daily carried on, becomes observable only at distant periods, while the intermediate gradations are so minute as to elude observation. Gibbon, who might have been expected to enlarge upon a point so interesting in itself and so intimately connected with his subject as the fate of the Latin language, has only mentioned in general terms and without any allusion to the time, its entire cessation as a living tongue. For want of better information on this point, the following observations may, perhaps, be acceptable.

The Latin language, stripped indeed of its elegance, but still grammatical and genuine, survived the invasion and the expulsion of the Goths, and continued to be spoken in Rome in the beginning of the seventh century. That it was spoken under Theodoric and his successors appears evident from their laws, regulations, and letters in Cassiodorus. In one of these letters, *Theodahatus*, then king of Italy, speaking of the language of Rome, says—"*Roma tradit eloquium quo suavius nihil auditur*[1]." After the long and destructive war, which terminated in the expulsion of the Goths, we find Gregory the Great, in the beginning of the seventh century, delivering his instructions to his flock in Latin, and in a style far more fluent and correct than Cassiodorus, who preceded him by more than fifty years. It is to be remembered, that these instructions were not learned harangues, *ad clerum*[2], but familiar discourses addressed to the people on Sundays, and consequently in the language best understood by those to whom they were directed. I am aware, that *Fornerius* asserts in a note on the epistle

[1] Cass. lib. x. ep. 7.—Rome transmits to us a language, than which nothing more sweet can meet the ear.

[2] Addressed to the clergy.

*eodahatus*, which I have quoted above, that he himself had a deed drawn up at Ravenna in the reign of Justinian, in the age of modern Italians; *eo sermone quo vulgus Italiæ nunc r*[1]; but whatever may be the genuineness of such an instruor deed, it is evident, from the expression of the king which I cited, that such could not have been the language of Rome it era.

om the time of Gregory the Great to the restoration of the wes empire, Rome, though perpetually threatened, was never by the Lombards, nor by any other barbarians, nor is there appearance that any very extraordinary influx of strangers d into it during that interval. We may therefore conclude, excepting the natural progress of barbarism in a dark and dis d age, the language remained unaltered; especially as all the c and private documents that have been transmitted to us from ntervening period are all drawn up in regular grammatical . We may, I believe, on the same or similar reasons, ground ference, that the same language though more corrupted still nued in use during the ninth, tenth, and even eleventh cen- . In fact, all the sermons, letters, documents, and inscrip- of this era are all Latin, more or less corrupt, according to the sion and the information of the writer.

, while I represent Latin as the language of the higher and informed part of the community, so late as the eleventh cen- I do not mean to assert that the lower classes, particularly in ountry, spoke a dialect so regular and correct; and I am that at a much earlier period the pure and grammatical lan- of the classics was not even understood by the common e, at least in the transalpine provinces. In the third council irs, Anno 813, the clergy are required to explain or to trans- eir sermons into *Rusticam Romanam linguam*[2]; and in *nini* we find the form of a solemn engagement between *les the Bald* king of France, and *Lewis* of Germany, in the 42, in that language, or rather jargon very different indeed Latin; but we can only infer from hence, that beyond the Alps ogress of barbarism was far more rapid than in Italy. So late las the twelfth century, we find a Calabrian hermit traversing untry, and crying out as he went along—*Benedittu, sanctiu, laudatu, lu Patre, lu Fillu, lu Spiritu Sanctu*, termina- till retained in the Sicilian and Wallachian dialects, probably from the vulgar tongue, and though corrupted, still very in- ble to a Roman; at all events, this language and even modern was long honoured with the appellation of *Lingua Romana ıtina*.

1 the language which the common people of Italy now speak.
2 rustic Roman tongue.

From these observations, I think we may at least conclude, that no new language was introduced into Italy by any of the invading tribes. Odoacer and the Heruli were masters of Italy during the space of seventeen years only, a time too short to influence the language of a whole country. Theodoric and his Goths probably spoke Latin [1]. They had long been in the service of the empire, and many, perhaps most of them, had been nursed and educated in its schools and legions. Besides, they were collected in an army, and not numerous enough to produce such a revolution as a change of language over a country so extensive; to which may be added, that their veneration for the Roman name was such, that, in order to conceal their barbarism, they endeavoured to adopt the language, the manners, and the dress of a people so far superior to them. Moreover, their reign did not exceed the narrow limits of sixty years; after which, during the course of a long and bloody war, they were almost exterminated by Belisarius, and by Narses. The Lombards entered Italy soon after the expulsion of the Goths, and remained there for the space of two hundred years; but their influence was confined principally to the northern provinces, and consequently neither extended to Rome, nor to the greater part of the south; and they also, like the Goths, seem, as appears from their laws, to have adopted the language of Italy, and whatever share they might have had in corrupting it, most undoubtedly they did not attempt to substitute any other in its place. The transient visit of the French and German Cæsars, the predatory incursions of the Saracens, and the settlement of some bands of Norman adventurers, were inadequate to produce the effect in question; nor can we possibly attribute a change, so slow and so extensive as the suppression or formation of a language, to causes so confined in their continuance and operation. To these observations, we may add one more of great importance on the subject, which is, that there is not the least resemblance between the languages of Italy and the dialects of the various tribes which I have mentioned, as far as these dialects are known to us. The former is peculiarly soft and harmonious, all the latter are rough and discordant; and consequently we may conclude, that Italian does not owe its origin to barbarians; and far-

[1] Odoacer made himself master of Rome and of Italy in the year 476, and was defeated and slain by Theodoric, king of the Goths, in 493. The Goths were, in their turn, expelled in 553. The Lombards under Alboin invaded Italy, and made themselves masters of the northern provinces in the year 569, and their kingdom was destroyed in the year 774. The Saracens visited it, for the first time, in the year 820, and the Normans in 1016. A considerable number of Vandals were introduced by Belisarius into Italy, after the conquest of Africa, as was a whole colony of Bulgarians at a later period, to cultivate its provinces depopulated by war. Of these late colonies it was observed by contemporary writers, that they soon equalled the native Italians in the purity and the correctness of their language.

that its introduction was gradual, and the operation, not of but of many succeeding ages.

t still it may be asked, whence does Italian derive its origin? not Italian derive its origin from the corruption of the Latin ıage, the causes of which began to operate so early as the era lius Cæsar, and continued till the twelfth century, when the rn dialect first assumed a regular and grammatical form? The s were, first, the great influx of provincials into Rome. Cæsar, enghten his party, brought several noble Gauls who had at- d themselves to his fortunes into Italy, raised them to various ties, and perhaps introduced some of them into the senate , then thinned by civil war and its consequences [1]. This evil ased after the extinction of the Julian line, when the gover- and oftentimes the natives of distant provinces educated in the of soldiers, and unacquainted with the refinements of the il, were promoted to the first stations, and not unfrequently l to the imperial dignity itself. It reached a most alarming in the time of Diocletian, and continued from that period to ɔwnfal of the western empire, filling all the offices of state, ling the legions, and degrading the throne itself, by the intro- ɔn and the usurpation of barbarians. The influence of these lers upon the Roman idiom, may be traced through Lucan, a, and Martial, to Ammianus Marcellinus and Salvian.

ɔndly, the introduction of colloquial and oftentimes rustic nciation into the style of the higher classes, as well as into ar composition, or writing. The suppression of final letters, as *s*[2] and *m*, was, we know, common in ordinary conversation

ıe concourse of strangers was so great about this period, that Cæsar, to enable ɔ share the public amusements with which he entertained the Roman people, ys acted in *all* languages.—*Suet. Div. Jul. Cæs.* 39.

luxerunt enim, *says Cicero about the same time*, multi inquinate loquentes ex ı locis.—*De. Clar. Orat.*

ɔr many flocked hither from different quarters, speaking a corrupt dialect."

uin etiam quod jam subrusticum videtur, olim autem politius, eorum verborum, a eædem erant postremæ duæ, quæ sunt in *optumus*, postremam litteram de- ant, nisi vocalis insequebatur. Ita non erat offensio in versibus, quam nunc poetæ novi. Ita enim loquebantur:

*Qui est omnibu princeps.* Non, *omnibus princeps.* Et
*Fuit illa digna loquque.* Non *digna*.

ro had observed a little before, that the use of the aspirate was much less n anciently than it was in his time, and that the early Romans were ac- ed to pronounce Cetegos, triumpos, Cartaginem, etc. that is, as the modern s (*Orator* 48). The more frequent use of the aspirate was probably derived the Greek pronunciation, which began to influence Roman elocution about eriod.—*Cic. de Claris Orat.* 74.

observations of Quintilian upon the *S* and the *M* are curious:

and in light compositions, and was probably, on account of the length and solemnity of the full sound, almost universal in the province and in the country. In the latter class, the custom of uniting a word terminating in a vowel, with the following word beginning with one, as well as an indistinct pronunciation of vowels and consonants of similar sounds, was noticed by Cicero. These elisions were very ancient, and probably remained among the peasantry when given up by the more polished inhabitants of the capital. In fact, from the inscription on the rostral pillar, and the epitaph of the Scipios, we find that the *m* and *s* were anciently suppressed, even in writing; that the *b* and the *v*, the *e* and the *i*, were used indiscriminately, and the *o* was generally employed instead of *u*. In an illiterate age, when few know how to read or write, and such were the ages that followed the fall of the Roman empire, the pronunciation of the lower class generally becomes that of the community at large, and at length acquires authority by time and prescription.

Another cause, similar and concomitant, was the ignorance of orthography. The dreadful and destructive wars that preceded and followed that disastrous event, suspended all literary pursuits, dissolved all schools and seminaries, and deprived for ages the inhabitants of Italy of almost all means of instruction. Books were rare and readers still rarer; pronunciation was abandoned to the regulation of the ear only, and the ear was unguided by knowledge, and depraved by barbarous dissonance. We may easily guess how a language must be disfigured when thus given up to the management of ignorance, when we observe how our own servants and peasants spell the commonest words of their native tongue, even though in their infancy they may have learned at least the elements of reading and spelling [1].

Cæterum consonantes quoque, æque præcipue quæ sunt asperiores in commissura verborum rixantur..... quæ fuit causa et Servio subtrahendæ, S, literæ quoties ultima esset aliaque consonante susciperetur. Quod reprehendit Lauranius, Messala defendit. Nam neque Lucilium putant uti eadem ultima cum dicit *Serenu' fuit* et *dignu' loco*; quinetiam Cicero in *Oratore* plures antiquorum tradit sic locutos inde *Belligerare*, po' *meridiem*. Et illa Censorii Catonis *Dic' hanc* æque', M, litera in E mollita. Quæ in veteribus libris reperta mutare imperiti solent et dum librariorum inscientiam insectari volunt, suam confitentur.—*Quintil.* lib. i. cap. 4.

[1] To the ignorance of orthography we may attribute half the corruption of the Latin language: hence the degradation of the Capitolium into *Campidoglio*, the Portico of Caius Lucius (Caii et Lucii) into *Gallaecio*; hence the Busta Gallorum became *Porto Gallo*, the Cloaca, *Chiavicha*, Video, *Veggo*, Hodie, *Oggi*, etc. etc. etc.

The most material change took place not in the sound but in the sense of the words, though it is difficult to conceive how it could have been effected. Thus *laxare* to loosen, unbind, has become *lasciare* to let go, to let in general; *cavare*

ng these causes we may perhaps number the false refinements Italians themselves; and it is highly probable, as the learned conjectures, that the unparalleled effeminacy of the Romans the second, third, and fourth centuries, might have extended ven to their language, multiplied its smoother sounds, re- d some of its rougher combinations, and turned many of its nd majestic closes by consonants into the easier flow of erminations. No circumstance relative to the Italian lan- is so singular and so unaccountable as its softness. The in- of the peasantry of the country, as well as that of the nor- arbarians, must have tended, it would seem, to untune the ge, and to fill it with jarring and discordant sounds; yet the verse has happened, and the alteration has been conducted der the management of an academy employed for the express e of rendering the utterance distinct and easy, as well as soft sical. Thus the termination of *m*, so often recurring in was supposed to have a bellowing sound, and indeed Cicero *mugientem litteram*; the *s* again was heard to hiss too the end of words; as *t* closing the third person was con- as too short and smart for a concluding letter; they were e suppressed. *Ct, pl, tr,* have somewhat indistinct as well h in the utterance; the first was changed before a vowel into e second into *pi*; the *t* was separated from the *r,* and a vowel l to give the organ time to unfold itself, and to prepare for ible utterance of the latter letter. Thus *Clavis, placere,* , were softened into *chiave, piacere, tirare.* For similar , *m, c, p,* when followed by *t,* were obliged to give way, *annus, actus, assumptus,* metamorphosed into *sonno, atto,* ; in short, not to multiply examples, which the reader's ob- n may furnish in abundance, the ablative case was adopted most harmonious, and the first conjugation as the most so-

The only defect of this nature in Italian, and it may be it only, is the frequent return of the syllables *ce* and *ci,* convey a sort of chirping sound, not pleasing I think when n repeated.

r the want of energy in that language, it is a reproach which make who has never read *Dante, Ariosto,* or *Tasso;* he s perused them knows that in energy both of language and ment, they yield only to their illustrious masters, Virgil and and will acknowledge with a satyrist of taste and spirit, y *strengthen and harmonize both the ear and the in-*

e, though the invading tribes did not introduce a new lan-

ident, is now to take, to draw. *Morbidus,* sickly, morbid, *morbido,*

*nts of Literature.*

guage into Italy, yet they must be allowed to have had some share in corrupting and disfiguring the old, by perverting the sense of words, inverting the order of sentences, and thus infecting the whole language with the inaccuracy of their own dialects [1]. Hence, though the great body of Italian remain Latin, yet it is not difficult to discover some foreign accretions, and even point out the languages from which they have been taken; and though singular yet it is certain, that the Greek, the Sclavonian, and the Arabic tongues have furnished many, if not the greatest part, of these tralatitious terms.

The first remained the language of *Apulia, Calabria,* and other southern districts of Italy, which continued united to the Greek Empire many ages after the fall of the Western. The second was brought into Italy about the middle of the seventh century by a colony of Bulgarians, established in the southern provinces by the Greek Emperors: and the last by the Saracens, who established themselves in *Sicily*, and in some maritime towns in *Calabria*, during the ninth and tenth centuries. The Lombards probably left some, though, I believe, few traces of their uncouth jargon behind them; and the same may be supposed of the Vandals, whom Belisarius transported from *Africa,* and established as colonists in some of the most fertile provinces, to repair the dreadful havoc made in their population by the Gothic war.

These causes were doubtless more than sufficient to produce all the changes which have taken place in the ancient language of Italy, even though we should reject the conjecture of *Maffei*, who supposes, that Italian retains much of the ancient dialects of the different provinces, which dialects yielded to Latin in the great towns during the dominion of Rome, but always remained in vigour in the villages and among the peasantry. Yet this opinion, in itself probable, as may well be supposed, since it is supported by such

[1] This corruption Vida exaggerates and deplores as a change of language imposed by the victorious barbarians on the subjugated Italians.

Pierides donec Romam, et Tiberina fluenta,
Deseruere, Italis expulsæ protinus oris.
Tanti caus-a mali, Latio gens aspera aperto
Sæpius irrumpens. Sunt jussi vertere morem
Ausonidæ victi, victoris vocibus usi.
Cessit amor Musarum, etc.

At length the tuneful maids deserted Rome,
From beauteous Italy and Tiber driv'n:
For savage tribes with fierce invasion came
To Latium's plains, and work'd this dreaded woe.
Their customs chang'd, Ausonia's mourning sons
Were forc'd to use the barb'rous victor's tongue.
No more the Muses found a worshipper.

This *change of language* however is confined to about a thousand words, which are derived either from barbarous dialects, or from unknown sources. *Muratori* has collected them in his *Thirty-third* Dissertation. The rest of the language is Latin.

authority as that of the learned Marquis, is strengthened, and I might say almost established, by the information and the acuteness of *Lanzi*.

But whatever foreign words or barbarous terms might have forced their way into the language of Italy, they have resigned their native roughness as they passed the *Alps* or the sea, dropped their supernumerary consonants, or changed them into vowels; and instead of a nasal or guttural close, they have assumed the fulness and the majesty of Roman termination. Such words therefore may, in general, be considered rather as embellishments than as deformities, and unquestionably add much to the copiousness, without diminishing the harmony of the language. In this latter respect, indeed, Italian stands unrivalled. Sweetness is its characteristic feature: all modern dialects admit its superior charms, and the genius of music has chosen it for the vehicle of his most melodious accents. That this advantage is derived from the mother tongue principally, is apparent, as all the sounds of the modern language are to be found in the ancient; but some attempts seem to have been made, by retrenching the number of consonants and multiplying that of vowels; by suppressing aspirations and separating mutes; in short, by multiplying the opener sounds, and generalizing the more sonorous cases, tenses, and conjugations, to improve the smoothness of Latin, and to increase, if possible, its harmonious powers. How far these attempts have succeeded is very questionable; especially as they have been counteracted by the introduction, or rather, the extension, of articles and of auxiliary verbs, that dead weight imposed by barbarism on all modern languages, and invented, it would seem, for the express purpose of checking the rapidity of thought, and encumbering the flow of a sentence. In this respect particularly, and almost exclusively, the modern dialect of Italy betrays marks of slavery and of degredation.

Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus [r].
*Milton, Epist. ad Patrem, ver.* 84.

Italian is, however, freer from these burthens than any other modern language; but this partial exemption, which it owes to a nearer resemblance to its original Latin, while it proves its superiority on one side, only shows its inferiority on the other. To which we may add, that the Roman pronunciation, the only one which gives Italian all the graces and all the sweetness of which it is susceptible, is evidently the echo of the ancient language transmitted from generation to generation, and never entirely lost in that immortal Capital. Let not the daughter therefore.

[r] Their language bears witness to barbarian inroads.

Sdegnosa forse del secondo onora s.
*Tas. Ger. Lib.* ix. st. 54.

dispute the honours of the Parent, but content herself with being acknowledged as the first and the fairest of her offsprings.

I will now proceed to point out some of the most striking features of resemblance, which have been observed between the modern and the ancient dialects of Italy, and at the same time indicate several words borrowed by the former from the latter. These I shall extract principally from *Lanzi*. I will then follow Latin in its decline, as I formerly traced it in its advancement, and by presenting the reader with specimens of the latinity of each century, enable him to mark its approximation to the modern language[3].

The differences between the early and later Latins, and between them and the modern Italians, may be classed under four heads — I. *Detractio* — II. *Adjectio* — III. *Immutatio* — IV. *Transmutatio*.

The Etrurians, like the Dorians, often retrenched syllables, as δω for δωμα, χαρα for καρηνον, and so the modern Italian *pro* for *prode*, etc. and in *Dante*, *ca* for *casa*.

Retrenching the last syllable, was common from *Numa* to *Ennius*, *pa* for *parte*, *po* for *populo*; and in the latter, *cael* for *coelum*, *debil homo* for *debilis*, in *Lucretius famul* for *famulus*: a practice very common in Italian, especially in poetry.

Che non *han* tempo di *pur tor* gli scudi [3].
*Ariosto.*

*han* for *hanno*, *pur* for *pure*, *tor* for (*torre togliere*).

The letters N and R were often omitted, as *Cosol rusus* for *Consul rursus*. M at the beginning, as *Ecastor* for *Mecastor*, etc. and oftener at the end, as *Regem Antioco*, and *Samnio cepet*. S was generally omitted at the end of words, as *fami' causâ*.

Cato the censor entirely omitted the M according to Quintilian.

Vowels, in long syllables, were doubled, as *Feelix*.

In some of the ancient Italian dialects, and even in Latin, as in

[1] . . . . disdainful of a second place.
*Hoole's Translation.*

[2] "Figlia bensì della Latina, ma non men bella e nobile della Madre," says *Muratori* with pardonable partiality.—*Dissert.* xxxiii.
"Daughter indeed of the Latin, but not less beautiful and noble than its mother."

[3] The reader will recollect, that the limits of the present work oblige me to confine myself to a few general observations, and to give him rather an imperfect sketch, than a full view, of this very extensive and interesting subject.

nodern language, vowels were sometimes inserted between consonants, merely to prevent harsh sounds; thus ΑΡΟΛΛΩΝΟ POΣΕΩ, etc.; *principes, ancipes,* for *princeps, anceps, materi atri: tirare* in Italian for *trahere.*

nd O were often added at the end, as *illico, face, dice,* for *fac, dic;* like the modern *amano, face, dice.*

llables added in the beginning, middle, and end of words, not mmon anciently; *danunt* for *dant* is a remarkable instance: alian *Chiavica* for *Cloaca.*

ıe custom of the modern Italians of ending syllables and words vowels, is derived from their ancestors, the Latins, the Umbri, lhe Etrurians, as well as the Oscans, as *arfertur* for *adfertur,* for *hoc,* etc.

tters were frequently transposed to facilitate utterance by the ans and their Italian colonies anciently, as ΚΑΡΝΕΙΟΣ for ΚΕΙΟΣ, a name of Apollo; as by the modern Italians.

among ancient Latins, often used for *g*, as *aenus* for *agnus,* for *g* as *cotidie,* as also for *e* as *facit* for *fasit,* sometimes with *rocs,* etc., for *rox,* etc.

llables displaced, as *preoula, pergula, Tharseneno, Thraso-*; and in derivatives, as from Μορφη *forma;* Τειν *tener:* all in n Italian.

V, and B, and sometimes S and N, were used merely to mark ıspiration, as *Ferdeum, Hordeum, Helia, Velia, Eneti, Fe-, Fruges, Bruges.*

ɔnsonants, of sounds not very dissimilar, were often used in-riminately or confusedly, as B P and F: M and N: D and T; *'um, Duellum; Purrhus, Burrhus; Capidolium, Capitolium;* whence perhaps the modern *Campidoglio,* etc.

was a prevalent letter, and often substituted for I, as in *Itu-*. O also often substituted for E and U, as *Vostri, colpa,* etc, gain in *Italian.*

spirations were marks of rusticity in the earlier ages of Rome; ɔecame common at a later period.

iphthongs were used in genitives, datives, ablatives, for simple els.

he Etrurians and ancient Latins, like the modern Italians, ı wrote *o* for *au,* as *plostrum* for *plostro,* as also *dede* for *dedit, ule,* for *Urguleius.*

*apsa* for *seipsa; on* at the end of verbs instead of *unt,* as *con-ron,* whence the Italian *amaron, sentiron,* etc., *cavneas* for *ne eas.*

he Italian sound of *z*, like *ts*, is very ancient, as appears from edal of Trezene, on which, for Ζηνος, is Σανος.

*t* was generally changed by the ancient as by the modern ans into *tt,* as *Coctius* into *Cottius, pactum* into *pattum, fac-* into *fattum,* etc.; in Italian, *Cottio, patto, fatto,* etc.

Great confusion also prevailed in the ancient punctuation: sometimes neither sentences nor words were separated; at other times syllables, and even letters.

## WORDS.

*Susum* (for *sursum*) ancient Latin, (hence the Italian *suso*), found in an inscription of the year of Rome 686.

*Pusi* for *sicut*, hence the Italian *cosi*.

*Deheberis* and *Teeberis* for *Tiberis*.

Among such words we may rank *Vitello, Toro, Capra, Porco*, which occur in the Eugubian tables, and were common in Italy before the formation and the general adoption of Latin.

*Casino* is derived from the Sabine *Cascinum*.

The Italian *come* seems to be derived from *cume* or *cum*, sometimes spelt *quom*.

*Cima* for summit, is found in Lucilius, and seems to have been confined in process of time to popular use.

*Basium, basia*, used by Catullus only in the purer age of Latin, and afterwards resumed by Juvenal, Martial, and Petronius; it seems to have been borrowed, like the word *Ploxenum*, used by the same author, from the Venetic dialect. *Circa Paduum juvenil*, says Quintilian.

*Obstinata mente* is used in the Italian sense by the same poet.—*Cat.* viii. *v.* 11.

In Plautus we find several words supposed to be derived from the Sabines, which were gradually retrenched from pure latinity, but preserved probably in the popular idiom, and revived in the modern language. Such are,

*Bature* (now *battere*) to strike.
*Poplom* for *populum*.
*Danunt* (*dant*) now *danno*.
*Dice* for *dic*.
*Face* for *fac*.
*Grandire* (now *ingrandire*) to grow.
*Minacia* for *minæ*, threats.
*Pappere* (*edere*) to eat.
*Merenda*, a slight repast or collation.
Others of the same nature may be collected from Lucilius, as
*Mataxa* now *Matassa*, a skein (of thread).
*Spara*, a lance (whence our word spear).
*Potesse*, etc.

Cicero uses the *habessit*, whence the Italian *avesse*, as an ancient and legal form. *Separatim nemo habessit deos.* — De Legibus ii. 8.

He elsewhere notices the custom which he himself once indulged

in, and afterwards corrected as faulty, of sometimes omitting the aspirate H, now universally suppressed in Italian. — *Orator* 48.

The following passage from Varro (quoted by *Muratori*) gives the origin of an Italian word *tagliare*, which without such authority, we should scarce have suspected of being derived from Latin. — Nunc *Intertaleare* rustica voce dicitur dividere vel excidere ramum ex utraque parte æqualibiter præcisum quas alii Calbulas alii Faleas appellant.

In Pliny the Elder we find the word *lætamen*, in Italian *letame*. — *Hist. Nat.* xviii. c. 16.

## DECLINE OF LATIN.

Suetonius (in Augusto, 88) alludes to various peculiarities of Augustus, both in writing and speaking; and Quintilian assures us, that the Roman people assembled in the Circus and in the theatre, sometimes exclaimed in barbarous expressions, and concludes, that to speak Latin is very different from speaking grammatically[1], — *Vulgo imperitos barbare locutos, et tota sæpa theatra, et omnem Circi turbam exclamasse barbare*[2]. — Lib. i. cap. 6.

That the cases required by the rules of syntax in the government of verbs and prepositions, were not always observed even in the very family of the above-mentioned Emperor, is clear from the following expressions, *quod est in palatium*, and *Dat Fufiae Climene et Fufiae Cuche sorores*, used even in writing by his own freedmen. (*Murat*).

Festus observes, that the rustic mode of pronouncing *au* was like *o*, whence so many Italian words are formed in *o* from the *au* of the Latins. "Orata," says he, "genus piscis appellatur a colore auri quod rustici *orum* dicebant." Cato, cited by Varro, makes the same observation, or rather uses the rustic pronunciation; a pronunciation so prevalent at a later period, that the Emperor Vespasian seems to have been partial to it, and was reprehended by an uncourtly friend for changing *plaustra* into *plostra*.—*Suet. in Vespasiano*. 22.

Statius, in one single verse, seems to use a very common word in a sense peculiarly Italian.

> Salve supremum, *senior* mitissime patrum!
> *Sylv.* iii. *Lacrym. Hetrusc.* ver. 208.

[1] Aliud est Latine, aliud grammatice loqui.—*Lib.* i. c. 6.

" It is one thing to speak Latin, and another to speak grammar.

[2] The unlearned commonly spoke barbarously, and often the whole audience of a theatre, and all the crowd of the Circus, burst out into barbarous exclamations.

"Quidquid," says Seneca, "est boni moris extinguimus levitate et politura corporum." The word *politura* is here taken in a sense purely Italian. *Impolitia*, taken in the opposite sense, was a word not uncommon among the early Romans, according to Aulus Gellius iv. 12.

The African writers seem to have used a dialect tending more to Italian than any others, whether derived from the early colonists, or from some provincial cause of corruption, it is difficult to determine. In Apuleius we find, not only particular words, as *lotus*, *russus*, *patronus*, etc. in the Italian sense, but united adverbs, accumulated epithets, and the florid phraseology of Italian poetic prose.

In the Augustan history several phrases bordering upon Italian, and words taken in an Italian sense, may be observed, as *a latus* instead of *a latere*, *ante fronte* for *frontem*, *ballista* (now *balletta*) for *saltationes*, *totum* for *omnia*, *intimare*, etc. etc.

The word *spelta*, signifying a certain vegetable, is represented by St. Jerom as *purely* Italian, and is still in use.—*Cap.* iv. *in Ezech.*

The same author alludes to the word *parentes*, taken in the Italian and French sense, that is, for *relations*, *kindred*, as used in his time, *militari vulgarique sermone*.—Lib. ii. *Apol adv. Ruffin.*

*Mulieri suæ* for his wife, is used by St. Augustine—*De Catech. rudibus*, cap. xxvi. as is *jusum*, (*giu*, below, beneath, in Italian) *Tract.* vii. *in Epist.* i. *S. Johan.*

In the cemetery of Cyriaca (in the catacombs at Rome) the following words were inscribed in large letters: *Locus Pergei fi[lio]nes se bibo fece.*

In an apartment of the cemetery of SS. Marcellinus and Peter, there is on the wall a picture representing a repast—near one of the five figures is inscribed, *Irene da calda*, and near another, *Agape misee mi.* Many other instances of the corruption of the language may be observed in these cemeteries, which cannot have been used as places of interment after the beginning, or at the latest the middle, of the fifth century.

A bishop of Brescia (St. Gaudentius), of the same era, mentions the word *brodium* for *broth*, a word solely Italian.—*Serm.* 2*do*, *ad Neophyt*[1].

St. Cæsarius, bishop of *Arles*, employs the word *balationes*, *ballare*, for balls, dancing, etc.[2].

In St. Gregory we find the word *caballus* used for *equus* almost constantly, together with other words of rustic origin, replacing the more polite terms of the preceding ages.

*Fabretti* (in *Muratori*) has published a curious passage, ex-

[1] Fifth Century.
[2] Sixth Century.

tracted from the manuscript work of Urbicius, a Greek author of the fifty century, containing the forms employed by the centurions and tribunes. They are in Latin, though written in Greek characters, and run as follows :—

"Silentio mandata complete—Non vos turbatis—Ordinem servate —Bandum sequite—Nemo dimittat bandum et inimicos seque."

Here we discover the construction, and even the phraseology of modern Italian, *complete, seguite,—Bandum, (Bandiera)—Non vi turbate, segue,* etc.

In litanies sung publicly in Rome in the seventh century, we find *Redemtor mundi, tu lo adjuva ;* thus *illum* first resumed its original form *illom*, and then became *lo,* as *illorum* by the same process, *loro ;* thus also in the eighth century *ibi* was transformed into *ivi, ubi* into *ove, prope* into *presto,* etc. *Qui* and *iste* into *quiste, questa, questo,* and frequently into *sto, sta,* etc.

From this period indeed the alteration of the language seems to have proceeded with more rapidity, and popular phrases bordering upon the modern dialect appear in every deed and instrument, as in a manuscript of Lucca [1], "Una torre d'auro fabricata;" and in another of 730, "Uno capite tenente in terra Chisoni et in alium capite tenente in terra Ciulloni; de uno latere corre via publica et de alium latere est terrula Pisinuli plus minus modiorum duo, stafillo."

Again, in a deed of the year 816, we find, "Avent in longo pertigas quatordice in transverso, de uno capo pedes dece, de alia nove in traverso . . . de uno capo duas pedis cinque de alio capo."

I alluded above to the oath which follows ; it is well known, and shows what corruptions Latin had undergone beyond the Alps in the ninth century.

"Pro Deo amur, et pro Christian poblo, et nostro comun salvamento dist de in avant in quant Deus savir et podir me donat, si salvario cist meon fradre karlo, et in adiudha, et in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradre salvardirst in o, quid il mi altre si fazet. Et ab Ludher plaid nunquam prindrai, qui meon vol cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit [2]."

In Italian this form would run as follows :

"Per amore di Dio, e per bene del popolo Christiano, e per comune salvezza, da questo di' in avanti, in quanto Dio mi dara sapere e potere, cosi salvero questo mio Fratello Carlo, e gli sarò in aiuto, e in qualunque cosa, come uomo per deritto dee salvare il suo Fratello in quello che un altro farebbe a me ; ne con Lottario farò mai accordo oleuno che di mio volere torni in danno di questo mio Fratello Carlo."

[1] An. 753.

[2] This is the first specimen on record of the Provincial, Provençal, or Romance language.

Of nearly the same era are the following curious letters, which are translations of the papal rescripts to the Emir of Palermo, on the purchase of certain captives, and may be considered both as specimens of the vulgar Latin of the age, and as instances of the benevolence and the active charity of the Popes.

"Lu Papa de Roma Marinu servus di omni servi di lu maniu Deu te saluta . . . . . .
La tua dominakzione me invii la responsio quantus vorrai denari per omni kaput de illa gens . . . de lu plus prestu; ki si ferai ak kosa tantu bona, lu maniu Deu ti dat vita longa, omnia plena di benediksioni, etc. li tres di lu mensi di April oktocento oktanta dui, di lu usu di li kristiani."

This epistle was written, or rather translated from one written by Pope Marinus in the year 882. The subsequent letter is from the same Pope.

"Abeo kapitatu la tua littera signata kum la giurnata dilli quindisi dilu mense di Aprili oktocento octanta tre. Abeo lecta in ipsa ki lu Mulai ti a datu lu permissu di vindirmi omne illi sklavi ego volo la quali kosa mi a dato una konsolazione Mania."

In 1029 we meet with words and phrases perfectly Italian, as, "In loco et finibus ubi dicitur civitate vetera . . . . . prope loco qui dicitur a le grotte."

The first regular inscription in the modern language is of the following century, viz. 1135; it was engraved on the front of the cathedral of *Ferrara*, and is as follows:

Il mille canto tremptacinque nato
Fo questo tempio a Zorzi consecrato
Fo Nicolao Scolptore,
E Glielmo fo l'auctore [1].

There is however a considerable difference between these half-formed rhymes and the highly polished strains of *Petrarca*. In the

[1] The various forms which Latin has assumed in the different provinces where it was once the reigning language, might if compared together afford some means of discovering the common source of corruption. In the Engaddina and in Friuli two dialects exist among the common people, of Latin origin, but of very different sound. The first verse of Genesis in the Engaddina tongue runs as follows: In il principi creer Deis il Tschel e la terra; mo la terra era una chiaussa zainza fuorme, e voeda, e stiinezar sur la fatscha dell abiss; e il spiert da Deis s'muvieva sur la fatsche de las aguas. In Friulan, the same verse is rendered thus: In tel principi Gio al crea il ciel e la tiare; ma la tiare e iene vuaide e senza fuearme, e par dut lis tenebris e jerin su la face dell abiss, el spirt de Gio al leve su lis aghis. In these two specimens there are two words only which are not evidently of Latin origin, and these two words are common to most if not all the dialects derived from Latin. Mo, Engaddina: ma Friuli, Ital.; mais, French; mas, Spanish; mas, Portuguese; zainza, Engad.; senza, Friuli, Ital.; sans, French; sin, Spanish; sem, Portuguese.

that intervened between the date of the inscription of *Fer-* and the birth of that poet, taste began to revive, information e more general, and men of learning and genius applied them- to the cultivation of the vulgar tongue. Latin, which still ued then as now the language of the Church, of the schools, formal discussion and public correspondence, furnished both es, and the materials of amelioration; and to infuse as much genius and spirit into the new language as the nature of the would permit, seems to have been the grand object of these asters of modern Italian. Among them *Brunetto Latini*, a ıtine, seems to have been the principal; and to him his coun- n are supposed to be indebted for the pre-eminence which then acquired, and have ever since enjoyed in the new di- which from them assumed the name of *Tuscan*. *Dante*, *Pe-* ı, and *Boccacio* completed the work which *Brunetto* and his ates had commenced; and under their direction the Italian ıge assumed the graces and the embellishments that raise it all known languages, and distinguish it alike in prose or in composition or conversation.

> Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor [1].
> *Tibul.* iv, 2.

his form of beauty and perfection the new language had re- ed so much of the parent idiom, that not the same words only, en the same phrases are equally appropriate in both, and s have been written which may be called indiscriminately Latin or Italian[2]. Of this description are the two fol- g:

> In mare irato in subita procella
> Invoco te, nostra benigna stella! etc. [3].

second turns upon the same thought, and must be considered reader merely as a poetical lusus, as I do not mean to be ac- able for its theological accuracy [4].

[1] What'er she does, where'er her steps she turns,
An easy, inobtrusive grace adorns
Each action and each movement.

[2] same attempt has been made in favour of Portuguese, but the languages as ily be imagined do not assimilate so naturally.

[3] When the angry ocean raves,
And the tempests vex the waves,
Thee I invoke—I ask thy light benign,
Bright star of safety, patroness divine!

[4] was composed by *P. Tornielli*, a Jesuit of great literary reputation.

Vivo in acerba pena, in mesto orrore
Quando te non imploro, in te non spero
Purissima Maria, et in sincero
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.
Et, O vita beata, et anni, et ore!
Quando contra me armato, odio severo
Te Maria amo, et in gaudio vero
Viverè spero ardendo in vivo amore.
Non amo te, Regina augusta, quando
Non vivo in pace, et in silentio fido;
Non amo te, quanda non vivo amando.
In te sola o Maria, in te confido
In tua materna cura respirando,
Quasi columba in suo beato nido [1].

When the reader has attentively perused these observations, he will, I believe, agree with me when I recapitulate and conclude, that Italian owes little to barbarisms; that it has borrowed much from native sources; and that it still bears a sufficient resemblance to the ancient language, to entitle it to the appellation of Lingua Latina.

## ITALIAN LITERATURE.

V. But language is only the vehicle of instruction; and the sweetest dialect that ever graced the lips of mortals, if not ennobled by genius and consecrated by wisdom, can neither command attention, nor inspire interest. Fortunately for Italy, if the Goddess of Liberty has twice smiled, the Sun of Science also has twice risen on her favoured regions, and the happy periods of Augustus and of Leo, have continued through all succeeding ages, to amuse and to instruct mankind. If the Greek language can boast the first, and Latin the second, epic poem, Italian may glory in the third; and

[1] Save when I bow my suppliant knee,
And fix my thoughts, my hopes on thee,
Save when I offer at thy shrine
An homage pure, sincere, divine,
Thrice holy virgin, I remain
In gloomy sadness, bitter pain.
But oh! the happy hours of life,
When with my own frail self at strife
On thee, blest Mary, I employ
My thoughts, and live in love and joy.
When all my heart is bent on thee,
I live in sweet tranquillity:
I love thee not, save when I prove
The pure delights of heav'nly love,
On thee alone, celestial queen,
My hopes repose, my wishes lean;
Folded to thy maternal breast,
I breathe assur'd, compos'd, and blest
A dove within its happy nest.

, in the opinion of all candid critics, has an undoubted right next in honour and in fame to his countryman Virgil. *Dante* *Ariosto* have claims of a different, perhaps not an inferior, , and in originality and grandeur the former, in variety and ry the latter, stands unrivalled. *Petrarca* has all the tenss, all the delicacy of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius with- eir foulness and effeminacy: he seems to have felt the soft- f love without any mixture of its sensuality; he has even lit above itself, as I have observed elsewhere, and has super- to that grace and beauty, which have ever been deemed its priate ornaments, some of the charms of virtue, and a solem- almost religious. Nor has the genius of Italian poesy, as if isted by the effort, expired with these, the first and the most il- ous of her offspring. The same spirit has continued to in- a succession of poets in every different branch of that divine om *Boccacio* and *Guarini* down to *Alfieri* and *Metastasio*; *hæbo digna locuti*[1], all inimitable in their different talents, perhaps to their celebrated predecessors in the same career the same country, and undoubtedly superior both in numd in originality to the bards of the northern regions.

French, who glory, and not without reason, in their dramavriters, have often reproached the Italians with the barrenf their literature in this respect, and have even ventured to , that it proceeded forom some inherent defect, from some of energy or of pliability in the formation of their language. e language of *Dante* and of *Ariosto* wants neither of these ies; it has assumed all the ease and the grace of Terence, in medies of *Gherardo di Rossi;* in the tragedies of *Alfieri*, it rs in all the dignity and the strength of Sophocles[2]; and sim-

[1] Poets worthy their inspiring god.
*Dryden.*

e tragedy of *Aristodemo* by *Monti* is deemed a masterpiece; it is in the style of the Greek school. It would have been well for the Poet's virtue nor

si sic
Omnia dixisset.
" If he had always written thus. "

happy man in his old age sunk into folly and wickedness, insulted his sovereign, sphemed his Saviour. To flatter his new masters, the French, he indulges in a philippic against England, which he emphatically calls *La Secunda Roma* cond Rome). We accept the omen, and trust that modern Rome, powerful e as the ancient, will triumph over modern Gaul. Its greatness is well described poet, and is an earnest of its success.

Sei temuta, sei forte: a te rischiara
L'un mondo e l'altro la solar quadriga,
E le tue leggi il doppio polo impara.

plicity, tenderness, and delicacy, are the inseparable attendants of the virgin muse of *Metastasio*.* It is indeed useless to enlarge on the excellency of Italian poetry; its superiority is admitted, and dull must be the ear, and unmusical the soul, which do not perceive in the chant of the Hesperian Muse a glow and a harmony peculiar to the age and the country which inspired the strains of Virgil and the lays of Horace.

> Namque haud tibi vultus
> Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat; O Dea, certe
> Et Phœbi soror! [1] . *Æn.* lib. i. 331.

But the reader, if not better versed in Italian literature than most of our travellers, will be surprised to hear that Italy is as rich in history as in poetry, and that in the former as well as in the latter, she may claim a superiority not easily disputed, over every other country. Every republic and almost every town has its historian, and most of these historians, though their subject may sometimes appear too confined, possess the information and the talents requisite to render their works both instructive and amusing. The greater States can boast of authors equal to their reputation, while numberless writers of the first rate abilities have devoted their time and their powers to the records of their country at large, and have related its vicissitudes with all the spirit of ancient, and with all the precision of modern times. In these cursory observations, a few instances only can be expected, but the few which I am about to produce are sufficient to establish the precedency of Italian historians.

*Paoli Sarpi* [2], in depth, animation, and energy, is represented by the *Abbé Mably* (no incompetent judge) as unrivalled, and is proposed as a model of excellence in the art of unravelling the intricacies of misrepresentation and party spirit. Cardinal *Pallavicini* treated the same subject as *Paolo Sarpi*, with candour, eloquence,

> A te d'Africa e d'Asia il sol castiga
> L'erbe, i fiori, le piante; e il mar riceve
> Dalle tue prore una perpetua briga.
>
> *Capitolo d'Ermanno.*

> Yes, thou art terrible, proud isle! and strong;
> For thee the solar orb renews its rays,
> And lights the nations as it rolls along:
> Thy mighty mandates either pole obeys.
> The sun for thee, on Asia's, Afric's plain,
> Matures each herb, and plant, and perfum'd flow'r.
> For use or beauty fam'd; the subject main
> Feels thy control, and owns thy sov'reign pow'r.

[1] O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray.
*Dryden.*

[2] In his history of the Council of Trent.

and judgment, and his style and manner are supposed to combine together with great felicity, the ease and the dignity that became the subject and the historian. *Giannone* possesses nearly the same qualities, and adds to them an impartiality of discussion, and a depth of research peculiar to himself. *Guicciardini*, with the penetration of Tacitus, unites the fulness (*lactea ubertas*, the milky richness) of Titus Livius, and like him possesses the magic power of transforming the relation into action, and the readers into spectators. This historian has been reproached with the length and the intricacy of his sentences; a defect considerably increased by the number of parentheses with which they are, not unfrequently, embarrassed. The reproach is not without foundation. But it must be remembered that his Roman master is not entirely exempt from the same defect, and that in neither, does it impede the fluency or weaken the interest of the narration. The greatest fault of the Florentine historian is the frequency of his studied speeches; a fault into which he was betrayed by his admiration of the ancients, and by that passionate desire of imitating them, which is its natural consequence. But his harangues have their advantages, and, like those of Livius and of Thucydides, not only furnish examples of eloquence, but abound in maxims of public policy and of sound philosophy. *Machiavelli* ranks high as an historian, and may be considered as the rival of Tacitus, whom he imitates, not indeed in the dignity and the extent of his subject, nor in the veracity of his statements, but in the concise and pithy style of his narration.

These historians were preceded and followed by others of talents and celebrity little inferior; such were the judicious historian of *Naples*, *Angelo de Costanzo;* the Cardinal *Bembo*, *Morosini*, and *Paruta* of *Venice; Adriani* and *Ammirato* of *Tuscany*, or rather of *Florence; Bernardino Corio* of *Milan;* and in general history, *Tarcagnota* and *Campagna*, not to mention *Davila* and the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*. In each of these historians, the Italian critics discover some peculiar features, some characteristic touches exclusively their own, while in all, they observe the principal excellencies of the historic art, discrimination in portraits, judicious arrangements in facts, and in style, pure and correct language. These writers, it is true, flourished for the greater part, at a time, when Italian literature was in its meridian glory, that is, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; but its lustre *did* not cease with them, nor was Italy in the eighteenth century either unenlightened by history or unproductive of genius.

Were I to mention the learned and judicious *Muratori* only, and close the list of Italian historians with his name, I should not be called upon for any further proof of the superiority of the Italians in the research, and the combination that constitute the excellence of this branch of literature. So extensive is the erudition, so copious the information, so judicious the selection, and so solid the cri-

ticism that reign throughout the whole of this voluminous author's writings, that his works may be considered in themselves, as a vast and well disposed library, containing all the documents of Italian history and antiquities, and the reflections which they must suggest to a mind of great and extensive observation.

But to the name of *Muratori*, I will add another equally illustrious in the annals of literature, and like it capable even single, of fixing the reputation of a language of less intrinsic merit than Italian; I mean *Tiraboschi*, the author of numerous works, but known principally, for his *Storia della Litteratura Italiana*[1]. This work takes in the whole history of Italian literature both ancient and modern, and contains an account of the commencement and progress of each science, of the means by which knowledge was promoted, of libraries and literary establishments, of the lives, the works, and the characters of great authors; in short, of persons, revolutions, events, and discoveries, connected with the fate of literature. It begins with the first dawn of science in Rome, and follows its increase, decline, and revival during the succeeding ages; of course it includes a considerable portion of the general history of the country at each epoch, and conducts the reader from the first Punic war over the immense space of twenty intervening centuries down to the eighteenth. Few works have been planned upon a scale more extensive, and none executed in a more masterly manner. A strict adherence to veracity; a thorough acquaintance with the subject in all its details; a spirit of candour, raised far above the influence of party; a discernment in criticism, deep and correct; and, above all, a clear and unbiassed judgment, *principium et fons recte scribendi*[2], pervade every part of this astonishing work, and give it a perfection very unusual in literary productions so comprehensive and so complicated. The style, according to the opinion of Italian critics, is pure, easy, and rapid, free alike from the wit that dazzles and from the pomp that encumbers, yet graced with such ornaments as rise spontaneously from the nature of the subject. On the whole it may be considered as one of the noblest and most interesting works ever published, and far superior to any historical or critical performance in any other language. The author intended it as a vindication of the claims of his country to the first honours in literature, and has, by establishing those claims, erected to its glory a monument as durable as human language, and has appropriated for ever to Italy the title of Mother of the Arts and Sciences, and Instructress of Mankind.

The work of Abate *D. G. Andres Dell' Oregine, di progressi*

[1] History of Italian Literature.

[2] ——the fountain of the Muse's art.

*ello Stato di ogni Letteratura* [1], is a noble, an extensive, and a y masterly performance. I have already spoken of the *Revolu-ni d'Italia*, by the *Abate Denina*; I need only say that to spicuity and manly simplicity this author adds a great share of itical sagacity, and a sound philosophic spirit. The same qua-es are predominant in his discourses, *Sopra le Vicende della teratura*[2], a work which comprises, in a small compass, a great s of information, and may be considered as a compendious his-y, and at the same time, as a very masterly review of literature general.

n antiquities the Italians are rich to superabundance, and can duce more authors of this description not only than any one, than all the other nations of Europe together. Among them we y rank the illustrious names of *Muratori, Maffei, Mazzochi, di,* and *Paciaudi,* to which many more might be added were ot universally acknowledged that the study of antiquites called h by so many motives and by so many objects, is an indigenous nt in Italy, and flourishes there as in its native climate [3].

For the last fifty years political economy has been a favourite sub-t on the continent, and in it some French writers have acquired siderable reputation. In this respect as in many others, the nch may be more bold, more lively, and perhaps more enter-ning, because more paradoxical; but the man who wishes to be ided by experience and not by theory, who prefers the safe, the nerous principles of Cicero and of Plato, to the dangerous theories *Rousseau* and of *Sieyes,* will also prefer the Italian to the French *nomiste*. Of the former the number is great, and from them s been extracted and printed in sets, as Classics (in which light deed they are considered) a select number of the best, whose rks form a collection of about fifty volumes octavo.

[1] On the origin, progress, and state of all literature.

[2] On the vicissitudes of literature.

[3] *En vérité*, exclaims the Abbé Barthelemi, *on ne peut guère se dire antiquaire, quand on n'est pas sorti de France!*—Letter iv.

"In truth a man who has never been out of France, can hardly call himself an iquary."

The same ingenious writer observes elsewhere—*Il faut l'avouer encore une fois, n'est qu'ici que se trouvent des carrières inépuisables d'antiquités; et, relativement x étrangers, on devroit écrire sur la porte del Popolo cette belle inscription du ste.*

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

"It must again be acknowledged, that it is here only that inexhaustible mines of tiquities are to be found; and as far as concerns foreigners, there ought to be cribed over the gate *del Popolo*, that beautiful verse of Dante:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Cary's Translation.

In Essays, Treatises, Journals, and Reviews, the Italians first led the way, and still equal every other nation. In the Sciences, they have been considered as deficient, but this opinion can be entertained only by persons imperfectly acquainted with Italian literature. To be convinced that it is without foundation, we need only enumerate the astronomers, mathematicians, geographers, and natural philosophers, who have flourished in Italy from the time of *Galileo* to the present period; and among them we shall find a sufficient number of justly celebrated names to vindicate the reputation of their country, and to justify its claim to scientific honours [1].

Here indeed, as upon another occasion, I must observe that Italian literature has been traduced, because its treasures are unknown; and that the language itself has been deemed unfit for research and argument, because too often employed as the vehicle of amorous ditties and of effeminate melody. This prejudice is owing amongst us in some degree to the influence of French fashions and opinions, which commenced at the Restoration, was increased by the Revolution, and was strengthened and extended in such a manner by the example of court sycophants, and by the writings of courtly authors, that French became a constituent part of genteel education, and some tincture of its literature was deemed a necessary accomplishment. Thence, French criticism acquired weight, and the opinions of *Boileau, Bouhours, Dubos,* etc. became axioms in the literary world. Either from jealousy or from ignorance, or from a mixture of both, these critics speak of Italian literature with contempt, and take every occasion of vilifying its best and noblest authors. Hence the contemptuous appellation of *tinsel* [2], given by the French Satirist to the strains (*Aurea dicta,* golden strains) of Tasso, an appellation as inapplicable as it is in-

[1] *Les sciences sont plus cultivées à Rome qu'on le croit en France,* says the Abbé Barthélemy, *je vous dirai sur cela, quelque jour, des détails qui vous étonneront.*— Letter xxviii.

"The sciences are more cultivated at Rome than people in France have any idea of: on that subject I will some day make you acquainted with details which will astonish you."

*Soyez persuadé,* says he again, *que malgré l'avilissement et le découragement général, l'Italie fournit encore bien des gens de lettres dignes de ceux qui les ont précédés. Ces gens là iraient bien loin s'ils avaient un Colbert à leur tête.*

"Be assured that in spite of the general debasement and discouragement, Italy still furnishes abundance of literary men worthy of those who have preceded them. This people would advance very far, if they had a Colbert at their head."

The lively Abbé, like most of his countrymen, seems to think that nothing can go on well without a Frenchman.

[2] Le clinquant de Tasse a tout l'or de Virgile. *Boileau, Sat.* ix.

Make Virgil's gold to Tasso's tinsel yield.





t, which must have been dictated by envy, and can be re-
d by ignorance only.

e flippant petulancy of these criticisms might perhaps recom-
them to the French public, especially as they flattered the na-
vanity, by depreciating the glory of a rival or rather a supe-
ountry; but it is difficult to conceive how they came to be so
ally circulated and adopted in England; and it is not without
degree of patriotic indignation, that we see Dryden bend his
tronger judgment, and Pope submit his finer taste, to the dictates
nch essayists, and to the assertions of Parisian poets. Addison,
h in other respects an Anti-Gallican, and strongly influenced
ose *laudable prejudices*, to use his own expression, *which*
*rally cleave to the heart of a true born Briton*, here condes-
d to follow the crowd, and resigning his own better lights and
ior information, adopted without examination, the opinions of
rench school. This tame servile spirit of imitation became in
rt time general, and not only contributed to give the language
r enemies that currency of which they are so proud; but res-
d the flight of British genius, and kept it confined in the
nels of French rules and of French example.

w detrimental this imitative spirit has been to our national li-
ire will appear evident, if we compare the authors, who were
d in the Italian school, with those who fashioned their pro-
ons on French models. To say nothing of Chaucer, who bor-
d both his manner and his subject from Italy; or of Shakspeare,
e genius like that of Homer was fed, as the luminaries of
en, by sources secret and inexhaustible; I need only mention
ames of Spenser and of Milton, two towering spirits, who soar
bove competition, and from their higher spheres look down
the humbler range of Pope and of Dryden. Yet Spencer and
n are disciples of the Tuscan school, and look up with grate-
knowledgment to their Ausonian masters. Waller and Cowley
ued the same path, though at a respectful distance, and cer-
y not, *passibus æquis* [1]; especially as in the time of the latter,
ch fashion began to spread its baleful influence over English
ture. Then came the *gossamer* breed of courtly poetasters,
forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that

> The sterling bullion of one British line
> Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine;

ed their pretty thoughts from French madrigals, and mo-
d their little minds, as they borrowed their dress, from French
ets. I mean not to say that Italian was utterly neglected du-
this long period, because I am aware that at all times it was

[1] With equal pace. Dryden.

considered as an accomplishment ornamental to all, and indispensably necessary to those who visit Italy. But though the language of Italy was known, its literature was neglected; so that not its historians only were forgotten, but of all the treasures of its divine poesy, little was ever cited or admired excepting a few airs from the opera, or some love-sick and effeminate sonnets selected from the minor poets. French literature was the sole object of the attention of our writers, and from it they derived that cold correctness which seems to be the prevailing feature of most of the authors of the first part of the eighteenth century.

Nor was this frigidity the only or the greatest evil that resulted from the then prevailing partiality for French literature. The spirit of infidelity had already infected some of the leading writers of that volatile nation, and continued to spread its poison imperceptibly, but effectually, till the latter years of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, when most of the academicians had, through interest or vanity ever the predominant passion in a French bosom, ranged themselves under the banners of *Voltaire*, and had become real or pretended sceptics. The works of the subalterns, it is true, were much praised, but little read by their partisans; and *Helvetius*, *Freret*, *Du Maillot*, with fifty others of equal learning and equal fame, now slumber in dust and silence on the upper shelves of public libraries, the common repository of deceased authors. But the wit and the ribaldry of their Chief continued to amuse and to captivate the gay, the voluptuous, and the ignorant; to dictate the *ton*, that is, to prescribe opinions and style to the higher circles; and by making impiety current in good company, to give it the greatest recommendation it could possess in the eyes of his countrymen, the *sanction of Fashion*.

Such was the state of opinion in France, when two persons of very different tastes and characters in other respects, but equally enslaved to vanity and to pride, visited that country. I mean Hume and Gibbon, who, though Britons in general are little inclined to bend their necks to the yoke of foreign teachers, meanly condescended to sacrifice the independence of their own understanding and the religion of their country, to the flatteries and the sophisms of Parisian atheists. These two renegadoes joined in the views of their foreign associates, undertook to propagate atheistic principles among their countrymen, and faithful to the engagement, endeavoured in all their works to instill doubt and indifference into the minds of their readers, and by secret and almost imperceptible arts, gradually to undermine their attachment to revealed religion. Hints, sneers, misrepresentation, and exaggeration, concealed under affected candour, pervade almost every page of their very popular but most pernicious histories; and if the mischief of these works, however great, be not equal to the wishes of their authors, it is entirely owing to the good sense and the spirit of religion so

) the minds of Englishmen. This wise and happy temper,
e and the security of public and private felicity, the nation
Providence; the *desolating* doctrines of incredulity*,
d Gibbon, and their disciples, borrowed from France and
mies. Italian literature is exempt from this infection: its
endency is religious; all its great authors have been dis-
d by a steady and enlightened piety, and their works na-
nd to elevate the mind of the reader and to fix his thoughts
ble destinies of the human race; an unspeakable advan-
*downward* and perverse age, when men, formed in vain
*to erect and countenance sublime,* confine their views to
h, and voluntarily place themselves on a level with the
*hat perish.*

who seems to have conceived, while in Italy, a partiality
oetry, soon discovered the treasures which it contains; and
elieve, attempted to copy the manner and to revive the taste
formed *princes of English verse,* and had given them
liness and that sublimity which foreigners now consider as
aracteristic qualities. His school inherited his partiality,
study of Italian began to revive gradually, though its pro-
s slow until the publication of the Life of *Lorenzo de Me-*
work which evidently awakened the curiosity of the nation,
e more turned their eyes to *Italy,* the parent and nurse of
es, of laws, of arts, and of sciences. Since the appearance
publication, many champions have arisen to support the
cause of taste and of Italian, and have displayed talents
might have obtained success with fewer advantages on their
t with so many, could not fail to triumph. Among these,
blic is much indebted to Mr. Mathias, and to the author of
*ruits of Literature* (*quocunque gaudet nomine* *) who
ruggled with unabating zeal to turn the attention of the pub-
n the frippery and the *tinsel* of France, to the sterling ore
, and to place the literature of that country in the rank due
erit, that is, next to the emanations of Greek and Roman

It is indeed much to be regretted that a language so har-
s in sound, so copious in words, so rich in literature, and at

* ceux qui, sous prétexte d'expliquer la nature, sèment dans les cœurs des
le *désolantes doctrines* . . . nous soumettent à leurs décisions tranchantes,
dent nous donner, pour les vrais principes des choses, les inintelligibles
qu'ils ont bâtis dans leur imagination.—*Rousseau. Emile.*
ed those, who under the pretence of explaining nature, sow desolating doc-
the hearts of men . . . subject us to their sweeping decisions, and pretend
s for the true principles of things, the unintelligible systems which they
t up in their own imaginations.

* me name soe'er it boasts.

perable difficulties which arise from these peculiarities
studying this language; the perpetual recurrence of nas
most disagreeable that can proceed from human organs,
ing as it does throughout the whole language, is sufficie
prive it of all claim to sweetness and to melody. Son
know, and many French critics discover in it a natura
construction, which as they pretend, gives it, when n
skilful writer, a clearness and a perspicuity which is s
equalled in Latin and Greek, and may be sought for i
modern dialects. This claim has been boldly advance
and feebly contested on the other, though many of my
have amused themselves with French authors for many
perhaps have never yet observed this peculiar exc
discovered that the French language invariably follow
course of our ideas, and the process of grammatical co

I mean not to dispute this real or imaginary adva
cially as the discussion unavoidably involves a long
question relative to the natural course of ideas, and the
ponding arrangement of words; but I must observe th
fined to one mode of construction, however excellent,
because it deprives poetry and eloquence of one of the
ful instruments of harmony, and of description, I mean
and because it removes the distinction of styles, and bri
position down to the same monotonous level. French
long complained of the tame uniform genius of their la
French critics have been obliged, however reluctan
knowledge that it has no poetic style; and if the read
see how well founded these complaints are, and h

excellencies of which such a translation is susceptible, adds the peculiar graces of ease and *propriety*. He had all the talents necessary on his side — taste, judgment, and enthusiasm; but his materials were frail, and his language, *Phœbi nondum patiens* [1], sunk under the weight of Roman genius. If other proofs of the feebleness of the French language, and of its inadequacy to the purposes of poetry were requisite, we need only open *Boileau's* translation of Longinus, and we shall there find innumerable instances of failure, which, as they cannot be ascribed to the translator, must originate from the innate debility of the language itself.

In consequence of this irremediable defect, the French have no poetical translation of Homer nor of Tasso; nor had they of Virgil or of Milton, till the *Abbé de Lille* attempted to introduce them to his countrymen in a French dress [2]. But, both the Roman and the British poet seem alike to have disdained the trammels of Gallic rhyme, and turned away indignant from the translator, who presumed to exhibit their majestic forms masked and distorted to the public. The exertions of the *Abbé* only proved to the literary world, that even *his* talents and ingenuity were incapable of communicating to the language of his country, energy sufficient to express the divine sentiments and the sublime imagery of Virgil and of Milton. In this respect Italian is more fortunate, and seems formed to command alike the regions of poetry and of prose. It adapts itself to all the purposes of argumentation or of ornament, and submits with grace and dignity to whatever construction the poet, the orator, or the metaphysician chooses to impose upon it.

> Mille habet ornatus, mille decentur habet [3].
>
> *Tibullus*, iv. 2.

In fact, this language has retained a considerable portion of the boldness and the liberty of the mother tongue, and moves along with a freedom which her tame rival would attempt in vain to imitate.

I have hinted at the difficulty of the French language, which is in reality so great as to become a serious defect, and a solid ground of objection. This difficulty arises, in the first place, from the general complication of its grammar, the multiplicity of its rules, and the frequency of exceptions; and in the next place, from the nature

[1] Not yet able to bear the yoke of Apollo.

[2] The author was present in a party in Paris many years ago, when the *Abbé Delille* being asked by an English gentleman why he did not translate the Æneid, answered in a style of delicate compliment, *Monsieur, donnez-moi votre langue et je commence demain* [4]. He was indeed an enthusiastic admirer of English poetry.

[4] "Give me your language, Sir, and I will begin to-morrow."

[3] A thousand ornaments she wears, and wears
With grace and dignity them all.

of several sounds peculiar, I believe, to it. Such are some ve particularly *a* and *u*; and such also many diphthongs, as *ie oi*, not to mention the *l mouillé*, the *e muet*, and various syl of nasal and indistinct utterance, together with the different s of the same vowels and diphthongs in different combinations. I not of these sounds as disagreeable to the ear, but only as dif and so much so as to render it almost impossible for a for ever to pronounce French with ease and strict propriety. again Italian has the advantage. Its sounds are all open and l it flows naturally from the organs, and requires nothing mor time and expansion. Its vowels have invariably the same and that sound may be found in almost every language. Th

[1] In the year 1669, a certain *Le Laboureur* undertook to prove that the language was superior to Latin, not in construction only but even in harmo was in part answered and refuted by a canon of *Liege*, of the name of *Sim* Frenchman writes with ease, flippancy, and confidence. His adversary, a manages his subject with less skill and much more diffidence. Neither of t hatants seem to have been sufficiently prepared for the contest, if we may their information by the arguments employed, and the concessions made sides. Thus the Frenchman admits that Latin is an original or mother ton that French is derived from it; and while he passes over the first part of t cession as self-evident, he softens the second by observing, that such a deriva no proof of inferiority, as daughters are frequently more beautiful than their an observation so new and so dubious, that he fears his readers may call it tion, and therefore oppresses them at once with the authority of Horace, *pulchra*, etc.

In order to prove that Latin is less copious than French, he asserts, that tins had only Greek to borrow from, while the French have Latin, Greek Spanish, German, nay, even Hebrew and Syriac. He forgets, it seems, that tins, besides Celtic and Greek, had also the ancient dialects of Italy, at lea number, open before them, from which they might cull at pleasure; and wars of Rome, first with the Carthaginians, and then with the Dalmatians, and Egyptians, enabled them to lay the language of all these nations under bution. That the Romans did not profit by all these advantages to the full will be admitted, but on the other hand nobody will maintain that French has much advantage from German, Hebrew, Syriac, or even from Greek, except the medium of Latin, or which is the same, of Italian or of Spanish. On t trary, so far from wishing to enrich their language with new acquisitions, the seem to have been endeavouring to retrench its luxuriancy. Whoever has rea *taigne's* Essays will easily perceive, how many manly and majestic expressio died away, and how much the energy and copiousness of this language have be paired during the last three centuries.

But the whole of this argument is grounded on a supposition, that the rich guages are those which have borrowed most; which is proved to be false by the a ledged copiousness of Greek, which however is of all languages the least inde others. His objections to Latin poetry are rather singular. He censures th tions of such epithets as paint the object in its own colouring, such as *brindic* applied to a lion, and such as mark the principal temples or countries in wh

and the throat, those *bagpipe* instruments of French utterance, have no share in its articulation; no grouped consonants stop its

divinity in question seemed most to delight; such as *Lydian* Apollo, *Cyprian* Venus. He is therefore unmercifully severe on the two following lines of Horace—

O quæ beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum, et,
Memphim carentem Sithonia nive *,
*Carm. lib.* III. *Od.* xxvi.

as encumbered with circumstances introduced merely for the purpose of filling up the verse. This penetrating critic had never, it seems, discovered that the ancient poets excelled in painting, and that to retrench such exquisite pictures as Horace or Virgil (for we speak only of the Latins) is as absurd as it would be to expunge the temples, mountains, and streams that throw such glory and freshness over *Claude Lorraine's* landscapes. Rhyme, he finds delightful, enchanting, and far preferable to metre. French verse, it is true, tires sooner than Latin, and now and then lulls the reader to sleep. But this is the natural effect of its fluency, clearness and harmony, while Virgil (so happy is this critic in his instances) is not *quite* so well understood, nor of course read with so much ease and avidity. The elisions in Latin verse are rough and intolerable: in French, owing to the E *muet*, all smoothness. The following eulogium on his own language cannot be perused without a smile at the simplicity of the writer; the exclamation with which it commences, is truly comic.—"*Notre langue est si belle, quand on sait s'en servir! Elle tient plus de l'esprit et dépend moins des organes du corps que toute autre: il ne faut ni parler de la gorge, ni ouvrir beaucoup la bouche, frapper de la langue contre les dents, ni "faire des signes et des gestes," comme il me semble que font la plupart des étrangers quand ils parlent la langue de leurs pays!* **"—The French *r* is not a very smooth letter, nor is the *u* very easily pronounced by any but Frenchmen ***. With regard to the other letters, the palate, teeth and lips are relieved from all exertion by the action of the *nose*. The French, as we at least are apt to suppose, are not deficient in gesture. Latin (so says *M. Le Laboureur*) is monotonous, because all its vowels are pronounced with equal force, French is agreeably varied, because its vowels are frequently half uttered. Here the author forgets (what his countrymen are very apt to forget, as they have no prosody in their language) the difference of quantity in Latin, a difference which gives rise to so much variety and harmony; and in the next place he seems to consider indistinct sounds as pleasing; an opinion, I believe, peculiar to himself. French, he says, has a greater variety of terminations, and of course more grace, more amenity than any other language. Latin, Italian, Spanish, and almost every other, have always the same final letter. Had the author ever read ten lines of those languages he could

* O Goddess of Cyprus and Memphis, that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow.
*Francis.*

** "Our language is so beautiful, when the speaker knows how to make use of it! It belongs more to the mind, and depends less upon the bodily organs, than any other: it is not necessary either to speak from the throat, or to open the mouth wide, or to strike the tongue against the teeth, or to make signs and gestures, as it appears to me that the greatest part of foreigners do, when they speak the language of their country."

*** A rough and uncouth pronunciation was imputed to the French at an early period. Bibuli gutturis feritas . . . . . naturali quodam *fragore*, quasi *plaustra* per gradus confuse sonantia [illegible] jactat . . . says John the Deacon.

"The savage barbarity of their dry throats . . . . . sends forth harsh sounds, with a natural rattling, like that of a waggon confusedly clattering over steps."

progress; no indistinct murmurs choke its closes: it glides from the lips with facility, and it delights the ear with its fulness, its

not have made such a remark. He complains of the frequent recurrence of the letter *m* in Latin; in French, though retained in spelling, it is in pronunciation changed into *n*. The truth is, that in French both *m* and *n* final are confounded together in the same nasal sound, and lost in a *grunt*; so that the nicest ear can scarce distinguish between *fin* and *faim*.

Both the disputants find Virgil *obscure*, and both admit the superior harmony of French; in neither point, I believe, will the reader agree with them. *M. Le Labourer* at length acknowledges, that in copiousness Latin surpasses, but to compensate for this humiliating acknowledgment, he peremptorily requires that his antagonist should confess, that French words are better and more naturally arranged than in Latin. This indeed is the great boast of French grammarians, who fill whole pages with encomiums on the admirable arrangement, the method, the perspicuity of their language. If we may believe them, every object is placed in the sentence in the very order in which it occurs to the mind. Of the force, the beauty, and oftentimes the necessity, of inversion in prose as well as in poetry, there is, I believe, no doubt; of course a language which, like French, is not susceptible of it, must be defective. As for the natural order of ideas it has long been a matter of debate, and many grammarians have maintained that the Latin construction is more conformable to it than that of French, or of any modern language. Among these, the *Abbé Batteux*, in his *Belles Lettres*, has made some curious observations, and applied them to different passages from Livy and Cicero. The truth seems to be, that the construction common to French and most modern dialects is the grammatical, while that of the ancient languages seems to be the natural construction.

The preference given to the monotony of French verse, and the regular medial suspension to the Cesura and feet of Latin, is too absurd to be noticed *.

*M. Chapentier* wrote a dissertation on the excellence of the French language, and the propriety of introducing it in inscriptions**. This author runs over the same ground as the preceding, and indeed the observation on the Latin *m* is taken from him. He complains of the inconvenience arising from the *full* sound given in Latin to every vowel, and the monotony resulting from it, and prefers the variety of *indistinct* sounds that occur in French, particularly the *e muet*. He forgets the effects of quantity, and will never persuade the world that indistinctness is not a defect, and the contrary a beauty. He inveighs also against *inversion*. Of the learning of these panegyrists of French literature we may judge by a letter of *Perrault* their chief, who requests his friend to point out to him the *best* ode in Pindar, and the *best* in Horace, not being himself able to discover that secret!

*Voltaire* appreciates his own language with more impartiality than these scribblers,

> Notre langue un peu sèche et sans inversions,
> Peut-elle subjuguer les autres nations?
> Nous avons la clarté, l'agrément, la justesse.
> Mais égalerons-nous l'Italie et la Grèce?
> Est-ce assez, en effet, d'une heureuse clarté,
> Et ne pêchons-nous pas par l'uniformité?
>
> *Voltaire, épître à Horace.*

* This *Le Labourer* composed an epic poem, called *Charlemagne*, and quotes several passages from it in opposition to Virgil and *Tasso*.

** From a work entitled, *Variétés sérieuses et amusantes* (Varieties, serious and entertaining). Two Vols. 8vo. 1683.

softness, and its harmony. As its grammar approaches nearer Latin, it is more congenial to our infant studies, and may therefore be acquired with the greater facility.

In speaking of French literature I wish to be impartial; and most willingly acknowledge that our rivals are a sprighty and ingenious nation; that they have long cultivated the arts and sciences, and cultivated them with success; that their literature is an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction; and that several of their writers rank among the great teachers and benefactors of mankind. But after this acknowledgment, I must remind them that the Italians were their masters in every art and science, and that whatever claims they may have to literary merit and reputation they owe them entirely to their first instructors. Here indeed *Voltaire* himself, however jealous on other occasions of the prerogatives of his own language, confesses the obligation, and candidly declares that France is indebted to Italy for her arts, her sciences, and even for her civilisation. In truth, the latter country had basked in the sunshine of science at least two centuries, ere one solitary ray had beamed upon the former; and she had produced poets, historians, and philosophers, whose fame emulates the glory of the ancients, ere the language of France was committed to paper, or deemed fit for any purpose higher than the diaries of a *Joinville*, or the songs of the *Troubadours*. To enter into a regular comparison of the principal authors in these languages, and to weigh their respective merits in the scale of criticism, would be an occupation equally amusing and instructive; but at the same time it would require more leisure than the traveller can command, and a work far more comprehensive than the present, intended merely to throw out hints which the reader may verify and improve at discretion, as the subject may hereafter invite. I must therefore confine myself to a very few remarks, derived principally from French critics, and consequently of considerable weight, because extorted, it must seem, by the force of truth from national vanity. The authority of *Voltaire* may not perhaps be looked upon as decisive, because, however solid his judgment, and however fine his taste, he too often sacrificed the dictates of both to the passion or the whim of the moment, and too frequently gave to interest, to rancor, and to party, what he owed to truth, to letters, and to mankind. But it must be remembered

> Shall our dry language, from inversions free,
> Bend ev'ry foreign nation to its yoke?
> Pleasing, and clear, and accurate our tongue;
> But can we rival Italy or Greece?
> And is a happy clearness all-sufficient?
> Does not our uniformity offend?

*La Harpe* in his answer is not quite so modest as his master. He calls French the *Language of the Gods!*

that these defects while they lower his authority as a critic, also obscure his reputation as an historian, and deprive French literature of the false lustre which it has acquired from his renown. And indeed, if impartiality be essential to history, *Voltaire* must forfeit the appellation of historian, as his *Histoire Générale* is one continued satire upon religion, intended by its deceitful author not to inform the understanding, but to pervert the faith of the reader. Hence the *Abbé Mabli*, in his ingenious reflections on history, censures the above-mentioned work with some severity, without condescending to enter into the details of criticism.

The same author speaks of the other historians of his language with contempt, and from the general sentence excepts the *Abbé Vertot* and *Fleury* only; exceptions which prove at the same time the critic's judgment and impartiality; for few writers equal the former in rapidity, selection, and interest, and none surpass the latter in erudition, good sense, and simplicity. The same *Abbé* prefers the *History of the Council of Trent,* by the well known Father *Paolo Sarpi,* to all the histories compiled in his own language, and represents it as a model of narration, argument, and observation. We may subscribe to the opinion of this judicious critic, so well versed in the literature of his own country, without the least hesitation, and extend to Italian history in general the superiority which he allows to one only, and one who is not the first of Italian historians, either in eloquence or in impartiality.

In one species of history indeed, the Italians justly claim the honour both of invention and of pre-eminence, and this honour, not France only but England must, I believe, concede without contest. I allude to critical biography, a branch of history in the highest degree instructive and entertaining, employed in Italy at a very early period, and carried to the highest perfection by the late learned *Tiraboschi*. In French, few productions of the kind exist: perhaps the panegyrical discourses pronounced in the French Academy border nearest upon it; but these compositions, though recommended by the names of *Fontenelle, Massillon, Fleshier, Marmontel,* and so many other illustrious academicians, are too glittering, too artificial, and refined, as well as too trivial and transient in their very nature, to excite much interest, or to fix the attention of the critic. In our own language *Johnson's Lives of the Poets* present a fair object of comparison, as far as the plan extends, and perhaps in point of execution may be considered by many of my readers as master-pieces of style, of judgment, and even of eloquence, equal, if not superior, to the Italian. But as the narrow sphere of the English biographer sinks into insignificance, when compared to the vast orbit of the Italian historian, so their works bear no proportion, and cannot of course, be considered as objects of comparison. With regard to the execution, Johnson, without doubt, surprises and almost awes the reader, by the

weight of his arguments, by the strength of his expression, and by the uniform majesty of his language; but I know not whether the ease, the grace, and the insinuating familiarity of *Tiraboschi* may not charm us more, and keep up our attention and our delight much longer.

In one branch of literature France may have the advantage over most modern languages, I mean in theological composition: and this advantage she owes to her peculiar circumstances; I might say with more propriety, to her misfortunes. The Calvinistic opinions prevalent in *Geneva* had been propagated at an early period of the reformation in the southern provinces of France, and a short space of time made such a progress, that their partisans in conceived themselves numerous enough to cope with the established church, and perhaps powerful enough to overturn it. They first manifested their zeal by insults and threats, then proceeded to deeds of blood and violence, and at length involved their country in all the horrors of civil war, anarchy, and revolution. In the interim, the pen was employed as well as the sword, and while the latter called forth all the exertions of the body, the former brought into action all the energies of the mind.

During more than a century, war and controversy raged with equal fury, and whatever the opinion of the reader may be upon the subject in debate, he will probably agree with me, that Calvinism, defeated alike in the field of battle and in the nobler contest of argument, was compelled to resign the double palm of victory to the genius of her adversary. In the course of the debate, and particularly towards its close, great talents appeared, and much ingenuity and learning were displayed on both sides; till the respective parties seem to have united all their powers in the persons of two champions, *Claude* and *Bossuet*. Though nature had been liberal in intellectual endowments to both the disputants, and though all the means of art had been employed to improve the gifts of nature, yet the contest was by no means equal between them; and after having been worsted in every onset, the *Elder* at length sank under the superiority of the Prelate. But, if the victim can derive any credit from the hand that fells it, *Claude* and Calvinism may boast that the illustrious *Bossuet* was alone capable, and alone worthy, to give the fatal blow that put an end at once to the glory, and almost to the existence of the party in France.

*Bossuet* was indeed a great man, and one of those extraordinary minds which at distant intervals seem as if deputed from a superior region, to enlighten and to astonish mankind. With all the originality of genius, he was free from its eccentricity and intemperance. Sublime without obscurity, bold yet accurate, splendid and yet simple at the same time, he awes, elevates, and delights his readers, overpowers all resistance, and leads them willing captives to join and to share his triumph. The defects of his style arise from

the imperfection of his dialect; and perhaps, he could not have given a stronger proof of the energies of his mind, than in compelling the French language itself to become the vehicle of sublimity. His works, therefore, are superior to all other controversial writings in his own, or in any other language.

In Italian there are, I believe, none of that description: there was no difference of opinion on the subject, and of course no controversy: a deficiency in their literature abundantly compensated by the absence of penal laws, and of insolence on one side; and on the other, of animosity and of degradation.

We have just reason to lament, that a language so inferior in every respect as French, should have been allowed to acquire such an ascendancy as to be deemed even in England a necessary accomplishment, and made in some degree an integral part of youthful education. If a common medium of communication between nations be necessary, as it undoubtedly is, it would have been prudent to have retained the language most generally known in civilized nations, which is Latin; especially as this language is the mother of all the polished dialects now used in Europe, has the advantage of being the clearest, the most regular, and the easiest; and moreover, was actually in possession, at the very time when it pleased various courts to adopt, with the dress and other fopperies of France, its language also. Reason might reclaim against the absurdity of preferring a semi-barbarous jargon, to a most ancient, a most beautiful, and a most perfect language; but the voice of reason is seldom heard, and yet more seldom listened to at courts, where fashion, that is the whim of the monarch or of the favourite, is alone consulted and followed even in all its deformities and all its extravagancies.

But that which escaped the observation of the courtier ought to have attracted the attention of the minister, who might have discovered by reflection or by experience, the advantages which a negotiator derives from the perfect knowledge of the language which he employs, and the extreme impolicy of conceding these advantages to our enemies. In order to form a just idea of th importance of this concession, we need only observe the superiority which a Frenchman assumes, in capitals where his language is supposed to be that of good company, such as *Vienna*, and particularly *Petersburg*, and contrast with that superiority, his humble appearance in London or in Rome, where he cannot pretend to such a distinction. In the former cities he feels himself at home, and considers himself as the first in rank, because the first in language; in the latter, the consciousness of being a foreigner checks his natural confidence and imposes upon him, however reluctant, the reserved demeanour inseparable from that character.

Now, in all diplomatic meetings, French is the language of discussion, and consequently, the French negotiator displays his fa-

culties with the same ease and with the same certainty of applause as in his own saloon, surrounded with a circle of friends at Paris. The English envoy on the contrary finds his natural reserve increased, and all his powers paralyzed by a sensation of inferiority in the use of the weapons which he is obliged to employ, and by a conviction that the eloquence of his adversary must triumph over his plain, unadorned, and probably ill-delivered statements. To this disadvantage we may, perhaps, attribute the observation so often repeated, that France recovers in the cabinet all she loses in the field: an observation, which, if it does not wound our pride, ought at least to awaken our caution.

But this diplomatic evil is not the only, nor the greatest, mischief that results from this absurd preference: it moreover enables our enemies to disseminate their political principles, to carry on intrigues, to multiply the means of seduction, and to insure, by the agency of numberless scribblers, pamphleteers, poetasters, etc. the success of their dark and deep laid projects. They are already endowed with too many means of mischief, and possess all the skill and activity requisite to give them effect.

tot sese vertit in ora,
Tam sævæ facies, tot pullulat atræ colubris [1].
*Æn.* lib. vii. 329.

Why should we voluntarily increase their powers of attack, and by propagating their language, open a wider field of action to their baneful influence? Such conduct surely borders upon infatuation.

In the next place, the propagation of the French language has produced no better effects in literature than in policy. If France has furnished the Republic of Letters with some finished models of theatrical excellence, some exquisite specimens of ecclesiastical oratory, and an immense collection of memoirs, the only branches in which she confessedly excels; she has, on the other hand, inundated Europe with frivolous compositions, erotic songs, and love-sick novels, by which she has warped the public taste from the classical rectitude of the preceding centuries; and inverting the natural process of the mind, turned it from bold and manly contemplations to languid and enervating trifles. Nay, she has done more. For the last sixty years, the genius of France, like one of those Furies [2] sometimes let loose to scourge mankind, and to ripen

[1] So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes,
*Dryden.*

[2] Cui tristia bella
Iraque *insidiæque* et *nocens* crimina cordi.
*Æn.* vii. 326.
One who delights in wars and human woes.
*Dryden.*

corrupted generations for destruction, has employed all its talents and all its attractions to confound the distinction of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, to infect the heart with every vice, and to cloud the understanding with every error; to stop for ever the two great sources of human dignity and felicity, Truth and Virtue; and to blot out of the mind of man, the very Sun and soul of the intellectual world, even the Divinity himself. Such is the unvarying tendency of almost all the works which have issued from the French press, and been circulated in all the countries of Europe during the period above-mentioned, from the voluminous and cumbersome *Encyclopédie* down to the Declamations of *Volney* or the Tales of *Marmontel, en petit format* (in duodecimo), for the accommodation of travellers. The truth is, that the appellation of French literature, at present, seems confined to the works of *Voltaire* and of his disciples, that is, to the infidel faction, excluding the nobler specimens of French genius, the productions of the age of Louis XIV. and of the period immediately following that monarch's demise: and if we wish to know the effects which this literature produces on the human mind, we need only cast our eyes upon those who are most given to it, and the countries where it flourishes most. We shall find that impiety and immorality keep pace with it in private and public life, and that domestic and national disorder and misery are its constant and inseparable companions. France, where the pestilence begun, first felt its consequences, and still bleeds under its scourge. The Prussian court, actually degraded and despised, smarts under the punishment brought upon the monarchy by the French principles of the atheistic Frederic. The Russian capital, now the theatre of every dark intrigue, treacherous plot, and foul indulgence, may ere long have reason to curse the impolicy of Catherine, who, by encouraging the language and the opinions of France, sowed the seeds of death and of dissolution in the bosom of her empire,

> Vipeream inspirans animam [1].
>
> *Æn.* vii. 351.

The late unhappy sovereign fell a victim to their increasing influence; and it is difficult to say, whether the same passions, working on the same principles, may not at some future period produce a similar catastrophe. Such are the consequences of partiality to French literature, and such the last great curse which that nation, at all periods of its history the bane and the torment of the human

[1] The fiery serpent skims . . . .
His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides.
*Dryden.*

species, has, in these latter times, brought upon the civilized world. Now let me ask once more, in the name of truth and of virtue, of interest and of patriotism, by what fatality Europe is doomed to encourage a language, the instrument of so much mischief, and to propagate a literature, the vehicle of poison and of desolation? What can induce her, by supplying means of communication, and facilitating the progress of armies already too rapid and too successful, to furnish weapons of assault to a giant Power, that massacres her tribes, and ravages her fairest provinces: and thus to prepare the way for her own final subjection? Surely such impolitic conduct must be the last degree of blindness, the utmost point of public infatuation [1].

But, it may be asked, where is the remedy? The remedy is at hand. We have our choice of two languages, either of which may be adopted as a general medium of communication, not only without inconvenience, but even with advantage—Latin and Italian. Latin is the parent of all the refined languages in Europe; the interpreter of the great principles of law and of justice, or, in other words, of jurisprudence in all its forms, and with all its applications; it is the depository of wisdom and of science, which every

[1] My reader, if partial to French, must excuse me, if in opposition to his taste and to the opinion of all the French academies, and their numerous dependents and flatterers, I have given to that language the appellation of barbarous. If we take this epithet in the Roman, that is, in its proper sense, we may surely apply it with strict propriety to a language which, in its construction and pronunciation, has deviated more than any other from the excellencies and the harmony of the parent tongue. To prove these two points, we need but open any French book, particularly if a translation, and one page only will be sufficient to show, as I have already observed, its opposition to the freer and manlier arrangement of Latin; and as for the second, he who has heard the natives of different countries read Latin, will acknowledge that the French tends more directly and more effectually than any European pronunciation, to untune the sweetness and to debase the acknowledged majesty of the Roman dialect. Nor is this opinion either new or peculiar; if it were, it might be attributed to that dislike to French utterance inherent in the natives of this country; but it is common to Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Italians; and as these latter may be considered the best judges because they have the most delicate ear, I shall quote the *Abbate Denina*, who, in one of his academical discourses, expressly asserts, that of *all European languages, French is, in construction and in accent, the most contrary to the phraseology and the harmony of Latin.*

But I wish not only to apply the term *barbarous* to the language, but to extend it still farther, to many of its authors, who surpassed the barbarians in barbarism, and formed a project which would have shocked the Goths and Vandals themselves. This anti-classical project was no other than the total suppression of the ancient languages, by excluding them from the regular course of youthful studies, and substituting in their place lectures on French literature, mathematics, chemistry, etc. The disposition of the present government in France is expressed, and its motives are pointed out with satirical delicacy, in the dedication of a work just published, entitled *Herculanensia*, by Sir William Drummond and R. Walpole, Esq.

age, from the fall of Carthage down to the present period, has continued to enrich with its productions, its inventions, its experience: it still continues the necessary and indispensable accomplishment of the gentleman and of the scholar, and is the sole introduction to all the honourable and liberal professions. It still remains the most widely spread of all languages, and its grammar is justly regarded for its clearness, its facility, and its consistency as the *General* grammar. Why then should we not adopt as an universal medium of intercourse, this language universally understood; and why not restore to it the privilege which it had ever enjoyed, till the fatal conquests of Louis XIV. spread the language and the vices of France over half the subjugated continent?

I need not enlarge upon the advantages that would result from the adoption of Latin, or show how much it would disencumber and facilitate the progress of education: this much, however, I will observe, that the energy and the magnanimity of the Roman authors in this supposition made common, might kindle once more the flame of liberty in Europe, and again *man* the rising generation now dissolved in luxury and in effeminacy.

But, if in spite of taste and of reason, this noble language must be confined to our closets and a modern dialect must be preferred to it, Italian, without doubt, is the most eligible, because it possesses the most advantages and is free from every objection. Of its advantages, I have already spoken; of its exemption from evils to which French is liable, I need to say but a few words. It can have no political inconvenience; it is not the language of a rival nation. Italy pretends not to universal dominion, either by sea or by land; it administers to the pleasures without alarming the fears of other nations. Its language is that of poetry and of music: it is spread over all the wide-extended coasts, and through all the innumerable islands of the Mediterranean, and has, at least, a classic universality to recommend it to the traveller who wishes to visit the regions ennobled by the genius and by the virtues of antiquity. The general tenour of Italian is pure and holy. None of its great authors were infected with impiety, and not one of its celebrated works is tinctured, even in the slightest degree, with that poisonous ingredient. I have already mentioned the ease with which it may be acquired: all its sounds may be found in every language; and if it be difficult, perhaps impossible, for foreigners to acquire all the graces of its modulation, they may, with very little labour make themselves masters of its essential parts, so as to express themselves with facility and with perspicuity.

But it may perhaps be objected, that a change of diplomatic language might at present be difficult, if not impossible. The difficulty is not so great as may be imagined[1]. What has been done

[1] This revolution might have been effected in Vienna in the year 1794, that is

may be done again. Let any one of the greater courts declare its intention of communicating with foreign ministers only in its own language, or in Latin or Italian, and a revolution in this respect will be brought about without delay or opposition. That this change is desirable, and that it would bring with it many political, literary, and even moral advantages can scarcely be disputed; and that it may take place at some future period is by no means improbable [1].

Italian was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, what French has been in the eighteenth, with this difference, that the former language owed to its own intrinsic merit that extension which the latter acquired by the preponderance of French power. When that power declines, and it is too gigantic and too oppressive to last, the language will decline with it, and again return to its natural limits; but what language will succeed it, it is not easy to conjecture. Italian has its intrinsic excellence and its superior literature to recommend it; but English with similar though inferior claims, is supported by fashion, a very powerful ally, by influence commensurate with the known world, and by renown that spreads from pole to pole. It is already the language of commerce as French is that of diplomacy; and while the one is confined to courts and capitals, the other spreads over continents and islands, and is the dialect of the busy and the active in every quarter of the globe. With such a weight on its side it is possible, even probable, that the scale will preponderate in favour of English; a preponderance which may flatter our vanity, but cannot promote our interest, as it will increase an influence already exorbitant, and expose us more and more to the jealousies and the suspicions of Europe.

After all, it is very difficult to determine, whether any human efforts can influence the fate of languages, or abridge or prolong their destined duration. We move along in a vast funeral procession, which conveys individuals, kingdoms, and empires, with

shortly after the commencement of the revolutionary war, if the court had supported the Anti-Gallican spirit of the gentry and the people, who pretty generally came to a resolution to dismiss all French teachers, and to forbid in their families the use of that language upon any occasion: a similar disposition was manifested in the year 1806 in Petersburg, in a much higher quarter, as the Emperor is said to have publicly declared, that he never expected to be addressed in any language but English and Russian, but in neither case was this patriotic resolution supported; the burghers of Vienna resumed their French grammars, and the Emperor Alexander submitted to French influence.

[1] How much the rejection of their language annoys and mortifies the French cabinet appears from the angry expressions of *Bonaparte*, complaining that, in the late negotiations (of 1806) the English Ministry wished to lengthen and perplex the discussions, by the introduction of *Latin forms*, etc.

their passions, their monuments, their languages, to the tomb. The Greeks and Romans precede us in the paths of oblivion; a faint murmur of their languages reaches our ears, to subside ere long in utter silence. Shall our less perfect dialects be more fortunate, and can typographic art impart to them an immortality that fate refused to the beauty of Greece and to the majesty of Rome? I know not; but I can scarce expect such a distinction. One consolation however offers itself amid this general wreck of man, of his works, and of his inventions; it is, that new political associations arise from the dissolution of kingdoms and empires, and call forth with increased vigour and interest the energies and the virtues of the human heart: that new combinations of sound spring from the decay of fading languages, affording fresh expressions to the understanding, and opening other fields to the imagination; and that thus all the shifting scenery and the ceaseless vicissitudes of the external world, tend only to develop the powers of the mind, and finally to promote the gradual perfection of the intellectual system.

## RELIGION.

VII. The traveller who wishes to form a just idea of the religion of Italy, or indeed of any other European territory, would do well to consider that in all Christian countries the same Gospel is professed, and of course the same principal articles of belief are admitted, the same moral duties are prescribed, and enforced by the same sanction of eternal rewards and punishments; or in other words, that Faith, Hope, and Charity, form the spirit and the essence of Christianity, in whatever manner it may be taught, or wheresoever established. When we inquire therefore, concerning the religion of a country, we mean to ask whether these Christian virtues influence its inhabitants more or less than they do those of other Christian countries, and according as this influence is perceptible in public and private life, we form a favourable or unfavourable opinion. The exterior of religion, that is the forms and the ceremonies of worship, with the administration and police of ecclesiastical government, the Protestant traveller will, if he be consistent, abandon to the taste, the feelings, and the judgment of the public; certain that no form or ritual contrary to these grand agents in human affairs, by whatever authority it may be supported, will long prevail in any country. If we examine the religion of Italy upon these principles, we shall find much to praise, and something perhap to admire.

In attendance on public worship, the Italians are universally regular, and though such constant attendance may not be considered as the certain evidence of sincere faith, yet every reader of reflection will admit, that it is incompatible with either infidelity or in-

difference. These latter vices are indeed very rare in this country, and entirely confined to a few iuvividuals of the higher class, and to some officers in the army, who resigning their religion with their patriotism, have meanly condescended to adopt the fashions and the opinions of revolutionary France. Interest, the only motive that can induce men to act in opposition to their conviction and feelings, reaches only a few ostensible characters, and excepting under certain persecuting governments, cannot extend to the multitude.

Nor is the devotion of the Italian confined to public service. The churches are almost always open; persons of regular life and of independent circumstances generally visit some or other of them every day: and individuals of every condition may be seen at all hours, on their knees, engaged in prayer or meditation [1]. Such instances of unaffected devotion often melt the heart of the pious traveller, and have, not unfrequently, extorted an approving exclamation from observers in other respects blinded by early prejudice, or inflamed by polimic animosity. If the reader be inclined to condemn such practices as superstitious or as favourable to idleness, let him open the Gospel first, and examine well both its word and its spirit; then let him consider how many minutes are trifled away by the busiest and most active in the course of the day; and finally let him remember how many cares corrode the human heart, which He only, who wore its tissue, can remove or mitigate.

The number of persons who receive the sacrament, and the becoming gravity of their deportment on this solemn occasion, will be another source of edification to a sincere Christian, who, of whatsoever denomination he may be, must always rejoice in seeing this affecting Rite, often renewed and duly frequented. I say nothing of the numberless religious practices interwoven in the life of an Italian, and incorporated with the whole business and very substance of his existence, because I am aware that they are regarded by the bulk of my readers as marks rather of superstition than of piety [2].

[1] "C'est un usage pieux des Catholiques, et que nous devrions imiter," says Madame De Stael with her usual grace and feeling, "de laisser les églises toujours ouvertes; *il y a tant de moments où l'on éprouve le besoin de cet asile*, et jamais on n'y entre sans ressentir une émotion qui fait du bien à l'âme, et lui rend, comme une ablution sainte, sa force et sa pureté." *L'Allemagne*, Vol. i. Chap. 7.

"It is a pious custom of the Catholics, and one which we should do well in imitating, to leave the churches always open: there are so many moments when we feel the want of such an asylum; and one never enters into them without feeling an emotion which is beneficial to the soul, and like an holy ablution, gives it back its vigour and its purity."

[2] One observation, however, I must make, in conjunction with a very learned and pious prelate of the Established Church (Bishop Butler in his Charge to the Clergy of

External practices, I know full well, have often been employed by the hypocrite as a convenient mask, and still more frequently, perhaps, abused by the libertine as a compensation and excuse; but I conceive that notwithstanding such perversion of motive, they are, when generally observed, a proof convincing and satisfactory of the sincerity and activity of national faith.

But to turn from the exterior of religion to practices more connected with its internal and most essential qualities, and consequently better adapted to the feelings of Englishmen in general, I will venture to assert, that no country exhibits more splendid examples of public benevolence, or furnishes more affecting instances of private charity, than Italy. Christian countries, in general (for there are some exceptions) and our own in particular, are not deficient in the number and endowments of public establishments for the relief of suffering humanity; but even in this respect, whoever has visited and examined the hospitals of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Venice, and Milan, will readily admit, that Italy has the honourable advantage of surpassing all the kingdoms of Europe in the number and the magnificence of her charitable foundations. To describe these edifices in detail, would require a separate work of considerable extent; and it will be sufficient perhaps to inform the reader, that there is no disease of body, no distress of mind, no visitation of Providence, to which the human form is liable, from its first appearance till its final deposition in the grave, which is not relieved with tenderness, and provided for, if beyond relief, with a prodigality of charity seldom witnessed elsewhere[1]. However

Durham) that such occasional memorandums are too much neglected in England, and that he who observes them with prudence and discrimination performs a rational and useful act of Christian devotion. In fact, when an Italian, passing before a crucifix, takes off his hat, he means not to honour the wood or the bronze of which the image may be composed, but to express his reverence and gratitude towards the sacred person thus represented in the attitude of a victim. When he shows a similar respect to a picture of the Virgin, he means not to adore a creature, but to express his veneration for the most perfect model of virgin modesty, and of maternal fondness, on record in the holy Writings. As for the Eucharistic Elements, whatsoever opinion may be entertained of their mystic nature, yet they are universally acknowledged to be the most sacred and the most impressive symbols of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer; the respect, therefore, shown to them, in which deficiency is perhaps more blameable than excess, must rather edify than offend a devout and sensible Christian.

[1] It has been justly observed, that beneficent establishments owe their origin to Christianity, and that the Greeks and even the Romans, howsoever humane in some respects, had little or no idea of such methods of relief. The only institution, or rather regulation, that bears any resemblance to any branch of our public charities, is the provision made by Trajan for the education of the children of the poor in Rome first, and afterwards extended to Italy at large. The younger Pliny extols this institution with becoming eloquence. The mode in which the expense was defrayed

one or two instances may be necessary for explanation. We have in England such establishments as Foundling Hospitals; but every body knows what interest and recommendation are necessary to introduce an unfortunate infant into such asylums. In many of the great towns of Italy, and in several of the smaller, such hospitals may be found, and to avoid the evils of exposure with regard to the child, and to spare the delicacy or the pride of the parent, a box or case opens to the street, turning on a pivot in which the infant may be placed at any hour, and upon ringing a bell to give notice within, is immediately admitted without recommendation or inquiry. One request only is made to the parent, and that is to annex a paper to inform the administrators whether the child be baptized or not, and whether there be any disposition in the parent to acknowledge it at a future period.

The hospital of *St. Michael*, situated in the *Ripa Grande*, on the banks of the *Tiber*, is perhaps unequalled in its extent, endowment, and utility. Its front spreads along the river side, five hundred feet in length, and fifty in height; to it are annexed a magnificent church, a copious library, schools and work-rooms. It admits foundlings, orphans, and friendless children, decayed tradesmen, timeworn servants, and the aged of all descriptions, when forlorn and helpless. The latter it supplies with every assistance spiritual and corporal, necessary to their years and infirmities. The former are nursed, educated, instructed in languages or trades, as their abilities and dispositions seem to require, and when they have learned some art or method of procuring a livelihood, they are dismissed from the hospital with a complete suit of clothes, and a sum of money amounting to five pounds. Both sexes are admitted, but lodged in different wings of the hospital, and kept carefully separate even in the church.

I pass over in silence the superb Hospital of *St. John Lateran*, occupying one half of the vast palace annexed to that cathedral, and containing six hundred patients; and the numberless similar establishments that truly grace and almost consecrate the fourteen *regions* or districts of this parent of cities, the capital of the Christian and civilized world[t].

deserves to be recorded. The legal interest of money was then twelve *per cent.*, the Emperor lent money to such landholders as wished to borrow at five per cent., obliging them to pay the interest into an office opened for the purpose. As the interest was low, the number of borrowers was great, and the funds superabundant. —*Brotier, Note in Supplement, Hist.* lib. v.—*Plin. Paneg.* cap. xxviii.

[t] It is with regret I feel myself obliged to add, that the licentiousness of the French soldiers, and the rapacity of their generals, have nearly stripped the Roman hospitals of all their furniture, not excepting bedsteads, doors, and even windows; and what is still more distressing, because irremediable, almost exhausted the funds by which they had been supported, by draining the public treasury and destroying the credit of the State.

On the subject of hospitals I shall only add, that in many of them the sick are attended, and the ignorant instructed, by persons who devote themselves voluntarily to that disgusting and laborious task, and perform it with a tenderness and a delicacy which personal attachment, or the still more active and disinterested principle of Christian charity, is alone capable of inspiring. But, besides these public establishments, there are benevolent institutions, which, though properly speaking of a private nature, are widely spread and extensively felt; I allude to *confraternities*, or to use a more classical appellation, *Sodalities*. These *Sodalities*, or as the name implies, Companies, are formed by the voluntary agreement of a certain number of charitable persons, who unite together in order to relieve more effectually some particular species of distress. Thus, one of these benevolent societies devotes its attention to the wants of humble but decent families, and contrives to administer its alms in such a manner as to supply their necessities, and yet spare their honourable feelings. Another pays off debts contracted under the pressure of unavoidable distress, and restores the industrious sufferer to liberty and to labour. A third undertakes to visit gaols, and to furnish means of comfort to such prisoners as are friendless and forsaken. A fourth discovers the obscure and forlorn sick, supplies them with medicines and professional assistance; if they recover, affords them nutritive food while in a state of convalescence; if they die, pays the expenses of their funeral, and accompanies them with decent ceremony to the grave [1].

As I do not mean to enumerate all these humane and truly Christian associations, I pass over in silence those who make it their object to instruct ignorant youth and to portion virgin innocence; I need only say, that every want and every misfortune are certain of meeting with corresponding assistance from some band or other of generous *brethren:* and the traveller who contemplates the unwearied exertions of so many individuals united for such noble purposes, will be obliged to acknowledge, that in no country has charity assumed so many forms, or tried so many arts, to discover and to assuage the complicated varieties of human misery. These associations are composed principally of the middling classes, because in all countries these classes possess the greatest share of virtue and of compassion; yet, the most exalted characters for rank, fortune, and talents, enrol their names among them, and frequently distinguish themselves by their zeal and by their activity in the career of benevolence. On all public occasions, it is true, the members wear a dress that disguises and levels all ranks, under an appearance, grotesque and ridiculous perhaps in the eyes of a

[1] The reader may recollect, that several of these charitable societies have been enumerated in the account given of the Hospitals at Naples.

stranger, but very well contrived to stifle that vanity which is so often the stimulus and the bane of public generosity.

From these superabundant funds of public and private charities, the poor of Italy, a class more numerous there than in most other countries, owing in general to its great population, and in particular to the stagnating commerce, the declining manufactures, and the narrow policy of many of its States, are supported with comfort to themselves and with a certain sense of independence, without the oppressive burthen of poor rates, so inadequate to their object and so galling to the community.

After these details, in which I am not conscious of exaggeration or of misrepresentation, I think myself warranted in concluding, that a Religion which thus manifests its influence by so many effusions of devotion, and by so many deeds of benevolence, must be, or I know not what can be, true genuine Christianity.

Before I drop this subject, it may be proper to say something on the attention paid to the instruction of youth in Italy, as we have been assured by several travellers, that the lower classes in that country are not only neglected, but purposely kept in a state of ignorance: but in this, as in many other instances, such writers either have allowed themselves to be blinded by their prejudices, or have given their opinion without the degree of observation requisite to ascertain its accuracy. In opposition to this partial and injurious representation, I shall state the following facts. In the diocese of *Milan*, or to speak more properly, in the vast tract of country, included between the Alps and the Apennines, and subject to the visitation of the archiepiscopal See of *Milan*, in every parochial church the bell tolls at two o'clock on every Sunday in the year, and all the youth of the parish assemble in the church: the girls are placed on one side, the boys on the other: they are then divided into classes according to their ages and their progress, and instructed either by the clergy attached to the church, or by pious persons who voluntarily devote their time to this most useful employment; while the pastor himself goes from class to class, examines sometimes one, sometimes another, and closes the whole at four o'clock by a catechistical discourse. The writer first observed this mode of instruction at *Desenzano*, on the borders of the *Lago di Garda*, then at *Mantua*, and finally, in the Cathedral of *Milan*, whose immense nave and aisles, almost equal in extent to St. Peter's, were then crowded with youths and with children. He was struck more than once with the great readiness of the answers, and often edified by the patience and the assiduity of the teachers.

In other parts of Italy children are catechised regularly, and almost invariably in the parish church by their pastor, and besides these general instructions every young person is obliged to attend a course of instruction for some months previous to the first Com-

munion, and again before Confirmation. It may perhaps be asked, what the catechisms contain, and whether they are compiled with judgment and discretion. As I have several of these little elementary books in my possession, I am enabled to answer that they contain an explanation of the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sacraments, and have sometimes annexed an account of the festivals, fasts, and public ceremonies: so that whatever redundancies the Protestant reader may find in the compilation, he can never complain of the omission or of the neglect of essentials. The truth is, and in spite of prejudice it must be spoken, the Italian common people are, to say the least, full as well acquainted with the truths, the duties, and the motives of religion as the same class in England, and instances of very gross ignorance seldom occur, unless in the superabundant population of great towns and of overgrown capitals. It is, I know, generally believed that the principal source of religious information is shut up in Italy (and indeed in all Catholic countries) by the prohibition of translated Bibles; but this opinion, though supported by the united authority of the pulpit and of the press, is founded upon a slight mistake. Translations, when supposed to alter the sense or to degrade the dignity of the sacred Writings (and many such have been circulated in most countries) are prohibited; when considered as tolerably accurate, they are allowed and encouraged. Of the latter description, an Italian translation exists, penned with great elegance, and recommended to public persual by no less than *papal* authority.

After this impartial exposition, I think it may be fairly concluded, and my reader, if one single spark of Christian charity glows in his bosom, will rejoice in the conclusion; in the first place, that in a country thus superabounding in works of benevolence, the spirit of charity, that characteristic mark of genuine Christianity, must be alive and active; and in the second place, that a nation, furnished with so many means of instruction, cannot perish through ignorance of the saving doctrines of the Gospel.

But many of my readers may exclaim, with surprise and impatience: What! are then the accounts of Italian superstition and bigotry, which we have so often read and so often laughed at, all false? Is there no idolatry in Italy, no priestcraft, no abuse? Surely, our author must be blinded by his partiality, and, in his enthusiasm, extend admiration even to the absurdities and the deformities of its corrupted religion. Without doubt, the author has his prejudices, and may be influenced not a little perhaps by his enthusiasm; but his prejudices and his enthusiasm lean, he hopes, towards benevolence, and prompt him to pity and to excuse the errors of his fellow creatures. He abandons to Burnet, Addison, Misson, etc. and to the herd of travellers who follow their traces, the task of inflaming animosity, and of working up the zeal of the reader into fury by misconceived and over-charged descriptions.

He wishes to lull these stormy passions to rest, to reconcile the reader to his fellow creatures beyond the Alps, and to prevail upon him to extend to their abuses and their weaknesses some portion of that indulgence, which he seldom refuses to the absurdities and the follies that, now and then, attract his attention at home. To answer the above-mentioned query, therefore, many abuses, without doubt, may be observed in Italy; some priestcraft, if by priestcraft be meant an interested attempt to work upon the simple piety of the people; but I believe and trust, no idolatry. It may here perhaps be expected, that I shall amuse my readers with a long enumeration of ridiculous pictures, wonder-working images, all-powerful indulgencies; exhibit to their delighted eyes, a grotesque line of *friars,*

> White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery;
> *Par. Lost*, iii. 475.

and close the whole with an authentic document, giving pardon to past, present, and future sins. No! I have too great a respect for the public understanding at present to insult it with such trash, and shall endeavour to present to it, as a better entertainment, some reflections on the origin, the progress, and probable reformation of these abuses.

In the regions of the South, where the sky is bright and nature beautiful; where the heart is warm and the imagination active; external demonstrations have ever been employed to express feelings too big for utterance, and external shows introduced to convey impressions and to excite sentiments grand and sublime, beyond the reach of ordinary language. The demonstrations of respect used anciently in the East, are well known; nor is it necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader the passages in the Book of Genesis, which represent Abraham prostrate before his guests, or Jacob at the feet of Esau, a posture of respect, amongst us exclusively confined to the worship of the Almighty. It is equally superfluous to observe, that the legislator of the Jews, acting under the immediate inspiration of Heaven, so far humoured the oriental fondness for show, as to prescribe many minute observances and an annual succession of pompous exhibitions. The Greeks shared the passions and the propensities of their Asiatic neighbours, and display their taste for pageantry principally in their Games, which were in fact their yearly public meetings, where the national talents and character were exhibited to the greatest advantage.

The Romans, a more warlike and a more solemn people, loved pomp equally but employed it better; and confining it to the grand objects that occupied exclusively their thoughts, to Conquest and Religion, they displayed it in the triumphs of their heroes and in the worship of their gods. But when the successful invasions of the

barbarians had for ever closed the long series of the former; and Christianity had presented objects infinitely more sublime and more awful for the exercise of the latter; then religion became their only occupation, and took possession of their minds, not as a principle only, but as a domineering passion, that claimed for itself the tribute of all their talents and of all their faculties. Then the spacious Basilicæ were opened for the assemblies of the faithful, and the forsaken temples converted into churches; the lights that preceded the Book of Laws and the Prætor, now moved before the Gospels and the Bishop; the solemn tones of tragic declamation were adapted to the lecture of the Holy Books; and the Psalms were turned to the modulations of the Greek choruses. To this magnificence were superadded the silent but impressive charms of order and of decorum reigning undisturbed over an immense assembly; the venerable appearance of the clergy, clothed in white, and ranged in a semicircle behind the altar, and at their head the majestic form of their aged pontiff, renowned perhaps alike for his sanctity, for his wisdom, and for his eloquence. The circus, and the theatre without doubt, have exhibited many a gay show, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus has been the stage of many a noble pageant; but it may be questioned whether Rome ever witnessed a grander spectacle than that anciently displayed in the illuminated cathedral of the Vatican on the night of the Nativity, or in the Lateran Basilica on the more solemn vigil of the Resurrection.

As years of war and of devastation rolled on successively, the prospect of the Roman world darkened more and more; the forum was deserted, the circus and the theatres were closed, the temples were shut up for ever, and even the very tutelar divinities of the empire were forgotten. In these times of disaster and of depression, the Basilicæ alone remained open, the only places of public resort, the only retreat from public misery, where the mind was soothed by the consolations, and the eyes delighted with the solemnities, of Religion. In these sanctuaries the Romans assembled with complacency; there, free from barbarian intrusion, they heard the language and beheld the vestments of their fathers; there they saw and venerated in their clergy and in their prelates the grave and dignified deportment of the magistrates of ancient Rome; and there they were entertained with pomps and ceremonies, pure, calm, and holy, that melted and improved the heart, while they captivated the senses, and were by that circumstance alone far more impressive and more delightful than the impure, turbulent, and often inhuman exhibitions of the circus and of the amphitheatre.

The invaders themselves, however fierce and untractable at first, were gradually tamed and civilized by the climate, by the arts, by the manner and, above all, by the religion of the Romans; and they embraced its doctrines, not with the zeal of converts only, but with the impetuosity and the passion that characterize the pro-





ceedings of barbarians. The conversion of these half savages gave, as may be supposed, a new and a stronger impulse to the national propensities, and sometimes made, not religion only, but as is natural to unpolished minds, its exterior and sensible form the grand object of their thoughts and of their devotion. Hence, to build, to ornament, and to endow churches; to increase the number of the clergy, and to found monasteries; to discover relics, and to deposit them in splendid shrines; to lengthen the service by new offices, and to swell the ritual with fresh ceremonies; to invent pomps more magnificent, and habits more dazzling, became the occupation of the clergy, the ambition of nobles, and the pride of sovereigns. It is indeed much to be lamented, that while zeal increased, taste was on the decline; and that many of the institutions and the inventions of the seventh and the succeeding ages, though intended to grace, too frequently disfigure the exterior of religion. The truth is, that the language of signs, like that of words, may be overcharged with ornament, and that, in both, overstrained attempts to catch the *Beautiful* or to reach the *Sublime,* generally terminate in littleness and in absurdity. We accordingly find, that the same bad taste which encumbered the ritual with petty observances, infected the style of the times, and filled it with obscure allusions, and turgid epithets.

This evil continued to increase with the ignorance and the barbarism of the times, filling the church with new orders, and deforming divine service with new rites, new dresses, new festivals, and now devotions; till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century first checked the abuse, and has ever since been employed, gradually, but effectually, *in driving the holy Vandals off the stage,* and in clearing the ritual of the accumulated lumber of the seven preceding centuries. Under the secret influence of this improving spirit, absurd relics, formerly honoured with ill-placed though well-meant reverence, are now left to moulder unnoticed in their shrines; petty forms of devotion are gradually falling into disuse; the ornaments of the church are assuming a more dignified appearance; the number of holidays introduced among the barbarians, who had little to employ their time but war and rapine, has been diminished and adapted to the more active genius of a highly civilized generation; and the *police* and external discipline of the church is gradually fashioning itself to the feelings and the wants of modern society.

The number of ecclesiastical persons now existing in Italy, though an abuse, is nevertheless neither such an absurdity nor such a grievance as Englishmen are generally apt to imagine it to be, for the following reason, which, though very obvious, has not, I believe, yet occurred to any of our travelled authors. In a country, where the population is immense, and all that population of the same religion, it will be admitted that the parochial clergy

alone are not sufficiently numerous to answer the calls and to supply all the religious wants of their flocks; especially when the instruction of every child, and the visitation of every sick individual, are considered as essential parts of parochial duty; and when every person of every description, of an age capable of comprehending the importance of such a duty, is obliged to receive the sacrament every year at or near the festival of Easter. Now, as it is impossible personally to fulfil these duties, deputies and assistants are indispensably necessary; and who are better calculated to fill such humble offices than men who ask no salary and refuse no task; who, content with the necessaries of life, such as the common people use, are always ready to obey the calls of the parochial clergy, and to relieve them in the discharge of the most laborious and burthensome functions? Now, such are the friars, a set of people despised and much traduced by strangers, but in *truth*, humble, unassuming, and disinterested, obliging to all visitants, and, I must add, officiously attentive to their foreign censors.

Add to the circumstances just mentioned, that a considerable part of the population of Italy is spread over the fastnesses, and immersed in the recesses of the Apennines, and not unfrequently separated from the inhabitants of the plain by barriers of ice and snow. When in these lonely wilds, the traveller discovers rising on some tufted eminence the humble spire of a convent; or when from the midst of a neighbouring forest he hears the bell of an ancient abbey tolling in his ear, Religion and hospitality seem to rise before him, to soften the savage features of the scene, and to inspire hopes of protection and refreshment. Seldom, I believe, are these hopes disappointed. In the rich abbey, he may loiter day after day and still find his presence acceptable, and his hosts entertaining: in the humble convent he will meet with a hearty welcome, be introduced into the best apartment, and partake of their very best fare. If he stays, he confers an obligation; if he goes, he departs, *votis et ominibus*, with their blessings and their prayers. Such acts of kindness remind us that we are Christians and brothers, and in spite of religious animosity melt and delight the benevolent heart.

But these convents are supported by charity, and may be considered as an encouragement to idleness, and a tax upon the industrious poor; and their inhabitants are a lazy set of mendicants, mere drones in society, always ignorant, often debauched, and ever useless. Such is the language of many travellers, and of another class perhaps equally attached to truth and full as entertaining, of many novelists and many romance writers. But, with all due respect to such formidable authorities, I must state my opinion, not formed in the closet, but founded upon local observation. These convents are supported by charity it is true; but that charity is a voluntary gift, proportioned to the means and the inclination of the

donor, and generally drawn from the stores of the rich, not scraped from the pittance of the poor. Their inhabitants are mendicants; but they refund the alms which they collect, with interest, into the common stock, by sharing them with the poor and the cripple, with the blind and the sick, with the houseless pilgrim and the benighted wanderer. Thus they spare their country the expense of workhouses, with all their prodigal appendages; and they render it a still more important service, in preserving it from the oppressive and ever accumulating burthen of poor rates. They instruct the ignorant; they visit the sick; they nurse the dying, and they bury the dead; employments, silent and obscure indeed, but perhaps as useful to mankind as acceptable to the Divinity, as the bustling exertions of many a traveller and the voluminous writings of many an author. Those who charge them with ignorance and debauchery, must have been very partial, or very inconsiderate observers, extending the defects or vices of a few, perhaps lay-brothers (that is, servants in the dress of the Order), to the whole body; a mode of reasoning which we very justly reject, when applied to our own country and to its corporations, but which we are very apt to adopt when speaking of other countries and of their institutions.

With regard to information, the truth is, that in the greater convents, such as exist in cities, a traveller is certain of discovering, if he chooses to inquire for them, some men of general erudition; and he will find the brotherhood at large, sometimes well versed in Latin and Italian literature, and always in Divinity, the peculiar science of their profession. In the rural convents, the case is different. Taste and learning would be an encumbrance to a friar, doomed for life to associate with rustics: piety, good nature, some Latin, and a thorough knowledge of his duty, are all that can be expected, and all that the traveller will find among these humble *Fathers of the Desert*.

As to the morality of convents, we must form our opinion of it with a due regard to their number, as in all aggregate bodies composed of human beings some instances must be found of the weakness of our common nature; and such irregularities, if not beyond the ordinary proportion of frailty inseparable from the best establishments in similar circumstances, may claim indulgence.

Now, though instances of gross immorality are sometimes heard of, and occasional deviations are perhaps not unfrequent; yet, on the whole, it is but just to acknowledge, that piety and decorum generally prevail in convents, and that examples of devotion, of holiness, and of disinterestedness are frequent enough to edify the candid observer, whilst they obliterate all little incidental interruptions of religious regularity. Extremes of vice are rare, fortunately, in all ranks, and most certainly very unusual indeed in ecclesiastical corporations of every description. The friar, in fact, who becomes

a slave to his passions, generally flies from the gloom and the discipline of his convent, and endeavours to lose the remembrance of his engagements and of his duties in the bustle and dissipation of ordinary life. In fine, I may venture to assure the English traveller, that he may pass the night in any convent in Italy without the least chance of being alarmed by sounds of midnight revelry, and without the smallest danger from the daggers of a *Schedoni*, a *Bellomi*, or of any such hooded ruffian; that the tolling of bells, and perhaps the swell of the organ, may chance to disturb his morning slumbers; and that some benevolent Father *Lorenzo* may inquire, rather unseasonably, about his health and repose.

Before I quit this subject it will be necessary to give the reader a short account of the hierarchy of the Church of Italy, and the different Orders that devotion or authority have superinduced in the course of ages into the clerical body. The Pope, as *primate*, presides over the Church of Italy, with the same rights and prerogatives as accompany the same title in other countries. There is one Patriarch who resides at Venice, but derives his title and honour from the ancient See of *Aquileia*, destroyed by the Huns under Attila, in the year 452, and ever since existing only as an insignificant town or rather village. All the great cities, and some of a secondary rate, have Archbishops, while almost every town, at least if ancient, is the See of a Bishop. To account for this extraordinary number of Bishops, it will be necessary to recollect, that the Christian Religion was planted in Italy by the Apostles themselves or by their immediate successors, who, according to the primitive practice, were accustomed to appoint in every town a Bishop and Deacons. Besides the cathedrals there are several collegiate churches which have their deans and chapters; but it must be recollected, that the deans and canons of every description are obliged to reside at least nine months in the year, and to attend regularly at the three public services of the day, viz.: Morning Service, at four, five, or six; Solemn Communion Service or High Mass, about ten; and Evening Service, about three. The parochial clergy are numerous; pluralities are never allowed, and constant residence is strictly enforced. So far, the difference between the Italian and English Hierarchy, if we except the article of residence, is not material; in the following circumstances they differ totally, and on which side the advantage lies, the reader must determine.

In Italy every Bishop has his diocesan *seminary* or college, consecrated solely to ecclesiastical education, under his own inspection and under the direction of a few clergymen of an advanced age and of high reputation for sanctity and learning. In this seminary the candidates for orders in the diocese are obliged to pass three years under rigorous discipline, in the study of divinity and in a state of preparation for the discharge of their ecclesiastical functions, before they are admitted to the priesthood. It may be asked,





ourse of studies is adopted in these establishments? The is obliged to attend twice a day at lectures on the Scripture, ics, and on theology. The mode of treating these topics s upon the taste and the talents of the lecturer; but the two re generally discussed in the scholastic manner; which has nce fallen into contempt and ridicule amongst us; though lons Protestant must know, that the Reformers, particularly and Calvin, derived from it the weapons which they em- against their antagonists, and the skill with which they used The truth is, that notwithstanding the quibbles, the so-, the trivial distinctions, and the cobweb refinements intro- into it, a course of school divinity gives a very full and com- sive view of theology taken in the widest sense of the word, nishes a man of judgment and of discrimination with the oofs, the strongest objections, and the most satisfactory an- upon almost every question that has occupied the thinking mankind on the subject of religion.

is the constitution of the regular and apostolic part of the Church, of the clergy, simply and properly so called; a body as exemplary in their conduct and as active in the discharge duty, as any national clergy in the Christian world. The er must not confound with the clergy a set of men who wear rical habit merely as a convenient dress, that enables them ar respectably in public places, to insinuate themselves into ompany, and sometimes to cover principles and conduct very te to the virtues implied by such a habit. The intrigues and f these adventurers have too often been attributed, by hasty norant persons, to the body whose uniform they presume to with just as much reason as the deceptions of swindlers might ibed to the gentlemen whose names are sometimes assumed h sinister purposes.

ust however be acknowledged, that the clerical body in Italy numerous; that many supernumeraries might be retrenched; it such a reform would contribute much to the edification of blic and to the reputation of the body itself. But, wherever ofession has acquired celebrity or any corporation seems to wider or a shorter road to preferment, its ranks will neces- be crowded, and the very avenues to it besieged with pre- s. This evil is now rapidly decreasing. The ecclesiastical ion, since the Church has been plundered and insulted by the , is no longer the road either to fame or to fortune. The ions it retains are merely spiritual, and not likely to allure itude, or to compensate, in the opinion of many, the res- which it necessarily imposes.

now come to the regular clergy, so called because they live certain rules or statutes, and take upon themselves obliga- ot connected with the clerical profession. This body is very

numerous, exhibits a great variety of dresses, and strongly attracts the attention of an English traveller, who, if a very zealous Protestant, is apt to feel, at the sight of one of its individuals, an aversion or antipathy similar to that which some hypochondriac persons are said to experience in the presence of cats and other domestic animals.

The regular clergy may be divided into two great classes, Monks and Friars, who though they are bound in common by the three vows of Poverty, of Chastity, and of Obedience, yet live under very different regulations. The former, under various appellations, follow almost universally the rule of St. Benedict, who, in the sixth century, attempted to regulate the monastic life which had been introduced into Italy and the Western Church in the age preceding. His Rule is rather a treatise of morality than a book of statutes, as it recommends many virtues, and prescribes few regulations; these regulations regard principally the disposal of time, and the order of the psalms, the duties of the two principal officers of the abbey, and the practice of hospitality. It enjoins manual labour, and presupposes the existence of a library in each monastery. Much is left to the discretion of the Superior; particularly the dress, in which the prudent founder recommends plainness, and cautions against singularity. The truth is, that in their hours, their habit, their diet, and their employments, the first monks nearly resembled the better sort of peasants. The *cowl*, a long black gown or *toga* intended to cover their working dress and to give them a decent appearance in church, was at first the only external distinction. In process of time, the general promotion of the monks to holy orders, their application to literature, and, above all, their adherence to the forms, the hours, and the manners of the age of their institution, made the distinction more striking, and at length marked them out as a peculiar and separate *Cast*.

The first monasteries established by St. Benedict and by his immediate disciples were generally built among ruins, in unwholesome marshes or uncultivated plains, in the midst of dreary forests, or on the summits of mountains almost inaccessible. In process of time these rugged scenes began to smile upon the industry of their inhabitants, and yielding to the unremitting labour of centuries, many a swamp resigned its infectious pools, many a pathless forest opened into pastures, and many a naked rock put on verdure and waved with foliage. As barrenness yielded to cultivation, the resources of the monasteries multiplied, and their increasing riches sometimes overflowed and fertilized whole provinces. Their solitudes were gradually peopled by well-fed and happy peasants, and the abbey itself not unfrequently became the centre and the ornament of a flourishing city.

These establishments were not only the abode of piety, but they became the asylums of learning, and collected and preserved the

scattered remains of Greek and Roman literature and refinement. They were indeed the only retreats that were sometimes neglected and sometimes spared by the hordes of barbarians that successively invaded the provinces of the Roman Empire, and swept away, with undistinguishing ruin, their edifices, their sciences, and their arts. In process of time, the Benedictines, not content with hording up books, endeavoured to diffuse science, and opened their retreats to the studious; thus the monasteries soon became the seminaries of youth, and even the nurseries of boyhood. Such, in the time of St. Benedict himself, was *Monte Cassino* and afterwards *Vallombrosa, Sta. Justina* at *Padua*, *S. Georgio* at *Venice*, etc. in Italy; and in France the famous Abbey of *Cluni*, etc.

If manual labour was found incompatible with these nobler and more useful occupations, we cannot censure the monks for having resigned it, nor wonder that they should prefer, to the tillage of their grounds and the increase of their harvests, the propagation of knowledge and the cultivation of the human mind. Their deviation from the letter of their Rule in this respect is the more pardonable, as their literary labours were crowned with the most signal success; and for many ages the church was indebted to the Benedictine Order alone for her most enlightened prelates, the Christian kingdoms for their wisest statesmen, and the republic of letters for its most active and best informed scholars.

To this Order, several countries owe the knowledge of Christianity, and all the blessings annexed, as well in this life as in the life to come, to its public establishment. To it, England in particular, is most deeply indebted; for, from the labours of the zealous Augustin and of his associates and followers, she has derived her religion, her creeds, her hierarchy, her sacraments; to them she owes the knowledge of the ancient languages and of the ancient arts: they founded her two Universities, *duo lumina regni*[1]; they erected twelve of her most magnificent Cathedrals, and they raised a thousand other superb edifices, which, though now in ruins only, are still the ornament of the country and the admiration of travellers. France has similar, though certainly not equal obligations to the Benedictines, and previous to the Revolution could boast that she possessed in the congregation of St. Maurus, the most learned corporate body in the world; so high was the reputation of that society at a certain period, and so numerous the eminent persons it produced. In fact, what a blaze of glory must have resulted from the united fame of *Montfaucon, Mabillon, Ceillier*, and *Martenne*, who all flourished at the same period, and astonished the literary world with the extent, the variety, and the depth of their researches.

But the Benedictines are accused of being rich, and rich they

[1] The two luminaries of the kingdom.

undoubtedly were, but never were riches better acquired, or better employed; they were acquired by the persevering labour of ages, and they were employed in acts of beneficence and in works of splendour. Never was there so fair a division of the profits of agriculture between the landlord and the tenants, as between the monks and their farmers; never was greater indulgence shown in case of failure; and never was assistance more readily imparted in circumstances of distress. In truth, the peasantry on the abbey lands were, in all countries, a happy and contented race, well instructed in their duties, and well supplied with all the necessaries and the comforts compatible with their situation. They alone enjoyed that rural felicity which poets have, at all times, attributed to their fellows at large, and might justly be called fortunate.

Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint [z].

*Georg.* ii. 458.

I need not enlarge upon the munificence of the Order, as the princely incomes of the rich abbies have, for these eight centuries past, been almost entirely devoted to the erection and the decoration of churches, halls, and libraries, and few indeed are the provinces of Europe, which are not indebted for their principal architectural ornaments to the taste, the splendour, and the opulence of the Benedictines; insomuch, that when it disappears, and the period of its extinction is probably not far distant, it will leave more traces of its existence, and more monuments of its greatness and of its wide-extended influence, than any empire, the Roman excepted, that ever yet flourished on the earth.

The Benedictines are also accused of luxury; and poets and novelists have at all times amused themselves in describing *slumbering abbots, purple as the vines* that imbosom their abodes; and convivial monks, with the glass in their hands, laughing at the tolling of the midnight bell. To affirm that no scenes of revelry had ever been witnessed in an abbey, or to imagine that such scenes were frequent, would be equally absurd. The rule of St. Benedict obliges his disciples to hospitality, and their luxury consisted in entertaining every guest according to his rank and to their means. The abbot on such occasions represented the body, and was *exclusively* charged with the care and the entertainment of visitors; he had a table and separate apartments allotted for the purpose, and generally lived in the style and the splendour of a bishop. In the interim, the monks, with the prior at their head, lived in their usual retirement, and fed upon their very moderate allow-

[z] O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, etc. *Dryden.*

ance in their hall; while, to season their repast, a lecture was read from the Bible, the Fathers, or Ecclesiastical History.

In the same manner, the magnificence of their edifices was confined to the public parts, to the church, to the cloisters, and to the hall or refectory; but never pervaded the cell of the monk, or emblazoned the bare walls of his humble dwelling. In *fact*, whether the income of the monastery were one or ten thousand, the furniture, diet, dress, and condition of the private monk were always the same, always above penury, but far below luxury. In short, monks are generally, by birth and education, gentlemen, and their mode of living nearly resembles that of fellows of colleges in the English universities; with this difference, that their engagements are for life, and that nothing but sickness can exempt them from constant residence, and from regular attendance in hall and in chapel.

It would be unjust to pass over in silence, two circumstances highly creditable to this Order. In the first place, the Benedictines have endeavoured to retain in the public service of the Church the forms and the order that prevailed in the times of their founder, and thus, by discouraging petty practices and whimsical modes or expressions of devotion invented by persons of more piety than prudence, they have in a certain degree preserved unadulterated and undegraded, the purer and more majestic ceremonial of the ancients. In the next place, in political struggles, the monks have either observed a charitable neutrality, befriending the distressed, and allaying the animosities of both parties; or, if forced to declare themselves, they have generally joined the cause, if in such cases either could claim to be the cause, of their country and of justice. In scholastic debates, which have not unfrequently been conducted with great rancor and some mischief, they have acted with the coolness of spectators unconcerned in the result, and seem occasionally to have laughed in secret at the furious zeal with which the contending parties supported or attacked air-built theories and visionary systems. Even in the more important contests on religious articles, which sometimes burst before the Reformation, and have raged with lesser or greater, but always with most malevolent animosity, ever since that event; in contests which have ruffled the smothest minds and soured the sweetest tempers, the Benedictines alone seem to have been exempt from the common frenzy, have preserved their usual calmness in the midst of the general tempest, and have kept strictly within the bounds of Christian charity and moderation. Among them we find no inquisitors, no persecutors. Though plundered, stripped, insulted, in most reformed countries, they seem rather to have deplored in silence, what they must have considered as the errors and the madness of the times, than inveighed against it in public; and content with the testimony of their own consciences, they appear to have renounced with manly piety the pleasure of complaint and of invective.

This body, once so extensive, so rich, so powerful, is now fallen, and its history, like that of many potent empires, will shortly be a *tale of days that are no more.* *Philosophists*, insects rising in swarms from the dregs of modern times, buzz and clap their wings in triumph; but the wise man, who judges what may happen by *that which is passed*, pauses in silence and uncertainty. When he contemplates the solitudes that spread around the Abbies of Vale Crucis and of Furness, and the misery that pines away in the cold ruins of the romantic Tintern, he will apprehend that posterity may derive little advantage from their suppression, and be little inclined to applaud the zeal of their improvident forefathers. The savage wilds of the *Chartreux* have been abandoned to their primeval horrors, the summits of *Monte Cassino*, now crowned with stately edifices, are destined to be a desert once more; and the solitudes of *Vallombrosa*, now enlivened by the shouts of youthful mirth, will ere long rebellow the growlings of the bear and of the wolf of the Apennines. Such is the policy of the philosophic governors of the nineteenth century, and such their method of encouraging agriculture and of augmenting population.

From the Benedictines sprung many minor congregations of more or less repute, according to the talents and the influence of their founders, such as the Bernardins, Celistines, Camaldolese, etc. The first derived great credit from the eloquence, the sanctity, and the authority of the celebrated St. Bernard, and grew up into a rich and numerous Order. The second, humble and unambitious as their founder, who from the papal chair, then confessedly the first throne in Europe, had slunk into the silence of a convent, soon subsided in obscurity and insignificance. The last was too austere to become numerous, and if we except a few thinly inhabited houses at Rome, Venice, and Naples, was seen only in deserts, and flourished principally in the most remote, and the most dreary solitudes of the Apennines.

To the monks we may add the canons regular, who with the dress and ordinary duties of other prebendaries, took upon themselves monastic engagement and led a conventual life; as also the Theatins, Hieronymites, Oratorians, and other congregations of clergy, who devoted themselves to the education of youth and to the instruction of the poor, and lived in communities, without making vows or contracting any permanent and irrevocable obligations. This class has rendered many essential services to the public, has produced many distinguished literary characters, and was, perhaps, the most useful and the least objectionable. All the orders, congregations, and institutions, have one advantage in common, which is, that they are supported by a regular settled income, derived from landed property or from public grants; an advantage which contributes much to their independence and to their respectability and distinguishes them from the second class of regular clergy, who

subsist upon alms and donations, and are therefore called *Mendicants*.

To these latter, exclusively, belongs the appellation of Friars, derived from *Fratres*, *Frati*, *Frères* (Brothers), an appellation assumed first by St. Francis as a mark of humility, and retained ever after by his followers. It would be useless, and I fear tedious, to detain the reader with an enumeration of all the subdivisions of this numerous body, or with a description of their dresses, distinguishing features, and particular observances and austerities. Suffice it to say, that St. Francis of *Asisium*, of whom I have elsewhere given the reader some account, gave the first example and the first impulse in the year 1209. His disciples were called *Fratres Minores* (Younger Brethren), and in a very short space of time multiplied so prodigiously as to astonish, and almost to terrify the clergy of that age, by their numbers and by their activity.

St. Francis of *Paula*, following the example of his namesake, instituted a new fraternity, and in order to sink still lower on the scale of humility, called his disciples *Fratres Minimi* (Youngest Brethren).

St. Dominic founded the order of the Preachers, better known under the denomination of Dominicans.

The Carmelites affect to trace their origin to the prophet Elias, and merely (say they) underwent *a reform* at the Christian era; they were discovered by some military pilgrim during the Crusades, on the top of Mount Carmel, and were thence transplanted to Italy, and other European countries, where, notwithstanding the changes of climate, they grew and flourished for several centuries.

The Augustines, or Austin Friars, so called because they drew their statutes from the works of St. Augustin, were little different from the rest of the fraternity.

All these, and others of less note, were originally intended to act as assistants to the clergy in the discharge of their parochial duties, but in process of time the auxiliaries became more numerous than the main body, and not unfrequently excited its jealousy and hatred by trenching upon its prerogatives, and by usurping part of its credit and of its functions. They contrived indeed, first by pontifical exemptions, to shake off the legal authority of their respective bishops; next, by similar concessions, to acquire some share of their apostolical powers; and, lastly, by certain privileges annexed to their oratories to gather congregations and to draw the people away from the regular parochial service. These were great abuses; and in towns, where the Friars had numerous convents, tended not a little to divert the attention of the public from the spirit and simplicity of the ancient liturgy, to shows, images, and exhibitions. However, to compensate, if any compensation can be made for such evils, the mendicant Orders produced several great men; each in its time roused the age from a lethargy of ignorance, and awakened,

partially at least, a spirit of inquiry and of improvement. Besides, in small towns, in numerous villages, and in lonely or distant provinces, they still continue to fulfil their original object, and, as I have hinted above, to afford a necessary assistance to the ordinary pastors. They are in general considered as too numerous, and from the frequency with which they meet the eye in certain capitals, I am inclined to admit this conclusion. But, as the population of Italy is very great, amounting to eighteen millions at least, and as all that immense population professes the same religion, the surplus may not be so excessive as is usually imagined. At all events, this evil is daily diminishing, and the succeeding generations in Italy, as in most other countries, will probably have reason to lament the want, rather than complain of the number, of religious ministers.

To conclude. —There are in the religion of Italy some, and indeed not a few, abuses, and among these abuses we may rank the multiplicity of ceremonies, and the introduction of theatrical exhibitions and theatrical music into the church; the general use and exaggeration of certain popular and undignified forms of devotion; and, in fine, the unnecessary number of religious establishments. These abuses originate partly from the influence of the climate and from the genius of the people, and partly from the natural effects of ages, which, as they roll on, sometimes improve and sometimes deteriorate human institutions. To remove them entirely, is difficult; to eradicate them at once would be dangerous and perhaps not possible. The whole business of reform must be left to the zeal of enlightened pastors, to public opinion, to the inquisitive and critical spirit of the age, and to Time, so apt to destroy his own work and to root up weeds, which he himself has planted.

> Quod ætas vitium posuit, ætas auferet [1].
>
> *Pub. Syr.*

At all events, one obvious reflection presents itself to console the benevolent and truly Christian reader, whose expansive heart embraces all mankind, and who of course wishes rather to enlarge than to narrow the conditions of pardon, and the pale of salvation. Of all the abuses here enumerated, not one, in the opinion of an enlightened Protestant, can touch the essence of Christianity; not one can obscure the splendour of the Divine perfections; not one can affect the mediation of the Redeemer, or obstruct the active and efficient operation of the three prime and all-enlivening virtues, of Faith, of Hope, and of Charity. On the contrary, most, if not all, may be attributed to a well-intended, though an ill-directed

[1] The abuses which Time has introduced, Time will destroy.

zeal, a fault which, of all the failings incidental to human nature, undoubtedly deserves the greatest indulgence. With this reflection ever uppermost in his mind, the most zealous Protestant may traverse Italy with composure, bear its abuses with temper, treat a monk or even a friar with civility, and still consider himself as in a Christian country.

## NATIONAL CHARACTER.

VIII. After having thus taken a cursory view of the Climate, of the History, of the Literature, and of the Religion of Italy, we shall proceed to make some observations on the character of its inhabitants: observations the more necessary, as the subject has been much distorted by prejudice and misrepresentation.

National, like individual character, is, I am aware, a wonderful texture, composed of threads oftentimes so fine, and frequently so interwoven, as to escape the notice of the most penetrating observer. But this obscurity affects only the more delicate tints, and leaves the principal and constituent colours their full strength and effect. The latter part of this observation becomes more applicable to such individuals and nations as are placed in trying circumstances, which necessarily call forth the passions, and oblige nature to exert her latent energies without control. On such occasions the character throws off every disguise, and displays all its peculiar and distinctive features. Now, if ever any nation has been placed in such circumstances it certainly is the Italian, and consequently we should be led to conclude, that no national character could be more open to observation, and more capable of being drawn with accuracy and precision. Yet, the very contrary has happened, and never surely were any portraits more overcharged, and more unlike the original than the pictures which some travellers have drawn (at leisure apparently) and given to the public as characters of the Italians. If we may credit these *impartial* gentlemen, the Italians combine in their hearts almost every vice that can defile and degrade human nature. They are ignorant and vain, effeminate and cruel, cowardly and treacherous, false in their professions, knavish in their dealings, and hypocritical in their religion; so debauched as to live in promiscuous adultery, yet so jealous as to murder their rivals; so impious as scarcely to believe in God, yet so bigotted as to burn all who reject their superstitions; void of all patriotism, yet proud of the glory of their ancestors: in short, wallowing in sensual indulgence, and utterly lost to all sense of virtue, honour, and improvement. Hence, is a scene of lewdness or debauchery to be introduced into a romance? It is placed in an Italian convent. Is an assassin wanted to frighten ladies in the country, or to terrify a London mob on the stage? An Italian appears; a monk or a

friar probably, with a dose of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other. Is a crime too great for utterance to be presented dimly to the imagination? It is half disclosed in an Italian *confessional*. In short, is some inhuman plot to be executed, or is religion to be employed as the means or the instrument of lust or revenge? The scene is laid in Italy; the contrivers and the perpetrators are Italians; and to give it more diabolical effect, a convent or church is the stage, and clergymen of some description or other are the actors of the tragedy. These misrepresentations, absurd and ill-founded as they are, have been inserted in so many books of travels and interwoven with so many popular tales, that they have at length biassed public opinion, and excited a distrust and an antipathy towards the Italian nation.

The authors of these *Tales of Terror* ought to recollect, that in amusing the imagination they are not allowed to pervert the judgment; and that, if it be a crime to defame an individual, it is aggravated guilt to slander a whole people. Yet this class of writers, who professedly deal in fiction, however they may undesignedly influence the public mind, appear innocent when compared with travellers who, while they pretend to adhere to strict veracity, relate as eye-witnesses, facts which never happened, and give as interlocutors, conversations that were never uttered, playing upon the credulity of the reader on one side, and on the other, sacrificing the reputation of individuals and of nations without mercy or remorse. This fondness for mischievous and ill-natured fiction, which some celebrated authors have indulged to a great excess, has sometimes been a serious disadvantage to their countrymen, and has closed against them the best sources both of information and of amusement; that is, the societies of capitals through which they passed, in Sicily and in Italy [1].

But this evil is trivial in comparison of the greater mischief which such works do at home, by infusing prejudices, and exciting rancorous antipathies against our fellow-creatures; sentiments generally ill-founded and always unchristian and malevolent. If it be difficult to account for the malignity of such authors, it is still more so to conceive the credulity of the readers who give the traveller full credit for whatever he chooses to relate, and listen to his tales with the most unsuspicious confidence. Yet if they reflected upon the propensity which travellers in general are supposed to have to fiction and exaggeration, and have considered how little English travellers in particular, for various reasons, associate with

[1] See on this subject Mr. Swinburne's account of his reception at *Palermo*, subsequent to Brydone's publication. Vol. III. sect. 25. I always cite this sensible and very accurate writer with satisfaction. Had he given the public such an account of Italy in general as he has of its southern provinces, he would have superseded the necessity of the present publication.

the people of the countries through which they pass, they would find more reason for doubt and diffidence than for implicit belief in such relations. [1]

But if I object to such misrepresentations and literary falsehoods as a man of veracity, I censure them with double severity as a patriot. I consider them, when published, as insults to the good sense and the candour of the nation; and, when believed, as so many monuments of its credulity and its injustice. Hitherto foreigners, and particularly Italians, have shown very little inclination to retaliate, and in general display towards the manners, the literature, and the reputation of England, a partiality the more generous on their side because the less merited on ours. Such conduct gives them a claim not to justice only but to indulgence, and might induce a generous traveller to dwell with more complacency upon their virtues than upon their defects. In that disposition of mind, the following observations are written, and will perhaps be found more favourable to the Italian character than the reader may naturally expect; though in the author's intimate conviction they are always strictly conformable to truth and to justice [2].

National character is the result, in a great degree, of climate, religion, government, and education, which modify our common nature, and give it those peculiarities that distinguish the different tribes which inhabit the earth. Many other causes, some of which, as I have before hinted, lie too deep for human investigation, may

[1] The following very sensible and benevolent observations is so applicable to the subject which the author is now treating, that he cannot refuse himself the satisfaction of inserting it:

"In the picture I have here drawn, I have followed nothing but truth; this honest report it is but justice to make; and it is cruelty in the highest degree to stigmatize persons of probity and real merit in the gross as a luxurious, slothful, ignorant set of men. For my own part, wherever I meet such general reflections in any traveller on any country whatever, I always attribute it to his own self-sufficiency and want of better information; or to his temerity in taking up the opinions of others at a venture, without having the opportunity of examining on what foundation they are grounded."

"The many falsehoods and ridiculous stories reported of this Church, and spread over all countries, persuaded me that this is a subject hitherto little known; nor shall we wonder at the number of these falsehoods, if we reflect that the accounts we have had, for the most part, have been given by travellers who knew nothing either of the language or of the matter; but went into a church, stared about them, and then came home and published an account of what they saw, according to their own imagination; frequently taking an accidental circumstance for an established custom, and not seldom totally misunderstanding whatever they beheld: the consequence has been, that their mistakes, for want of being contradicted and cut off at first, have grown and multiplied, by being copied and translated from one language to another."—*Dr. King's History of the Greek Church*, a work of learning, sense, and impartiality.

concur in heightening and varying the effect, but the above-mentioned are, without doubt, the principal. Any alteration in these grand ingredients must influence the character, and to such a change we must ascribe its improvement or its deterioration.

The ancient inhabitants of Italy are, in general I believe, admitted to have been a wise, a valiant, and a virtuous people, particularly from the period which united them inseparably to the destinies and the glories of the Roman name, and employed them as instruments in the conquest and the civilization of half the globe. Though the consciousness of power and the possession of empire may affect the mind and the manners of a nation, and may give *pride to the port, defiance to the eye*; and though many dreadful revolutions have since rolled over the regions of Italy and swept away their inhabitants; yet I know no cause so actively destructive as to have totally debased the character of the unhappy Italians, and bereft them at once of *all* the virtues that rendered their predecessors so illustrious. They enjoy the same advantages of climate as their ancestors, the same serene skies, the same fertile soil, the same lovely scenery. The clouds and frosts of the north did not accompany the septentrional invaders; and in spite of every political disaster nature still continues to smile upon her beloved Italy. In religion, indeed, the change has been great and effectual; but that change in Italy, as in every Christian country, by enlightening the mind and by improving the heart in the knowledge of moral truth, has raised the modern child above the ancient philosopher. As this revolution, therefore, cannot have deteriorated the character, we shall proceed to the great changes which so many eventful centuries have produced in the Italian governments and policy.

Italy was originally divided into as many, or to speak more correctly, into more independent and jarring governments than it is at present, and this state of division and of hostility lasted till a very advanced period of Roman history, when the GREAT REPUBLIC, after ages of sanguinary contest, at length conquered the whole Peninsula, and united all its inhabitants in one common name, cause, and interest. The history of these petty states, previous to their incorporation with Rome, is obscure, and affords light too faint to enable us to judge of the merits of their respective constitutions. One circumstance, however, we may discover highly honourable to them, which is, that Liberty was the end and the object of all, and though it sometimes rose to anarchy, and as often subsided in tyranny, yet it always revived and ever remained the prevailing spirit that ruled their councils and animated their enterprises. Liberty brought with it its usual retinue of virtues and of blessings, courage, industry, and temperance, independence, plenty, and population; virtues and blessings which, when drawn up against Rome, long suspended the high designs of Fate in her favour, and when

ranged afterwards on her side, soon laid the Universe prostrate before her. But this momentous conquest that crowned Rome and Italy with glory and with empire, closed the career of Roman virtue and happiness for ever, and by raising to the throne a race of ruthless and all-powerful tyrants converted the country and its capital into the theatre and very seat of guilt and of misery. To the whole of this long interval, extending from the reign of Tiberius to the extinction of the Western Empire, we may apply, with the exception of a few prosperous reigns, the dark picture which Tacitus has drawn of a part of it only. "*Atrox proeliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace saevum. Haustae aut diruptae urbes; pollutae caerimoniae; magna adulteria; plenum exiliis mare, infesti scopulis: atrocius in urbe saevitum*[1]." In these times of guilt and of disaster every trace of ancient virtue must nearly have disappeared, and the Italian character must have sunk to its lowest degradation. The era therefore, of the prosperity and virtue of Italy may be confined to the space which elapsed between the foundation of Rome and the accession of Tiberius, including on the one side the dawning, on the other, the decline, of its glory and of its felicity. At this time, indeed, the national character displayed many virtues and betrayed few defects[2]. Every state produced its citizens, its sages, its heroes, capable of meeting the legions, the senators, the consuls of Rome in the field and in the cabinet, without disgrace and oftentimes with honour. Frugality at home, valour abroad, patriotism in every circumstance, seem to have been virtues common to all; while perseverance and resolution, rising superior to every obstacle, were the peculiar virtues of the Romans[3]. These qualities were probably owing to the wisdom of

[1] Hist. i. cap. 2. — "Marked by atrocity in war, torn in pieces by seditions, full of cruelty even in peace. The cities exhausted or delapidated; the ceremonies of religion polluted; horrible adulteries; the sea filled with exiles, and all its rocks with assassinations; in the city the cruelties were still more atrocious."

[2] Of the Italian race during this period, Virgil speaks in the following lines:—

Hæc (Italia) genus acre virum, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam
Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos
Extulit; hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duros bello . . . . . .
*Georg.* ii. 167.

Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race:
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
And Volscians arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name.
*Dryden.*

[3] To this period of Roman history, fortunately of long duration, we must in some sort confine the eulogiums bestowed upon the Roman character. Of it Quintilian

often had occasion to quote in these observations, Rome herself never beheld more splendid days since the extinction of her empire, than during the seventeenth century; nor had Italy, from the same era, been more free from barbarian influence, ever enjoyed more tranquillity at home, or been more respected abroad, than during the years that preceded the French Revolution.

According to this representation, the accuracy of which it would be difficult to question, we discover nothing in the history of the modern Italians that must necessarily degrade their public character, or entirely efface the remembrance of the virtues which made the nation great and illustrious during so many ages. The French Revolution, it must be owned, darkened the bright prospects of Italy, and indeed clouded the whole horizon of Europe; but whatever its local ravages may have been, I do not see that its general effects have produced a greater change in the character of the Italians than in that of the Spaniards, of the Dutch, of the Swiss, and of the Germans, all of whom lie equally within the range of its devastation. At all events, the full extent of its mischief, if Providence deigns to allow it a longer duration, will be known only to our posterity; the present moment, horror and detestation are the only sentiments it has excited in the minds of its victims.

So far I have endeavoured to show, that there is nothing in the history of Italy which can justify the reproaches made to the character of its inhabitants by certain inconsiderate or prejudiced authors. I will now proceed to particulars, and take into consideration some of the many vices imputed to them. But first I must observe, that few travellers have had either the leisure or the inclination, and still fewer the information and the opportunities, necessary to form a just estimate of the Italian character. Many drive through the country with the rapidity of couriers, content themselves with a hasty inspection of what they term its *curiosities*; confine their conversation to the innkeepers and the *Ciceroni*; visit the Opera-house, perhaps intrigue with an actress; then return home, and write a Tour through Italy. Others, with more information and better taste, find that the ancient monuments and classic scenery of the country, the perusal of the Roman authors on the spot where they were inspired, and the contemplation of the masterpieces of the great artists, furnish sufficient occupation for every hour; these cannot prevail upon themselves to sacrifice such refined enjoyments to the formality of visits and to the frivolity of general conversation. Such travellers, without doubt, derive much improvement and much rational entertainment from their tour; but yet they cannot be qualified to judge of the character of the Italians. For this purpose are requisite, in the first place, a tolerable knowledge of the language of the country, a qualification in which transalpines in general are very deficient; in the second place, a familiar and effectual introduction into the

st houses in each city; and thirdly, time and resolution to cul-
ate the acquaintance to which such an introduction naturally
ads. I might add, a fourth requisite, perhaps not less necessary
an the former, I mean good nature; a virtue that does not permit
to condemn as absurd every practice and opinion contrary to
e modes of thinking and of living established in our own country.
adowed with these qualities, a traveller will indeed be a com-
tent judge of the subject, and enabled to form an opinion from
s own experience; an opinion which he will find very different
om that generally enforced by ignorant writers, and adopted by
considerate readers.

He will experience, contrary probably to his expectations, much
spitality, as far as hospitality consists in furnishing a guest with
ery accommodation. This is so true, that a good letter of recom-
endation may carry a traveller from house to house over all Italy;
circumstance that accounts for the indifference of the inns in the
sser towns, which are frequented solely by foreigners and by the
iddling classes; as Italians of rank almost always lodge, when
avelling, in private houses. When once introduced into a
use, he will find it always open to him, and the more frequent
s visits, the greater will be his consideration, as much assiduity
regarded as a mark both of confidence and of respect. Dinners,
ough not uncommon in Rome, Naples, and Milan, are not much
fashion. The Italians are very indifferent to the pleasures of
e table; their repasts are short, and too hasty in their opinion,
r conversation. They devote the whole evenings, and part of
e night to society, when they love to meet and enjoy their friends
leisure. In this respect they differ much from us, and indeed
om most transalpines; but I know not that we have reason to
ndemn them. If *we* consult conviviality, *they* look to health,
d perhaps to economy. On which side rational self enjoyment,
d even social is to be found, it is not difficult to determine.
or, if they are biassed on this occasion by economical motives do
ey deserve much censure. Their taste for expense takes a dif-
rent direction. They prefer Minerva to Bacchus; and take less
easure in regaling themselves on turtle, venison, Champagne,
d Burgundy, than in contemplating pictures, statues, marble
alls, and pillared porticos.

As for courage, it is a quality common to the whole species:
very nation arrogates it to itself, a proof that it belongs to all. If
ay seem deficient in it, the deficiency is to be attributed, not to
nate cowardice, but to ignorance of the art of war; to want of
scipline; to consciousness of the inutility of resistance; or to some
ch incidental circumstance. Hence, nations most inured to arms
splay this quality most; and hence the same army, as well as the
me individual, sometimes gives surprising marks of courage and
f cowardice in the same campaign. To accuse the Italians of

cowardice is to belie their whole history. The troops of the King of Sardinia were distinguished for their valour, while their monarchs acted the part of warriors. Even in the late invasion, the peasantry themselves, in some parts of the Neapolitan, and particularly of the Roman state, made a bold and generous though ineffectual resistance. Not courage, therefore, but the motives which call it forth, and the means which give it effect, that is discipline, hope, interest, etc., are wanting to the Italians.

Those who reproach the Italians with ignorance must have a very imperfect knowledge of that people, and have confined their observations to the lowest populace of great cities, and to the peasants of certain mountainous tracts and unfrequented provinces. Such classes, in all countries, not excepting the United Kingdom, have little means and less inclination to acquire knowledge; they are every where left much to nature, and consequently retain something of the Savage. The peasantry of the north of Italy, particularly of the Piedmontese and Milanese territories, and those of Tuscany, were, previous to the French invasion, universally taught to read and write; they were in every respect as well instructed as that class ought to be, and equal in point of information to the peasantry of the most flourishing countries in Europe. Even in the Neapolitan territory, without doubt, the worst governed of all the Italian states, I have seen a shepherd boy lying under a tree with a book in his hand, his dog at his feet, and his goats browsing on the rocky hills around him, a scene more delightful than any described in classic pastoral. The middling classes, which in reality constitute the strength and give the character of a nation, are generally very well aquainted with every thing that regards their duty, the object of their profession, and their respective interests. In writing, in the higher rules of arithmetic and in geography, they are inferior to the same classes in England, but such accomplishments are most valued because most useful, in commercial countries; especially when national prosperity is intimately connected with navigation, and when a spirit of adventure is very generally prevalent in the middling and the lower classes. But, even where the ordinary share of information is wanting, the deficiency is not so perceptible as in more northern regions, whose inhabitants are naturally slow and inattentive. The Italian is acute and observing. These two qualities united supply in some degree the place of reading, and give his conversation more life, more sense, and more interest than are to be found in the discourse of transalpines of much better education.

We now come to the higher class, for against them the reproach is particularly levelled, and supposing the accusation well-grounded, I might suggest a few circumstances in extenuation. On the Continent in general, the various governments are purely monarchical, the whole administration is confined to the sovereign

and his ministers, while the body of the nation is excluded from all share and influence in the management of its own concerns. Such an exclusion operates most perceptibly upon the higher classes, whose natural province such management is, and by withdrawing every stumulus to exertion and improvement, it acts as a powerful soporific, and lulls them unavoidably into sloth and ignorance. In a free country, mental improvement brings with it its own reward, oftentimes rank and fortune, and always fame and consideration: it is both necessary and fashionable, and cannot be dispensed with by any individual, who means to attain or to keep a place in the higher orders of society. In a despotic government, all these motives are wanting. The drudgery necessary for the acquisition of information is rewarded only by the consciousness of intellectual superiority; an advantage of little weight in countries, where mental attainments are too much undervalued to attract attention or to excite envy. Hence, after having passed through the ordinary course of college education, or loitered away a few years with a private tutor, the noble youth of the Continent, if not employed in the army, sink into domestic indolence, and fritter life away in the endless frivolities of town society.

After this general apology for the ignorance of the continental gentry, I must say, in favour of the Italians in particular, that they stand in less need of it than the same class in any other country. Whether the various republics that latterly flourished in Italy furnishes them with more inducements to mental cultivation; or whether the natural affection to literature which had never been totally extinguished even in the barbarous ages, impels them spontaneously to application, I know not; but the Italian nobility have always distinguished themselves by cultivating and encouraging the arts and the sciences. To prove this assertion, which may perhaps surprise many of my readers, I need only observe, that many or rather most of the Italian academies were founded by gentlemen, and are still composed principally of members of that class. Such is the Arcadian academy at Rome, such the *Crusca* at *Florence*, the Olympic at *Vicenza*, the *Fisiocritici* of *Siena*, etc. To this proof, in itself sufficiently strong, I will add, that the Italian nobility has produced more authors even in our days than the same class has ever yet done in any country, not excepting our own, where they are in general the best informed. Who has not heard the names *Maffei, Carli, Rezzonico, Salluzzi, Doria, Filangieri, Alfieri?* They were all of noble birth, and have certainly done credit to it, and reflected a lustre upon their order more brilliant and more honourable than the blaze of all the coronets and all the *stars* of Europe united. Many more might be mentioned, but instead of swelling these pages with a dry catalogue of names, I shall only refer the curious reader to the lists of the various academies, (and there is scarce a town in Italy without one or more of these

literary associations) and he will find, that they consist, as I have observed, of nobles and clergy almost exclusively. I remember being present at one of the academical assemblies at *Florence;* it was crowded with members; several sonnets were recited, and some dissertations read by their respective authors. Most of the auditors and all the authors were gentlemen, as I was assured by the person who had been so obliging as to introduce us. Moreover, a taste for the fine arts, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, is almost innate in the Italian gentry, as it seems to have been in the ancient Greeks; now, a taste so refined in itself, and the result of so much observation and of so much sensibility, seems to presuppose some, and indeed no small, degree of mental cultivation, and is scarcely separable from an acquaintance with the two great sources of information, antiquities and history.

We will now pass to an accusation of a more serious nature, and consider the state of morality in Italy, as far as it regards the intercourse between the sexes: and here again, as I am persuaded that my representation will surprise many of my readers, I think it necessary to make some previous remarks. In the first place, the morality of nations is merely comparative. In all, there is too much vice, and though in some it may be more glaring than in others, yet every one has some favourite indulgence very pardonable in their own eyes, but very offensive to strangers. In the next place, sensuality, in some shape or other, seems the predominant vice of the species, and though perhaps the most degrading propensity of nature, it displays its power in every climate, at the expense of one or other of the contrary virtues. In the northern regions it has long reigned under the form of intemperance. In the southern climates, it has at all times domineered in the shape of lust. Hence, when the soft inhabitants of Italy, Spain, Greece, and Asia, *first* beheld the grim savages of the *Cimbrian Chersonesus,* they were as much surprised at their chastity, as terrified by their fierceness, and while they daily witnessed the convivial excesses of their conquerors they were astonished to see them turn away with indifference from more genial and more alluring enjoyments.

But the manners of these nations have undergone no small alteration since the fall of the Roman Empire. The arts, the sciences and the civilization of the south have visited even the polar regions, and softened the rugged hearts of their half frozen inhabitants. The Loves and Sports accompanied the muses in their northern emigration: Venus now shares the sway with Bacchus, and Pleasure in all its forms wantons even in the lap of eternal winter. The inhabitants of the north have therefore little with which to reproach those of the south, at present, especially as in adopting the vices of milder climates they still retain their native intemperance; a vice as foul in itself and as destructive in its consequences as any that has ever yet enslaved the human mind. I would infer from this





observation that it is unfair to censure the Italians for excesses common to them and to other nations, and to stigmatize them with vices which are, I fear, rather the madness of the species in general than the characteristic depravity of any particular tribe.

It must indeed be admitted, that in many of the great towns of Italy due respect is not paid to the matrimonial contract, and that a freedom of intercourse is encouraged contrary to the very nature and essence of that sacred institution. Far be it from me to palliate, even in the slightest degree, so enormous a disorder, which by poisoning domestic confidence and defeating the purposes of nuptial union, infects the very source of the happiness and even of the existence of mankind. A crime that thus runs in direct opposition to the benevolent designs of Providence, and violates one of his most holy institutions, merits unqualified detestation, and cries to heaven itself for vengeance. But I must observe, that this most criminal intercourse is, I fear, by no means peculiar to Italy, and even in Italy not so general as is commonly represented. The example of the higher class, and of those who immediately administer to their amusements, such as comedians, singers, actors, actresses, etc. is the only one known or attended to by many travellers, and that even, not always very perfectly; general conclusions are too easily drawn from a few instances; and appearances, scandalous to us, because contrary to our established customs, are sometimes too easily converted into proofs. Of this latter kind is *Cicisbeism*, or the well known practice which authorizes ladies to employ an attendant friend as their protector in public and their confidant in private, who as he performs the duties of the husband generally, is supposed sometimes to usurp his privileges. This practice is absurd, effeminate, contrary to the delicacy of one sex and to the dignity of the other, and therefore always reprehensible; and yet it is not always criminal. On the contrary, sometimes the *Cicisbeo* is a friend or a near relation, who acts as the guardian of the honour of the husband, and by his constant and watchful attendance is a pledge and security for the wife's fidelity. There are certain cities, and even in the most corrupt cities, there are some families where the occupation of *Cicisbeo* is confined to this confidential inspection, which in such circumstances is never, it is said, abused to the purposes of criminal indulgence.

On the other hand, in certain other great towns, the *Cicisbeo* enjoys all the rights of a husband without exception, and while he enjoys the wife, perhaps, of his friend, resigns his own spouse, in his turn, to the embraces of another person. How such a most prodigate exchange of wickedness, such a detestable commerce of debauchery, could have crept into a Christian country, or be tolerated even for a moment in an orderly government, is inconceivable; but its consequences were perceptible in the degeneracy of the higher classes at Venice and Naples, and the fall of these States

may be considered without presumption, as in part, the consequence and the punishment of that degeneracy.

Some writers have attributed the prevalence of this practice always indecent, and too often criminal, to the manner in which matrimonial connexions are formed in Italy, where, in general, motives of interest are alone considered, and the choice, the affection, and even the liberty of the parties are disregarded. In matrimonial arrangements between persons of rank, reasons of state, of policy, of influence, and even of convenience, are too often allowed to preponderate in most countries, to the great detriment of domestic happiness, and consequently of public morality. When in such contracts as have freedom and affection for their basis, innocent partialities are thwarted and the most delicate feelings of the human bosom are wounded, Nature will rebel, and, even at the expense of conscience, seek for comfort in connexions more congenial to its propensities. In such cases we must pity, and may almost excuse, the individual, but cannot too severely reprobate a practice that leads so directly to vice and to misery. That this most mischievous mode of contracting marriages is common in Italy, is, I believe, too true; but whether more common than in other parts of the continent I cannot take upon myself to determine. At all events, its evil effects are visible, and call aloud for reformation.

But it must be remembered, that the disorders of which I am now speaking, are confined to great cities and to the higher orders, who form a small (and fortunately a small, because too frequently a very vicious) part of the population of a country. The middling classes and the peasantry, the strength and the pride of a nation, are in Italy as chaste as persons of the same description in any, and more chaste than they are in most countries. Of the truth of this assertion few of our travellers are competent judges; acquainted principally with the tradesmen and populace of *Venice* and *Naples*, the two most corrupted capitals in Italy, they draw from them the character of the whole nation; while the middling classes of *Rome* and *Florence*, and all the inhabitants of the country are unnoticed, and generally unknown. Yet, those who have ranged through the peopled villages of the *Mantuan*, *Paduan*, *Milanese*, and *Piedmontese* territories: those who have penetrated the recesses of the *Apennines*, the *Sabine*, *Umbrian*, and *Samnite* mountains, will join the author in paying a just tribute to the innocence, to the simplicity, to the golden manners of these happy rustics. To these regions and to their inhabitants we may still, with strict propriety, apply the verses of Virgil,—

Illic saltus et lustra ferarum
Et patiens operum, parvoque assueta juventus

Sacra Deum, sanctique Patres:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus [1].

*Georg.* ii. 471...524.

ne truth is, that the country pastors watch most carefully over morals of their flocks, and caution both sexes at a very early od against the dangers and the consequences of debauchery. ne mention of the Italian peasantry naturally reminds me of industry; a virtue which may be traced over every plain, and overed on almost every mountain, from the *Alps* to the *Straits Messina*. The fertility of the plains of *Milan* is proverbial, its exuberance is not more owing to nature, than to the skill, perseverance, and the exertions of the cultivator. Hence, re the felicity of the soil seems to fail, the industry of the la- er still continues, and covers with vines and olive trees, the s of *Monte Selice*, near *Padua*, and of the *Superga* near *To*- two mountains naturally as barren as *Helvellyn* or *Penman*- r. The beauty and cultivation of the plains, which extend een the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, are too well known to be r praised or described; and he who has traversed them will be surprised that a Greek Emperor (*Michael Paleologus*) ld have supposed them in his admiration, to be the purlieus e terrestrial paradise. But Italian industry is not confined to e regions of fertility. From *Bologna* to *Loretto*, a distance of hundred and fifty miles, it has covered the coast of the *Adria*- ith rich harvests, and shaded the brows of the *Apennines* verdure and foliage. It also displays its labours to the best ntage, and every where shows in fences, canals to water the s, plantations, etc. a neatness of tillage seldom witnessed and

[1] Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound,
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship and to homely fare:
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods adder'd with rites profane . . . . .
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight. *Dryden.*

his practice of irrigation, so very common both in ancient and modern Italy, and luting so very materially to the progress of vegetation, is turned into a beau- ene by Virgil.

Et cum exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
Ecce, supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
Elicit: illa cadens raucum per devia murmur
Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
*Georgic.* lib. i. 107.

And when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watry stores; huge torrents flow,
And rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Imbibing the thirsty fever of the field. *Dryden.*

never surpassed even in the best cultivated countries. And not these regions only, but the defiles of *Seravalle*; the lovely vales of the *Arno* and of the *Clitumnus*, of *Terni* and of *Reate*; the skirts of *Vesuvius* so often ravaged and so often restored to cultivation; the orchards that blow on the steeps of *Vallombrosa*, and wave on the summits of *Monte Sumano*: Italy, all Italy, *blooming as the garden of God*, from the *Adriatic* to the *Tuscan*, from the *Alps* to the *Ionian* Sea, is a proof and a monument of the industry and intelligence of its inhabitants.

"But the Italians sleep in the middle of the day, and lie stretched out under the porticos of the churches, or under the shade of the vine, when they ought to be working; therefore they are a lazy, sluggish race." The Italians, like the Sicilians and the Greeks, follow the example of their ancestors in this respect, and only obey the call of nature, in reposing during the sultry hours, when labour is dangerous and the heat is intolerable. To compensate for this suspension, they begin their labours with the dawn, and prolong them till the close of evening; so that the Italian sleeps less and labours more in the four-and-twenty hours, than the English peasant. The Italians seem always to have been early risers, as appears from many passages in Cicero's and Pliny's letters; and a beautiful picture of domestic life drawn by Virgil, will on this occasion recur to the recollection of the reader [1]. In all warm climates, as the cool of the evening invites to amusement, so the freshness of the morning seems to call for labour and exertion: and travellers would consult both their health and their pleasure, if they would obey this call, and devote the sultry part of the day to rest, and the cool morning hours to curiosity and application. "But (say the enemies of Italy, and this indeed is the strongest argument they produce) is not beggary a proof of indolence, and in what country is a traveller so beset with beggars as in Italy? he is pursued in the streets, tormented at church, and besieged by them at home. Their importunities are encouraged by charity and pro-

[1] Inde, ubi prima quies medio jam noctis abactæ
Curriculo expulerat somnum: cum fœmina, primum
Cui tolerare colo vitam tenuique Minervâ
Impositum cinerem et sopitos suscitat ignes,
Noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
Exercet penso; castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos.
*Æn. lib.* viii. 406.

Now when the night her middle race had rode . . . .
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labour add the night;
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
*Dryd.*





voked by refusal; in short, wherever you go, you are followed and teased by a crowd of impudent and oftentimes sturdy vagrants." This statement, though highly coloured, is not exaggerated; at least, if confined to the southern provinces. In extenuation, I must observe, that if the example of the ancients, and I pretend not to make the modern Italians more perfect than their ancestors, can be admitted as an excuse, the moderns may plead it in their favour. Juvenal alone, not to load the page with useless quotations, furnishes a sufficient proof of the numbers of mendicants that crowded Rome in his time, in the following lines, which point out their stations, their gestures, and their perseverance.

> Cæcus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles
> Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
> Blandæque devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ [1].
>
> [1] *Sat.* iv. 116.

But without relying upon antiquity for an answer to this reproach, the reader must be informed, that vagrants as numerous and as troublesome may be seen in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in some parts of Germany, and let me add, in Scotland and in Ireland; so that if beggary be a proof of idleness, the inhabitants of all these countries must submit to the imputation. But, to remove a charge so insulting to the largest and most civilized portion of the inhabitants of Europe, we need but to remember, that in all these countries there is no legal provision for the poor, and that the needy and the distressed, instead of demanding relief from the parish, are obliged to ask alms of the public. Perhaps, if it were possible to calculate the number of those who live upon charity in Italy and in England, we should find no great reason to triumph in the difference. Beggary, without doubt, is sometimes the effect of individual, but cannot in justice be considered as a proof of national, idleness, since even amongst us, where ample provision is supposed to be made for all cases of distress, and where mendicancy is so strictly prohibited, yet objects in real or pretended misery so often meet the eye, and in spite of law and *police,* infest our public places.

As for the nakedness of children in Italy, the want of furniture in houses, of glass in the windows, and many other external marks of misery, every traveller knows how fallacious are such appearances, which are occasioned, not by the distress of the people, but by the mildness and the serenity of the climate. To admit as much air as possible is the object in all southern countries; and in Italy at

[1] A blind, base flatt'rer, from some bridge or gate
Rais'd to a murd'ring minister of state,
Deserving still to beg upon the road,
And bless each passing waggon and its load.

present as well as anciently, the people of all classes delight in living constantly in the open air; a custom as salubrious as it is pleasant in such a genial temperature as generally prevails beyond the *Alps*. Hence the scenes of festive enjoyment and of private indulgence are generally represented as taking place in the open air, as in the Georgics.

> Ipse dies agitat festos fususque per herbam
> Ignis ubi in medio, et socii cratera coronant [1].
>
> *Georg.* ii. 527.

And in Horace,

> Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
> Pinu jacentes, sic temere, et rosa
> Canos odorati capillos
> Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
> Potamus uncti [2]? *Carm.* lib. ii. xi.

Hence Cicero, as Plato before him, represents most of his dialogues as taking place in some rural scene, as the second *De Legibus*, in an island formed by the *Fibrenus*; the first, *De Oratore*, under a plane tree, etc. all scenes as favourable to the activity of the mind, as they are conducive to the health of the body.

After all, a foreigner who has visited some of the great manufacturing towns, and traversed the northern and western parts of the United Kingdom, may ask with surprise, what right we have to reproach other nations with their poverty and misery, when under our own eyes, are exhibited instances of nakedness, filth, and distress, exceeding all that has hitherto been related of Italy, of France, or of any country under heaven, excepting perhaps some of the Prussian territories. *Quam in nos legem sancimus iniquam!* [3].

We shall now proceed to another charge, "The Italians are

[1] Himself in rustic pomp, on holy-days,
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays,
And on the green his careless limbs displays
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
*Dryden.*

[2] Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid,
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round.
*Francis.*

[3] Alas! what laws, of how severe a strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain.
*Francis.*

ive and cruel, and too much in the habit of sacrificing life to vengeance and passion." It would almost be a pity le this charge, the supposed certainty of which has furnished e novelists, particularly those of the fair sex, with so much ch excellent matter for description; dungeons and friars, s and assassins, carcases and spectres. But, *veteres avias pulmone revello*[1]. We must leave these stories to nurses, babies of whatever age they may be, whether in or out of rsery. The Italian is neither vindictive nor cruel; he is nd passionate. His temper, like his climate, habitually d serene, is sometimes agitated by black and tremendous , and these storms, though transient, often produce most la- ble catastrophes. An unexpected insult, a hasty word, oc- s a quarrel; both parties lose their temper; daggers are , and a mortal blow is given; the whole transaction is over , that the by-standers have scarce time to notice, much less ent it[2]. The deed is considered, not as the effect of delibe- alice, but of an involuntary and irresistible impulse; and the rator, generally repentant and horror-struck at his own mad- s pitied and allowed to fly to some forest or fastness. Such ruelty of the Italians, and such the assassination too common e great towns, yet not near so common as has often been re- ted. It is the effect, not of a sanguinary, but of a fiery ; it was prevalent at all times in southern countries, and be checked by the severity and activity of a good government. the two governments under which this atrocity is the most ctive, the one is too indulgent and the other too indolent; hile the papal magistrate forgives, and the Neapolitan ne- the criminal, they both eventually encourage and propagate ime. Yet the remedy is easy and obvious. A prohibition,

[1] ——From your bosom I make bold to tear
The old-wives' prejudices rooted there.
*Howes' Translation of Persius.*

[2] author, with one of his young companions, happened to be present at a which had nearly terminated in a very tragic manner. Walking early in ning in the streets of *Antium*, he saw a man and a boy disputing; the man ldle aged and of a mild benevolent countenance, the boy stout and impudent: ne words, the man seized the boy by the collar, the boy struggled, and finding o purpose, had recourse to blows: the old man bore several strokes w th e patience, when, all on a sudden, his colour changed to a livid pale, his eyes , and every feature of his face became absolutely demoniac. He held the roat with his left hand, took his knife out of his pocket with his right, and it to his teeth to open it; the boy seemed sensible of his fate, lost all power of e, and was sinking to the ground with fear. We immediately stepped in and e man's arm, we took the knife out of his hand, and rescued the boy: the de no resistance, and seemed for some minutes totally insensible of what was

under the severest penalty, to carry arms of any description. This remedy has been applied with full success by the French, while masters of the south; and by the Austrians, while in possession of the north of Italy.

But, in justice to the Italians, every impartial traveller must acknowledge, that murder, that is deliberate assassination, is very uncommon among them; that they are very seldom prompted to it by jealousy, of which they are by no means so susceptible as some writers would persuade us, and scarcely ever tempted to it by that vile, hellish love of money, which, in France and in England impels so many miscreants, after a cool calculation of possible profit, to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow creatures. Even robbers are rarely met with at present; like the ghosts that swim in the air during the darkness of the night, they are often talked of, but never seen; and a traveller, excepting in time of invasion, war, or civic dissensions, may pass the *Alps* and the *Apennines*, and traverse the dreary *Campagna*, and the uninhabited *Paludi* (marshes), by day or by night, without alarm or molestation. I do not expect to hear the bloody scenes that stain the annals of *Florence*, *Genoa*, or *Venise*, quoted as proofs of national cruelty. Such scenes disgraced ancient Greece and Rome; stain the pages of Dutch and German, of Spanish and Portuguese history; and have been renewed in the French Revolution, with a profusion of blood, a refinement in cruelty, and an enormity of guilt unparralleled in the records of the Universe. But these crimes belong, not to the nation, but to the species. The earth, under all its climates, has too often drunk the blood of man shed by his brother, and while it cries to heaven for vengeance, proves in spite of philosophism, that man, when left to the workings of his own corrupted heart, becomes the most cruel of savages, the foulest of monsters. We may conclude, that neither the history nor the manners of Italy present more frequent or more aggravated features of cruelty than those of any other nation; and that all accusations against them on this head, are the effusions of hasty prejudice and of superficial observation.

Thus, I have now reviewed, and, I conceive, refuted the principal charges against this celebrated people. The lesser imputations, though sung by poets, repeated by novelists, and copied again and again by ephemeral tourists, may be passed over in silent contempt, as unworthy the notice of the reader and the traveller. He who, from the knavery of the innkeepers, reasons against the honesty of a nation, or judges of its character from the accomplishments of a few wandering artists, may indeed imagine that Italy is peopled with rogues and swindlers, and produces nothing but dancers and buffoons, singers and fiddlers. But, upon the same principles he must conclude, that the French nation is entirely composed of cooks and hair-dressers, and that England herself, even England, the





mother of heroes, of patriots, of statesmen, has furnished Europe with nothing more than grooms and jockies, cotton and woollen manufacturers.

What then, it will be asked, is the real character of the modern Italians? It will not, methinks, be difficult to ascertain it, when we consider the part which the modern Italians have acted in history, and compare it with the part which their ancestors performed. The latter were a bold and free people. Their love of liberty showed itself in the various commonwealths that rose up in every part of *Ausonia*, and at length it settled and blazed for ages in the Roman Republic. The former have given the same proofs of the same spirit. They have covered the face of the same country with free States, and at length beheld, with a mixture of joy and jealousy, the grand republic of *Venice*, the daughter and almost the rival of Rome, stand forward the bulwark and the glory of Italy. The ancient Romans, by their arms, founded the most extensive, the most flourishing, and the most splendid empire, that ages ever witnessed in their flight. The modern Italians, by their wisdom, have acquired a more permanent, and perhaps a more glorious dominion over the opinions of mankind, and still govern the world by their religion and their taste, by their arts and their sciences. To the ancient Italians, we owe the plainest, the noblest, the most majestic language ever spoken; to the modern, we are indebted for the softest and sweetest dialect, which human lips ever uttered. The ancient Romans raised the Pantheon; the modern erected the Vatican. The former boast of the age of Augustus, the latter glory in that of Leo. The former have given us Virgil, the latter Tasso. In which of these respects are the modern Italians unworthy of their ancestors?

Through the whole of their history we observe and applaud the same love of liberty, the same unbroken spirit, the same patriotism, the same perseverance, the same attachment to letters, the same detestation of barbarism and of barbarians; and in short, the same active, towering, and magnificent spirit, that so gloriously distinguished the Romans. How then can we presume to tax them with the feeble vices of a degraded and subjugated tribe? with ignorance, cowardice, and general degeneracy? The Italians, it is true, have never been able to unite the states of their own country, in order to give it all its force, and to enable it to exert all its energies, as the Romans did; still have they, like the Romans, succeeded in extending their conquests far and wide, and imposing a new yoke on half the nations of the world. But let it be remembered, that in the first as well as in the last of these projects, the Italians have been opposed not by their own countrymen only, but by the Germans, by the French, and by the Spaniards, no longer tribes of wandering, divided, undisciplined savages, but mighty monarchies, united each under one chief, and

employing for the attainment of its object, the numbers of ancient times directed by the skill and by the experience of modern days. With such difficulties in opposition to their vast designs, we may be allowed to doubt whether the Romans themselves would have succeeded in the conquest of the Cisalpine Gaul, and still more, whether they could ever have extended their dominion one foot beyond the precincts of Italy.

From these observations I think, I may fairly be allowed to conclude, that a nation which has thus, during so many ages, continued to act so great and so glorious a part in the history of mankind, that has thus distinguished itself in every branch of human attainment, and excelled all other people, not in one, but in every intellectual accomplishment; that such a nation must be endowed with the greatest virtues that have ever enobled any human society.

It may perhaps be asked, "why, with the same talents and with the same virtues, the Italians do not now make the same figure in the history of the world as their ancestors?" The answer appears to me obvious. To induce man to shake off his natural indolence, and to exert all his energies, either urgent pressure, or glorious rewards are necessary. Now, the ancient Romans fought first for their safety and very existence, and afterwards, when imminent danger was removed from their city, they entered the lists of fame and combated for the empire of the World. In both cases, all their powers and all their virtues were called into action, either to save their country or to crown it with immortal glory. The modern Italian has neither of these motives to arouse his natural magnanimity. His person, his property, his city even are safe, whatever may be the issue of the contests of which his country is either the object or the theatre. Whether the French or Russians, the Germans or Spaniards gain the victory, the Italian is doomed still to bear the foreign yoke. His inactivity and indifference in the struggle are therefore excusable, because prudent. *Quid interest cui serviam, clitellas dum portem meas*[1]. As for glory and empire, to them, Italy divided and subdivided as she is, and kept in a state of political palsy by the intrigues or the preponderating power of her transalpine enemies, to them Italy can have no pretension. But if some happy combination of events should deliver her from foreign influence and unite her many states once more under one head, or at least in one common cause, the cause of independence and of liberty, then Europe might confidently expect to see the spirit and the glory of Rome again revive, and the valour and perseverance which subdued the Gauls and routed the Cimbri and Teutones again displayed in chastising the insolence of the French, and in checking the incursions of the Germans. She

[1] Phœdrus.—What imports it to me who is my master, so long as I must carry my panniers?

ld rise even higher, and assuming the character, which her si-
ion, her fertility, and her population naturally give her, of um-
of the south, she might unite with Great Britain, the rival and
enemy of France, in restoring and in supporting that equili-
m of power so essential to the freedom and to the happiness of
ope.

ut whether Italy be destined to re-assume her honours, and to
y once more an age of glory and of empire; or whether she
exhausted her portion of felicity, and is doomed to a state of
eless bondage and dependence, it is not for man to discover. In
mean time, deprived of that sceptre of empire, which Heaven
e entrusted to her hand to humble the pride of tyrants and to pro-
oppress nations, to portion out kingdoms and provinces, and to
y at pleasure the dominion of the Universe, she has assumed
milder but more useful sovereignty of the intellectual world,
reigns the acknowledged queen of poetry and of music, of paint-
nd of architecture; the parent of all the sciences that enlighten,
ll the arts that embellish human life [1].

Vida, when speaking of [illegible] mental superiority, bursts into the following strains
etry and patriotism truly Virgilian. Though we cannot, perhaps, partake the
yet we may enjoy the beauty of the verse and the purity of the language.

Dii, Romæ indigetes! Trojæ tuque auctor Apollo,
Unde genus nostrum cœli se tollit ad astra,
Hanc saltem superferri laudem prohibete Latinis.
Artibus emineat semper, studiisque Minervæ,
Italia, et gentes doceat pulcherrima Roma!

Ye gods of Roman birth! and Phœbus, thou,
Beneath whose hands the Trojan city rose,
Whence sprang our glorious race, forbid at least
That this last, noblest remnant of our fame
Should e'er be lost to Latium. Italy!
In arts, in learning may'st thou still excel,
While time shall last; and thou, majestic Rome,
Be still th' instructress of the grateful world,
Though thou art Queen no more.

# CONCLUSION.

The Author has now not only closed his Italian Tour, but terminated the reflections which it naturally suggests, and he flatters himself that in his progress through the country, he has fulfilled the engagement which he entered into in the preface, and taken the ancients for his guides. In fact, however he may have been smitten with the face of nature, or delighted with the works of art, he has seldom failed to inform the reader how the writers of antiquity have described the former, and what monuments remain or are recorded, that may enter into competition with the latter. From this double comparison, which pervades the whole work, and was indeed in the Author's mind one of its principal objects, he thinks he may draw the following inferences, all three very favourable to modern Italy.

In the first place, that the scenery and the natural beauties of that country are nearly the same as they were in the times of the Romans. In the second place, that the language, manners, modes of living, and character of the modern, are nearly the same as those of the ancient Italians: and thirdly, that Italy was in general as prosperous during the years immediately preceding the French revolution, as it has ever perhaps been at any period of its history subsequent to the reign of Augustus. The first inference presents no difficulty that has not been, at least implicitly, removed either in the course of the Tour itself, or in the reflections that follow it. The second, it is conceived, follows naturally from the observations made in the body of the work, and if they be accurate, is incontestible. The third may astonish many of my readers, and as it is very opposite to our early conceptions on the subject, requires further elucidation.

Population and cultivation may be considered as the most prominent indications of prosperity, and these two objects must therefore be taken into consideration on both sides. The population of Italy under Augustus, for it continued to decline rapidly for several ages afterwards, cannot easily be ascertained; it has been stated by some writers to have amounted to six and thirty millions. I am inclined to suspect that this calculation is considerably exaggerated. We learn from Strabo, that at the period of which we are speaking, several ancient towns in Italy and particularly in *Samnium*, had either entirely disappeared, or had dwindled into vil-

lages[1]. The labours of agriculture were then carried on principally by slaves, a mode which cannot be considered as favourable to population. To this we may add, that the civil and social wars which had succeeded each other with such rapidity, and such devastation previous to Augustus's final establishment, had occasioned a diminution in population not to be replaced by the tranquillity of the latter years of that Emperor's reign[2]. Moreovor, the laws passed by that prince for the encouragement of matrimony, would never have occurred to a legislator in a country abounding in population, as the remedy is never called for, till the effects of the distemper are felt. The number of colonies, amounting to eight and twenty[3], which he established in different parts of Italy, may be considered as an evidence of depopulation, as excepting the confiscations of the triumvirate, a prince, who like Augustus, affected to govern with justice and even with clemency, could not be supposed to make room for colonies by the dispossession of the original and inoffensive proprietors. The poetic complaints of Virgil[4] refer to the same evil, and considering the accuracy of the author, may be admitted as satisfactory proofs of its reality.

In fine, the eloquent lamentations of Lucan, which I have cited

[1] Lib. v.

[2] The social war, or that between the Romans and the Italian tribes, the civil war between Marius and Sylla, between Cæsar and Pompey, between the Triumvirs and the Conspirators, and in fine, that between Augustus and Antony, all took place between the year of Rome 663 and 724, that is, in about seventy years. The first was confined to Italy, and probably contributed more to its devastation than any contest recorded in its history, not excepting even the invasion of Annibal—*Nec Annibalis nec Pyrrhi fuit tanta vastatio* *, says Florus. This sanguinary contest terminated in the total destruction of some of the most ancient nations, and not a few of the most populous cities in Italy. To these wars we may add the Servile war, and the insurrections of Spartacus, of Sestorius, and of Catilina; all of which were *civil* struggles that caused the effusion of much blood, and the devastation of considerable tracts of country. When to these active and visible causes of depopulation, we add the silent but most effectual agent of all, a general spirit of libertinism and of debauched celibacy, so prevalent among the Romans in the era of Augustus, we shall find sufficient reasons to question the great population of Italy at that period.

[3] Suetonius, Oct. Cæsar, Aug. 46.

[4]
Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos, *squallent abductis arva colonis*,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.
*Georg.* i. 506.

The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest:
The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
The crooked scythes are streighten'd into swords.
*Dryden.*

* Neither the devastations of Annibal, nor those of Pyrrhus were equal to this.

upon a former occasion, prove that in his time, though no civil war or interior calamity had intervened, the very vicinity of the Capital itself was very thinly inhabited; an evil which he poetically ascribes to one single battle in the contest which he celebrates. His words, even when a due allowance is made for the fictions of the poet, and the exaggeration of his style, bear so much upon the point, that I think it necessary to insert them.

> Non ætas hæc carpsit edax, monimentaque rerum
> Putria destituit: crimen civile videmus,
> Tot vacuas urbes. Generis quo turba redacta est
> Humani? toto populi qui nascimur orbe
> Nec muros implere viris nec possumus agros.
> Urbs nos una capit; *vincto fossore colunt ur*
> *Hesperiæ segetes;* stat tectis putris avitis
> In nullos ruitura domus[1].
>
> *Lib.* vii. 397.

Now, as to cultivation, Italy, with all its fertility, did not, it seems, produce a sufficient quantity of corn to supply the wants of her own inhabitants; for even so early as the reign of Augustus, Egypt had become the granary of the Capital, and that prince, after the defeat of Antony, employed his troops in clearing the different canals that bordered the *Nile*, in order to facilitate the transport of grain[2] from that river to *Ostia*. This evil continued to increase with singular rapidity, and Rome was frequently alarmed, and sometimes visited by famine. A stormy winter, or the continuation of an unfavourable wind in the then imperfect state of navigation, excited the most dreadful apprehensions, and sometimes roused the degenerate populace to deeds of useful violence, that the love of liberty would have ennobled and consecrated as acts of heroism. Once indeed the Emperor Claudius was assaulted, and nearly driven out of the Forum. Upon this occasion, Tacitus observes that Italy used formerly to supply distant regions with provisions, but that, in his time, instead of trusting to its fertility, the existence of the Roman people was committed to the winds and to the waves[3].

> [1] Ev'n now behold where waste Hesperia lies,
> Where empty cities shock our mournful eyes;
> Untouch'd by time, our infamy they stand,
> The marks of civil discord's murd'rous hand.
> How is the stock of human kind brought low!
> Walls want inhabitants, and hands the plough.
> Our fathers' fertile fields by slaves are till'd,
> And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd.
>
> *Rowe.*

[2] Suet. 18.

[3] At hercule olim ex Italiæ regionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus por-

Both the depopulation of Italy and the decay of cultivation are ascribed, by some authors, not to the civil wars only but to the accumulation of property, and to the extent and luxury of villas and gardens. The latter cause has always appeared to me unsatisfactory. The Roman villas were large and costly, and their gardens were extensive; but the former could not occupy many acres, and the latter, after all, mere pleasure grounds and regular walks and plantations. Parks or large enclosures, comprehending whole territories in their circumference, were, I believe, first introduced by the northern barbarians for the purpose of hunting; an amusement which, with war, constituted the whole business and employment of their existence. The Romans used to divert themselves occasionally with the chase of wild boars, but the forests which bordered the coasts of *Latium* and of *Etruria*, and the wild recesses of the *Apennines* afforded the means of that diversion in abundance, and rendered all artificial woods unnecessary.

As to villas, they were not so much spread over the whole country in the manner they are in England, as crowded together in certain fashionable regions. Thus, while the environs of Rome, the Alban Mount, the banks of the *Tiber* and of the *Anio*, and all *Campania* and its coasts seem to have been covered with seats, the recesses of *Sabina*, and the windings of the *Apennines*, though as beautiful and much cooler, and more salubrious, were almost deserted. Horace mentions only one neighbour, *Cervius*, who perhaps existed only in verse; and the younger Pliny tells us that his friends, *from the neighbouring towns*, occasionally break in upon his studies with a seasonable interruption, an expression which seems to imply that there were few or no villas in the immediate vicinity[1]. *Nulla necessitas togæ*, says the latter, in another epistle, speaking of the same villa[2], *nemo arcessitor ex proximo*[3].

That these villas were numerous it must be acknowledged, as Pliny himself had four at least, and his mother-in-law as many; Cicero had six, if not more, which, from their beauty or rather from his attachment to them, he calls *ocellos Italiæ*[4]; and as neither

hant; nec nunc infecunditate laboratur; sed Africam potius et Ægyptum exercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi Romani permissa est.—*Annal*, xii. 43.

" Formerly indeed they carried provisions from all the countries of Italy into the distant provinces; nor can we now complain of any want of fertility, but we prefer making use of Africa and Egypt, and the lives of the Roman people is committed to ships, and to the chances of the ocean. "

[1] Hor. lib. ii. Sat. vi. 77.—Plin. Epist. lib. ix. Ep. 36.

[2] Lib. v. Epist. 6.

[3] There is no occasion for the *toga* (*i. e.* to be dress) : there are no callers from the neighbourhood.

[4] The eyes of Italy.

Cicero nor Pliny were numbered among the most opulent of their time, we may suppose that persons of larger fortune possessed a greater number. But after all, a villa with merely a garden or pleasure grounds annexed, does not occupy much space in proportion to the extent of the country; nor is there any reason to believe that the most magnificent villa of the Romans covered any considerable space; since the celebrated villa Tiburtina of Hadrian, which contained not only imitations of the most remarkable edifices in the empire, but a representation of the infernal regions, and of the Elysian fields, even this imperial residence with all its appurtenances did not occupy a space of seven miles in circumference.

The accumulation of landed property therefore, or the *latifundia*, as Pliny the Elder calls overgrown estates, seems to have been a more probable cause of the evil of which we are speaking; and this cause which had reached a very alarming pitch even [illegible] the reign of Augustus, arose from the facility which the civil wars and the subsequent proscriptions afforded of amassing wealth; as the victor seldom failed to bestow the lands and houses of the vanquished upon his friends and supporters, and sometimes even upon the spies and the lowest instruments of the party. Thus we find, that the whole territory of *Cremona*, with no small portion of the neighbouring districts, was given up by Augustus Cæsar to his veterans; from this donative we may calculate the extent of his largesses to his intimate friends. What, in fact, must have been the income of Agrippa, who could erect at his own expence, and without inconvenience, such an edifice as the Pantheon, and at the same time supply Rome with more than one hundred fountains, all ornamented with columns, and with statues? We may go farther back, and date the origin of these excessive incomes so early as the usurpation of Sylla. Crassus, whose immense fortune was accumulated under the influence and perhaps from the confiscations of that Dictator, is supposed to have possessed more than five millions sterling. Antonius, Cicero's colleague, besides his estates in Italy, was proprietor of the whole island of *Cephallenia*, and had erected a new city in it at his own expence: and in the reign of Augustus, a single individual of no rank or fame, Claudius Isidorus, though he had suffered considerable losses in the course of the civil wars, left at his death four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves, three thousand six hundred yoke of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand sheep, goats, swine, etc. and in money fifteen hundred thousand pounds sterling.

This evil increased to an extent almost incredible under the Emperors; and we find in Nero's time, that six Romans, who were put to death by that tyrant from motives of avarice, were in possession of one-half of Africa! In fine, in the reign of Honorius, after the division of the empire, and indeed at the very period of its most rapid decline, a Roman patrician, or one of the first rank, was sup-





posed to enjoy an annual revenue of four hundred thousand pounds sterling, not including the provisions supplied by his estates for the use of his table. One fourth of that sum was necessary to constitute a moderate income. Now, at this very period, when the opulence of the Roman nobles was so excessive, the reader will be surprised to learn that a very considerable part of Italy, and that part the most fertile, was nearly converted into a desert. Yet that such was the fact, we find unquestionable proof in the Epistles of St. Ambrose, then Bishop of *Milan*, an eye-witness of the scene which he describes. *De Bononiensi veniens urbe a tergo Claternam, ipsam Bononiam, Mutinam, Rhegium derelinquebas; in dextera erat Brixillum; a fronte occurrebat Placentia veterem nobilitatem ipso adhuc nomine sonans: ad lævam Apennini inculta miseratus, et florentissimorum quondam populorum castella considerabas, atque affectu relegebas dolenti. Tot igitur semirutarum urbium cadavera, terrarumque sub eodem conspectu exposita funera . . in perpetuum prostrata ac diruta*[1]. This picture, though evidently copied from a well known passage in Sulpicius's Epistle to Cicero, must be considered as an exact representation, and exhibits a scene of desolation sufficiently extensive and melancholy.

But the depopulation here deplored was the result not of an incidental invasion, nor the consequence of a few disastrous years; it was the operation of the military system established under the Emperors, and had been in gradual progression during the three preceding centuries. Pliny, who wrote his natural History under Vespasian, observes, that in *Latium*, fifty-two tribes had perished utterly, *sine vestigiis*[2], and points out several towns even in *Campania* itself, that had either disappeared or were in a state of rapid decay. He also mentions several temples neglected and falling into ruin, even in places near Rome; and frequently employs such expressions as *sunt reliquiæ . . . . jam tota abiit . . . . quondam uberrimæ multitudinis*[3], etc. all of which are evidently indications of a decreasing population, and of a country on the decline.

[1] Amb. Epist. 39.—Coming from the city of Bologna, you left behind you Claterna, Bologna itself, Modena, and Rhegium; on your right was Brixillum; in front Placentia met you, whose very name proclaims her ancient nobility; on the left you viewed with pity the uncultivated districts of the Apennine, and contemplated over and over again, with sorrowful feelings, the fortified places of nations formerly flourishing and prosperous. The skeletons then of so many half-demolished cities, and the ruins of countries, are all comprehended in one view..... dilapidated and overthrown for ever.

[2] Without leaving a trace behind them.

[3] There are the remains..... has now entirely disappeared..... formerly an abundant multitude, etc.

The depopulation of Italy has, I know, been in part ascribed to the vast increase of Rome, and to the natural tendency which opulent provincials ever have to desert the *incelebrity* of their obscure country, and to establish themselves in the capital. During the era of liberty this evidently was not the case; for we not only find the Republic discharging the surplus of its population in colonies, but we are informed that the Senate, by an express order, prohibited the establishment of Italian provincials in the City, and ordered twelve thousand Latins, who had settled there, to return home. An expression of the historian, however, shows the propensity of the Italians, and the commencement of the evil[1]; yet long after this event, which took place in the year of Rome 565, many of the Italian towns were extremely populous, insomuch that *Padua* alone counted five hundred Roman knights among her citizens.

Under the Emperors, when not food only and sometimes raiment, but every convenience and almost every luxury were provided gratis for the Roman people; when baths furnished with regal magnificence were open for their accommodation, and plays and races and combats were exhibited daily and almost hourly for their amusement; when porticos and groves, and temples and colonnades, without number, offered them shade and shelter at all hours and in all seasons: in short, when a thousand fountains poured out rivers to refresh them, and all the wants of nature were supplied without labour or exertion; then the idle, the indigent, and the effeminate inhabitants of Italy, and indeed of all the provinces, flocked to Rome, and crowded its streets with an useless and burthensome multitude. To this overgrown population, thus formed of the *dregs* and the vagrancy of the subjugated countries, Seneca refers with temper, Lucan with contempt, and Juvenal with indignation.

> Non possum ferre, Quirites,
> Græcam urbem,
> Jam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes [2].
>
> *Juv. Sat.* iii. 60. 62.

It may appear singular, but it is true, that the population of Rome increased as the empire declined, and was never perhaps greater

[1] Jam tum multitudine alienigenarum urbem onerante.—*Tit. Liv.* lib. xxxix.

[2] Even at that period the city was overburthened with a multitude of aliens.

[3] I hate in Rome a Grecian town to find;
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear . . . .
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tiber's hungry shores

*Dryden.*

than during the inauspicious reign of Honorius, when the barbarians who had overrun the distant provinces made inroads into Italy itself, and forced the terrified inhabitants to seek for protection in the Capital. To ascertain the amount of this population would be difficult, especially as the most learned authors disagree in their calculations; but, whatever its amount may have been, it may justly be surmised, that it was not either at this, or at any preceding period, a very efficient cause of the depopulation of Italy. The British Capital may possibly contain as many inhabitants as Rome did during any, even the most flourishing era of its empire; and it still continues to increase both in size and in population, without any prejudice to the cultivation of the country or to the prosperity of the country towns. The real causes of the depopulation of Italy under the Emperors were the unsettled state of the Roman constitution, the accumulation and the uncertainty of property, and the pressure of taxation; evils resulting invariably from a military and a despotic government, and more destructive in their effects in one century than all the wars, famines, and pestilences that have ever afflicted mankind.

The same bane of public prosperity that preyed upon the resources of Italy under the Cæsars is now corroding the vitals of the Turkish empire, has already converted the fertiles provinces of *Asia Minor*, of *Syria*, and of *Egypt* into deserts, and will shortly devour the remaining population of *Greece*, and leave nothing behind but barren sands and silent solitudes. That the towns and even tribes mentioned by Strabo and by Pliny should have withered away and disappeared under the deadly influence of such a government; and that Italy itself, though the centre of the power and of the riches of a mighty empire, should have gradually decayed under the immediate frown of a race of tyrants, and constantly the theatre of their cruelties, of their caprice, and of their contests is not wonderful; on the contrary, it is rather surprising that it should have resisted the action of so many accumulated causes of destruction, have survived its fall, and have risen so great and so flourishing from its disasters.

At what period, or by what means the population of Italy was restored, its cultivation renewed, and new sources of wealth and prosperity opened to it, is neither my province nor my intention to inquire; but we find it in the thirteenth century covered with numerous republics, warlike and populous as the commonwealths that flourished in the same country previous to the Roman conquest, and like them engaged in perpetual contests. In the succeeding century we see it rich in commerce and in manufactures; and in the fifteenth we behold it illuminated with all the splendours of genius and of science, and shedding a light that penetrated the darkness of the benighted countries around, and roused their inhabitants from a long slumber of ignorance and of barbarism. So

great, indeed, was its literary fame during this period, and so many and so distinguished were its artists, its poets, its philosophers, that it may perhaps be doubted whether its history during the fifteenth and sixteenth century be not as instructive as that of *Greece*, even when *Greece* was most distinguished by the arts and by the talents of its inhabitants [1]. Since that period the state of Italy has indeed varied; several bloody wars have been carried on in its interior; and many of its provinces have passed under different masters. Yet, as those wars were waged principally by foreigners, and as the change of dynasties, if unaccompanied by other alterations, has little or no effect upon the welfare of a country, Italy notwithstanding these vicissitudes has continued in a state of progressive prosperity down to the latter part of the nineteenth century.

In the year 1784, Italy and its dependent islands, *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, etc. were supposed to contain from sixteen to eighteen millions of inhabitants, and it is highly probable that in the year 1796 this number was augmented to twenty millions, as no natural or artificial cause of morality visited Italy during the interval. All the Italian states were at that period governed by their own native, or at least resident princes, with the exception of *Milan*, which belonged to the House of Austria; but as the administration was conducted by an Archduke, who always kept his court in that capital, it felt little inconvenience from its dependence on a trans-alpine sovereign. All the cities, and almost all the great towns, with most places of any consideration, exist under the same name nearly as in ancient times; many of them have recovered their ancient prosperity and population, and several have considerably exceeded it. If *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Cumæ* have utterly perished in *Campania*, to compensate the loss Naples not only spreads her superabundant population over the neighbouring coasts, but over the base of *Vesuvius* itself, and raises populous and flourishing towns on the ruins of the fallen cities [2]. Rome is reduced, it is true, from a million perhaps to two hundred thousand

[1] The author of Anacharsis was so struck with the united wonders of the history of Italy at the period of which I am speaking, that he had thoughts of introducing his ideal traveller into that country instead of Greece, as affording a greater scope for useful observations on the arts and sciences, and presenting a greater variety of character and anecdote. He has left behind him a sketch of his design, which, though imperfect, yet presents a masterly combination of hints, portraits, and parallels. As it is intimately connected with the subject of these volumes, and yet far from being generally known, I have inserted it as an addional appendix.

[2] The southern provinces of Italy are possibly as well peopled now, if we except a few great towns, as they were in Roman times. Apulia was always a sheepwalk: Cicero calls it—*inanissima pars Italiæ* *. *Ad Attic.* lib. viii. epist. 3.

* The most uninhabited part of Italy.





inhabitants, and its immediate vicinity has perhaps lost one million more; but *Ancona*, on the opposite coast, is more flourishing than it was under the Cæsars; and *Loretto*, a new city, has risen in its vicinity, and now lodges fifteen thousand inhabitants on the summit of a mountain. *San Marino*, the child of Liberty, nurses her seven thousand hardy sons on a pinnacle of the *Apennines*, and all the coast of the *Adriatic* swarms with life and blooms with industry and vegetation.

*Etruria*, though not perhaps as flourishing or as populous as it was about the period of the foundation of Rome, is more so probably than it was when under the sway of the Emperors. Most of its ancient towns remain, and some are in a much more flourishing state than they were at any period of Roman history; such as *Florence*, *Sienna*, and *Lucca*. The *Maremme* or sea-shores, formerly unhealthy and thinly inhabited, are, in consequence of the establishment of the free-port of *Leghorn*, then a miserable village, now a populous city, cultivated and in a state of progressive improvement. As to the spacious plain extended between the *Alps* and *Apennines*, its ancient towns (with the exception of *Velleia*, which was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain), and all its ancient cities, are in a most flourishing state; some far more prosperous indeed than they were even in the reign of Augustus or of Trajan. Among the latter we may rank *Turin* and *Genoa*, both places of little name anciently, now populous and magnificent capitals. *Milan* itself is probably much more considerable at present than it was at either of the above-mentioned periods, though inferior, in population at least, to what it was when during the decline of the empire, it occasionally became the residence of the Emperors. The prosperity of *Bologna*, with a few exceptions, seems to have been progressive, and has long since raised it to such a degree of opulence as to appropriate to it, as its distinctive quality, the epithet of *rich*. To close the catalogue, *Venice* rises before us with its domes and towers, with its immense population and its extensive commerce, the Queen of the *Adriatic*, and the mistress of *Dalmatia*, of *Epirus* and of *Acarnania*, of the *Ionian* islands, and in the beginning of the last century, of *Peloponnesus* itself. This splendid Capital compensates the loss of *Aquileia*[1], and can count in her extensive and populous territories ten towns more considerable than that ancient metropolis of *Istria*[2]. In short, Italy, with its dependencies, in the year 1792 was supposed

[1] *Aquileia* was destroyed by Attila in the fifth century.

[2] To the barbarians, however mischievous in general, Italy, according to an Italian proverb, owes two blessings, *its modern language*, and *the city of Venice*. I do not know whether many of my readers may not consider both these blessings as purchased at too high a price.

to contain more than twenty millions of inhabitants, a population for the extent of country far superior to the best inhabitated territories, the *Netherlands* not excepted, and in all probability, if not above, at least equal to its population at any period of Roman history since Augustus[1].

As to cultivation (the second criterion of prosperity) one observation will be sufficient to decide the question in favour of modern Italy; and that is, Italy at present not only feeds her own inhabitants, but exports largely to other countries, an advantage which she never enjoyed at the period of history to which I have so often alluded. To this observation it may be added, that Italy now produces every article necessary not for the comforts only, but moreover, for the luxurious enjoyments of life; and although there, as well as in less favoured countries, fashion may often induce the opulent to have recourse to foreign markets for accommodation, yet there is not one single object requisite for either dress or furniture that may not be procured home-made in Italy. One source of riches and commerce indeed this country now enjoys, which is alone sufficient to give it commercial superiority; I mean, the silk which it produces in abundance, and which constitutes its staple manufacture. The nurture of the silkworm indeed, and the culture of the mulberry-tree on which it feeds, not only furnishes the poor of Italy with employment, but supplies its poets with a favourite and popular theme.

> Unde sacri viridem vates petiere coronam
> Et meritis gratas sibi devinxere puellas[2].
>
> *Vida. Bombycum*, lib. ii. 437.

I might pursue the subject still farther, and maintain, with some appearance of truth, that, excepting Rome, Italy is ornamented with more magnificent edifices at present than it was at any period of ancient history. The ornamental edifices of ancient times were temples, porticos, baths, amphitheatres, theatres, and circuses, to

[1] There is a circumstance mentioned by Polybius (Lib. ii.) which may be considered as furnishing a foundation for calculating the population of Italy at an early period: this author relates, that on a rumour of an approaching invasion by the Gauls, the inhabitants of Italy (an appellation which then excluded all the country lying north of the *Apennines*) brought into the field an army of more than six hundred thousand men. This force, we may reasonably suppose was the result of an extraordinary effort, and could not have been maintained as a regular army; now modern Italy, including its dependencies, could, if it formed a federative republic like Germany, support an army at least as considerable without depopulating its provinces or impoverishing its inhabitants.

[2] Hence sacred bards a verdant chaplet wove,
And bound by stronger ties the grateful fair.

which I may add, an occasional mausoleum. The magnificence of temples consists in their colonnades, which generally formed their front, and sometimes lined their sides, and the beauty of colonnades as of porticos, arises from their extent and elevation. Now temples, graced with majestic ornaments, were beyond the precincts and the immediate vicinity of Rome, certainly not common. A well-known temple of Fortune gave considerable celebrity to *Præneste;* the lofty rock of *Anxur* was crowned with the colonnades of Jupiter; and it is probable that each great city, and occasionally a promontory or a fountain, had a splendid edifice dedicated to their tutelar divinities. But the far greater part of the temples were small, sometimes deriving considerable beauty and interest from their site and their proportions, as that of *Tibur* and of *Clitumnus*, and sometimes, as seems to have been the case of most rustic fanes, without any share of either [1]. Moreover, these temples appear to have been at all times much neglected, and many of them allowed to fall into decay, as we are informed, not by Horace only [2], but by the elder Pliny, who mentions a temple in ruins so near Rome as *Ardea*.

It will, I believe, be admitted, that the Churches which rise so numerous in every part of Modern Italy, oftentimes equal the temples of old in exterior magnificence, and generally surpass them in interior decoration. Though I have excepted Rome from the comparison, yet I may safely aver that there was not anciently, even in Rome itself, one temple in magnitude comparable to the cathedral of *Florence*, or to that of *Milan*, and that few in internal beauty surpassed or even equalled that of *St. Georgio* at *Venice*, of *Sta. Giustina* at *Padua*, or of the abbey church of *Chiaravalle*.

The *pillared* portico was a peculiar feature of Roman magnifi-

[1] Pliny the Younger, by a single expression, enables us to guess at the size and furniture of a rustic temple, even when of great celebrity—"Vetus sane *et angusta*, quum sit alioquin stato die frequentissima.... Deæ signum.... antiquum *e ligno*, quibusdam sui partibus *truncatum* *." Pliny, who was about to rebuild this fane, *in melius, in majus* **, orders his architect to purchase *four* pillars for the front, and the quantity of marble sufficient to lay the pavement and line the walls.—*Lib.* ix. *Epist.* 39.

[2] Delicta majorum immeritus lues
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes deorum, etc.
*Hor.* Lib. iii. Ode 6.

Though guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till you their awful domes repair, etc.
*Francis.*

* "It is old and of small dimensions, though on the day of ceremony it is crowded to excess .... there is an ancient wooden statue of the goddess, maimed in some of its parts."

** "To improve it, and enlarge it."

cence, nor does Italy at present exhibit any thing of the kind, excepting the grand colonnade of the Vatican, forming the most extensive scene of architectural beauty in the world. In *arcaded* porticos Italy is still rich, and *Vicenza* and *Bologna* present in their celebrated galleries a length of arches not probably surpassed in ancient times.

Amphitheatres were of Roman invention, and when of great magnitude and of solid stone were most stupendous edifices. But of these the number was very small, and it may be doubted whether in all Italy there were more than three or four of the kind, two of which were in Rome, and one at *Verona*. Most, if not all the others were either of wood, like that of *Placentia*, which was burnt in the contest between Vespasian and Vitellius, or of brick like that of *Puteoli*, and numberless others unnecessary to mention [1].

The observation on the small number of magnificent amphitheatres may be applied with some restriction to theatres, many of which were of little size, and of very common materials, and contributed no more to the ornament of the country than modern edifices of the same description. The same may be said of circuses and baths, particularly the latter, which, with very few exceptions, were in provincial towns buildings of more convenience than magnificence. But to compensate the defect, if there exist any in this respect, Modern Italy possesses other edifices perhaps of equal beauty, and undoubtedly of greater utility, and of far superior interest. I allude to her abbies and to her hospitals. The former lift their venerable towers amidst her forests and her solitudes, sometimes replace the temples that crowned the pinnacles of her mountains, and open in the loneliness of the desert scenes of architecture, of literary opulence, and of religious pomp, which, contrasted with the savage features of nature around, seem almost to border on the wonders of enchantment [2]. The latter encircle her

[1] I am aware that several learned authors are of opinion, that the upper story only of the amphitheatre of *Placentia* was of wood, and that the same may be said of other similar edifices supposed to be built of the same materials. But the destruction of so large an edifice can scarce be represented by an historian so accurate as Tacitus (Tacit. Hist. ii. 21) as the conflagration of the whole; while, on the other hand, it is difficult to conceive how the appellation *pulcherrimum opus* (a most beautiful building), can be applied to a wooden pile. On the whole, as it was *consumed* by fire we must conclude that it was of wood.

[2] The site of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, on the pinnacle of the Alban Mount, is now occupied by a convent of Camaldolese monks, and the Parent Abbey of the Benedictin Order rises on the ruins of a temple of Apollo which crowned the pinnacle of Mount *Cassinum*. The reader will recollect other instances.

Some writers of more prejudice than reflection, represent these, and all similar establishments, as blots, deformities, defects, etc. but as long as painting, sculpture and architecture are held in repute; as long as agriculture and literature are considered





cities with lines of palaces, superior in size and decorations to the mansion of their sovereigns, and expand halls, libraries, fountains, and gardens for the reception, not of an idle populace, nor of parasites and buffoons, nor of actors and declaimers, but of the sick and the suffering, of the ignorant and the forlorn, of all that feel misery and want relief! If, to these edifices we superadd colleges, seminaries, and literary establishments, all institutions unknown to antiquity, and almost all of considerable magnitude and splendour, spread at present over the face of the country in every direction, and embellishing in a greater or less degree every town from *Susa* to *Rheggio*, we may perhaps no longer hesitate to allow to Modern Italy the praise even of superior embellishment. But, when with these edifices we connect the object for which they are erected, and the moral effects which they are intended to produce; when we contemplate the consequent propagation of religion and decency, of literature and humanity, the prospect still brightens upon us, and Modern Italy rises before us encircled with a lustre, that eclipses all the glories even of the Augustan age.

Such was the state of Italy during the latter period of the eighteenth century, populous and cultivated, covered with the works of art and with the monuments of glory; not only independent but extending her sway over the neighbouring coasts and islands; not only united by the same language (the most harmonious and the most copious of modern dialects), but spreading that language with all its treasures over all the wide-extended shores of the Mediterranean. But the French invasion darkened the prospect, and clouded all this scene of glory. Since this disastrous event every year has visited Italy with some additional curse in its train, and has swept away in its flight some monument of her former fame, some remnant of her late prosperity. Her cities have been plundered; her sons dragged away to bleed in the cause of their oppressors; her schools have been suppressed; her cultivation discouraged; the morals of her youth tainted, misery has thus been entailed upon future generations; and all the curses of military despotism have been inflicted upon her in all their aggravation. Of these curses the greatest and most destructive is the loss of her independence; Italy now, for the first time in the long annals of her most eventful history, is numbered among the provinces of a foreign empire. Rome, *the Princess of provinces, is become tributary;*

as advantage; and as long as the knowledge of Christianity is looked upon as a blessing; so long the great abbies will be ranked among the ornaments of Modern Italy. But, in the opinion of the authors mentioned above, the *ergastula* (work-houses) of antiquity, which may perhaps have sometimes occupied the same solitary recesses, and were the prisons of the slaves who cultivated the land, and now and then also of freemen seized by the lawless landholders on the high road, and enslaved for life, the *ergastula* might possibly be more ornamental.

the Metropolis of Christendom is degraded into the handmaid of Paris. The Roman Emperor[1], that majestic phantom that terminated with becoming dignity the grand pyramid of the European republic, has descended from his throne, and tamely resigned the crown and the sceptre of the Cæsars to a Gallic usurper[1]. Yet this pusillanimous prince, when he gave up a title which had been the ambition of the wisest and the most heroic of his ancestors, and which raised his family above all the royal dynasties of Europe, had more legions under his command than were assembled under both Cæsar and Pompey to dispute the empire of the world in the plains of *Pharsalia*. But, if Rome has to blush for the pusillanimity of her Emperor, she may justly glory in the firmness of her Pontiff, and acknowledge in Pius VII. the unconquerable soul of her ancient heroes. While all the other sovereigns of the continent bowed in silent submission to the will of the victor, and resigned or assumed provinces and diadems at his nod, the humble Pontiff alone had the courage to assert his independence, to repel indignantly the pretended sovereignty of the French despot, and to reject with contemptuous disdain both his claims and his offers.

Inconcussa tenens dubio vestigia mundo[2].

*Lucan* ii. 248.

How long this subjugation of Italy may last, it is not for human foresight to determine; but we may without rashness venture to assert, that as long as the population and the resources of Italy are annexed to the destinies of France, so long France must be triumphant. A peace that consigns the garden of Europe to the tranquil sovereignty of that overgrown and most restless Power, consigns the Continent over to hopeless slavery; and of a peace that brings such a dire disaster with it, it may justly be asserted that it will be more pernicious in its consequences than the longest and most destructive warfare.

The islands may flatter themselves in vain with the advantages of their situation; a population of sixty millions, active, warlike, and intelligent, with all the ports and all the forests of the continent at their command, with increasing experience on their side, and with

[1] The Roman has thus subsided in the French Empire, and Napoleon affects to reign the founder of a new monarchy, and the rival, not the successor of the Cæsars. This attempt to make France the seat of empire is the second on record. The first was made during the distractions that accompanied the contest between Vespasian and Vitellius. Though successful at first, it soon terminated in disgrace and discomfiture, and the empire of the Gauls vanished before the genius of Rome.—*Tacit. Hist.* iv. It is to be wished, for the sake of the human race at large, that this second attempt at universal dominion may meet with the same fate!

[2] Unmov'd amid the storms that shook the world.

the skill and the valour of transatlantic mariners in their favour, must at length prevail, and wrest the trident even from the mighty hand of Great Britain.

When we contemplate the page of history, and see how intimately happiness seems connected with misfortune, and how closely glory is followed by disaster; when we observe the prosperity of a country suddenly checked by invasion, the most civilized regions opened as if by the hand of Providence to a horde of barbarians, and all the fair prospect of peace and felicity blasted in the very moment of expansion, we are tempted to indulge a sentiment of despondency, and mourn over the destiny of our species. But the philosopher who admires the wisdom and the goodness of the Divine Being stamped on the face of nature, and reads them still more forcibly expressed in the Volume of inspiration, will ascribe to design that which folly might attribute to chance; he will discover in the histories of nations, as in the lives of individuals, the prudent discipline of a father inuring his sons to patience and to exertion; repressing their petulence by timely chastisements; encouraging their efforts by occasional success; calling forth their powers by disasters and disappointments; allowing the mind seasons of peace and prosperity to mature its talents; and, when it has attained the highest point of perfection allotted to human endowment in this state of trial, changing the scene, and by new combinations of nations and of languages, calling forth the energies of other generations; and thus keeping the human heart and intellect in constant play and uninterrupted progress towards improvement.

# APPENDIX.

## *On the Pope, the Roman Court, Cardinals, etc.*

The subject of the following pages, though not strictly speaking included in the plan of a *Classical* Tour, is yet intimately connected with the destinies of Rome. For the former reason I have omitted these observations in the body of the work; and for the second, I think it necessary to insert them here; especially as many of my readers, though they may have heard much of the matter, yet may possibly be very superficially acquainted with the things themselves. Such therefore as may have any curiosity to satisfy, or any wish to acquire more information on the subject, will perhaps peruse the following pages with some interest.

The person of the Pope may be considered in two very different capacities, as temporal sovereign of the Roman territory, and as chief Pastor of the Catholic Church. The confusion of these characters has produced much scandal in past ages, and in more modern times, has occasioned much misrepresentation and not a little oppression. To draw the line therefore, and to enable the reader to discriminate the rights annexed to these different characters, may be considered not only as necessary in a discourse which treats of the Roman Court, but as a debt due to the cause of truth and benevolence. That such a combination of spiritual and temporal power may occasion a mutual reaction on each other, and that it has had that effect not unfrequently, must be admitted: whether it may not on that very account be, in some degree, mischievous, is a question which we are not here called upon to discuss, especially as this union forms no part of Christian or Catholic discipline; and however decorous or advantageous the independence of the first Pastor be supposed, yet it is confessedly no necessary appendage of his spiritual jurisdiction. I shall treat of the spiritual character first, as that is the essential and distinguishing privilege claimed by the Roman See, and then speak of the temporal power which it has acquired in the lapse of ages.

Now, in order to give the Protestant reader a clear and precise idea of the rights which every Catholic considers as inherent in the Roman See, or to speak more correctly, in the successor of St. Peter, it will be necessary to observe, that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, Metropolitan and Primate of Italy, of Sicily, and of Macedonia, etc. and Patriarch of the West; that in each of these capacities he enjoys the same privileges and the same authority as are enjoyed by other Bishops, Metropolitans, Primates, and Patriarchs in their respective dioceses and districts; that his authority, like theirs, is confined within certain limits marked out by ancient custom, and by the ca-





nons; and that like theirs also, it may be modified or suspended, by the Church at large. I shall only add, that as Patriarch of the West, the Pope enjoys a pre-eminence elevated enough to satisfy the wishes of the most ambitious prelate, as by it he ranks before all western ecclesiastics, and takes place and precedency on all public occasions.

But the Roman Pontiff claims honours still more distinguished, and as successor of St. Peter is acknowledged by the Catholic Church to sit as its first Pastor by divine institution. As it is not my intention to exhibit either proofs or objections, but merely to state an article of belief, I shall as the best and most satisfactory method give it in the words of a general council [1].

" Item, definimus Sanctam Apostolicam Sedem et Romanum Pontificem in universum orbem tenere Primatum, et ipsum Pontificem Romanum Successorem esse beati Petri, Principis Apostolorum, et verum Christi Vicarium, totiusque Ecclesiæ Caput, et omnium Christianorum Patrem et Doctorem existere; et ipsi in beato Petro pascendi, regendi, ac gubernandi universalem ecclesiam a Domino nostro Jesu Christo plenam potestatem traditam esse, quemadmodum etiam in gestis Œcumenicorum conciliorum et in sacris canonibus continetur. Renovantes insuper ordinem traditum in canonibus cæterorum venerabilium Patriarcharum; ut Patriarcha Constantinopolitanus secundus sit post sanctissimum Romanum Pontificem, tertius vero Alexandrinus, quartus autem Antiochenus, et quintus Hierosolymitanus; salvis videlicet privilegiis omnibus et juribus eorum [2].

According to this canon the Pope enjoys, by the institution of Christ, the primacy of honour and jurisdiction over the whole Christian Church, and to refuse it to him would be deemed an act of rebellion [3]. But no authority has yet determined, and it seems indeed very difficult to fix, the precise rights and prerogatives which are conferred by this primacy, and are so inseparably annexed to it, that to oppose their exercise or to deny their existence would be either schism or heresy. Suffice it to say, that the greater part of the powers exercised by the Popes, and especially those acts which have been considered as the most offensive in themselves as well as galling to other bishops, are allowed to be of human institution. In fact, the object of the ca-

[1] General Council of *Florence*.

[2] Also, we declare the Apostolic See, and the Roman Pontiff, to have the primacy over all the world, and the Roman Pontiff himself to be the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the true Vicar of Christ, and the head of the whole Church, and the father and teacher of all Christians; and that to him, in St. Peter, was given by our Lord Jesus Christ, the full power of feeding, directing, and governing the universal church, as is also contained in the acts of the œcumerical councils, and in the sacred canons: Renewing moreover the rank of the other venerable Patriarchs handed down in the canons; so that the Patriarch of Constantinople be the second after the most holy Roman Pontiff, that of Alexandria the third, that of Antioch the fourth, and that of Jerusalem the fifth, the rights and privileges of all of them being inviolate.

[3] See on this subject, *Divinæ fidei Analysis*, etc. by Holden, a pious and learned divine of the *Sorbonne*.

tion above-mentioned, as also of the article corresponding with it in the creed of Pius IV. seems to have been solely to ascertain the existence of a *divinely* appointed superior in the Catholic Church, leaving in the interim the mode of exercising his prerogative in the canon and the discipline of the same Church, to be enlarged or restrained as its exigencies may require.

But though no temporal advantages are originally, or by its institution, annexed to it, yet it is evident that such an elevated dignity must naturally inspire reverence, and consequently acquire weight and consideration. Influence, at least in a certain degree, must accompany such consideration, and give the spiritual pastor no small degree of worldly importance. We accordingly find, that even in the very commencement of Christianity the Bishop of Rome [illegible] become a conspicuous personage, so far as to attract the attention of the Emperors, and sometimes, if the expression of an ancient writer be not a rhetorical exaggeration, to awaken their jealousy.

When the Emperors embraced Christianity, it may easily be imagined, that the successor of St. Peter acquired an increase of temporal weight and dignity: and it has been observed, that the Pagan historians speak with some asperity of the splendour of his retinue and of the delicacy of his table. This splendour can excite no astonishment. The first pastor of the religion of the Emperors might justly be ranked among the great dignitaries of the empire; he had free access to the person of the sovereign, and was by him treated with filial reverence: his palace and his table were frequented by the first officers of the state, and to support his dignity in their company might, perhaps justly, be considered as one of the duties of his station. We cannot suspect the Popes of that period, such as St. Sylvester, St. Damasus, Gelasius, Leo the Great, etc. of such contemptible vices as either luxury or ostentation; simple and disinterested all through life, they could not be supposed to resign their habitual virtues in their old age, and to commence a career of folly when seated in the chair of St. Peter. But they knew human nature, and very prudently adapted their exterior to that class of society which they were destined to instruct.

But besides the consideration inseparable from the office itself, another source of temporal greatness may be found in the extensive possessions of land, and in the great riches in plate, of the Roman Church itself. These riches were considerable, even under the Pagan Emperors and during the persecutions, as we may presume from various passages in ancient authors [1], and they were not a little increased by the liberal donations of the Christian princes, and particularly of Constantine the Great. The invasion of the barbarians, without doubt, might occasionally lower the produce of these lands, and their rapacity might lessen the quantity of plate; yet not in the same proportion in which it affected the lands and the properties of the laity, as great respect was in general shown to the tombs of the Apostles, and to the sanctuaries of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John Lateran. So far, indeed, was this veneration sometimes carried by these invaders, that

[1] Prud. Lib. Περι στεφανων, 2. D.S. Laurentio.

the fierce Genseric himself not only spared the great Basilicæ, but during all the horrors of a week's plunder, respected the persons and the property placed within their precincts. Hence the Roman Church, after repeated invasions, after the establishment and the reigns of a race of barbarian monarchs, and even after the destructive vicissitudes of the Gothic war, which gave the last blow to the prosperity and to the fortunes of Italy, still retained extensive possessions, not in Italy only, but in Sicily and other more distant provinces. This fact we learn from the epistles of Gregory the Great, who employed the vast income, of which he was the administrator, in supporting many illustrious families reduced to misery, and in relieving the distress of the people labouring under the accumulated pressure of war, of famine, and of pestilence. When such riches are so employed, it is no wonder that the public should look with reverence and affection to the hand that dispenses them, and be disposed to transfer their allegiance from a sovereign remote, weak, and indifferent, to their Pastor, who relieved them by his generosity, directed them by his prudence, and protected them by his talents and by his authority. Such was the part which Gregory acted during his pontificate. He was by birth a Roman patrician, and took a deep interest in the misfortunes of his country; he was placed by his rank and education on a level with the greatest characters of the age, and had been early employed in the management of public affairs; he had thus acquired the address of a courtier with the experience of a statesman : when raised to the pontificate he found in the disastrous state of Rome and Italy, sufficient opportunities of displaying these talents to the best advantage, and for the noblest object; and by them he saved his country from the intrigues of the imperial court, from the weakness and the wickedness of the Exarchs, and from the fury of the *Longobardi*, then a recent and most savage horde of invaders.

From this period, though the Greek Emperors were the nominal, yet the Popes became the real and effective sovereigns of Rome; and attached to it as they generally were by birth, and always by residence, duty, and interest, they promoted its welfare with unabating and oftentimes, successful efforts. Upon the merit of these services therefore, and the voluntary submission of an admiring and grateful flock rests the original and best claim which the Roman Pontiffs possess to the temporal sovereignty. But though this sovereignty was enjoyed, many years elapsed before it was avowed, on the side of the Pontiff, or admitted on that of the Emperor, and many more ages before it was fully and finally established on a solid and unshaken basis.

The German Cæsars continued long to assert their supreme dominion over the metropolis as the Capital of their empire : the Roman barons, a proud and ferocious aristocracy, often defied the authority of their weak Pontiffs; and the Roman people itself, though willing to submit to the councils of a father, frequently rebelled against the orders of a prince. It will not appear singular, that these rebellions, or to speak more fairly, these acts of opposition to the temporal dominion of the Popes were never more frequent than during the reigns of those Pontiffs, whose characters were the most daring, and whose claims were the most lofty. In fact, from the tenth century, when the

Popes began to degenerate from the piety of their predecessors [1], and to sacrifice their spiritual character to their temporal interests, Rome became the theatre of insurrection, warfare, and intrigue; and continued so with various intervals of tranquillity occasioned by the intervening reigns of milder Pastors, till the sixteenth century, when they resumed the virtues of their early predecessors, and by them regained the veneration and the affection of their flocks. Since that period the Pope has reigned Pastor and Prince, an object at once of the reverence and of the allegiance of the Roman people, seldom alarmed by foreign invasion, or insulted by domestic insurrection: devoted to the duties of his profession, the patron of the arts, the common father of Christendom, and the example and the oracle of the Catholic Hierarchy.

But though the Pope is both Bishop and Prince, yet his titles, dress, equipage, and the whole ceremonial of his court, are adapted to the first of these characters. He is styled Holiness, the Holy Father, and sometimes in history the Sovereign Pontiff; but the former appellations, as more appropriate to his duties and functions, are exclusively used in his own court. His robes are the same as those of a bishop in pontificals (excepting the stole and the colour, which is white not purple). His vestments when he officiates in church as well as his mitre do not differ from those of other prelates. The *tiara* seems originally to have been an ordinary mitre, such as is still worn by the Greek Patriarchs. The three circlets, which have raised it into a triple crown, were added at different periods, and it is said, for different mystic reasons. The first or lowest seems to have been originally a mere border, gradually enriched with gold and diamonds. The second was the invention of Boniface VIII. about the year 1300; and to complete the mysterious decoration, the third was superadded about the middle of the fourteenth century. The use of the *tiara* is confined to certain extraordinary occasions, as in most great ceremonies the Pope uses the common episcopal mitre.

Whenever he appears in public, or is approached even in private, his person is encircled with reverence and with majesty. In public, a large silver cross raised on high is carried before him, as a sacred banner, the church bells ring as he passes, and all kneel in his sight. When he officiates at the patriarchal Basilicæ he is carried from his apartments in the adjoining palace to the church in a chair of state; though in the chancel his throne is merely an ancient episcopal chair, raised only a few steps above the seats of the cardinals or clergy. In private, as the pontifical palaces are vast and magnificent, there are perhaps more apartments to be traversed, and greater appearances of splendour in the approach to his person, than in an introduction to any other sovereign. In his antichamber, a prelate in full robes

[1] This fact will not be contested by the most zealous partisan of the papal prerogative; if it should be, the author need only appeal to Baronius, who, speaking of the tenth century, observes—*Pontifices Romanos a veterum pietate degenerasse, et principes sæculi sanctitate floruisse.*

"That the Roman Pontiffs had fallen off from the piety of their predecessors, and the secular princes were eminent for sanctity."

is always in waiting, and when the bell rings, the door of the pontifical apartment opens, and the Pope is seen in a chair of state with a little table before him. The person presented kneels once at the threshold, again in the middle of the room, and lastly, at the feet of the Pontiff, who, according to circumstances, allows him to kiss the cross embroidered on his shoes, or presents his hand to raise him. The Pontiff then converses with him a short time, and dismisses him with some slight present of beads, or medals, as a memorial. The ceremony of genuflection is again repeated, and the doors close [1].

The pomp which environs the Pontiff in public, and attracts the attention so forcibly, may perhaps appear to many a glorious and enviable distinction; but there are few, I believe, who would not, if accompanied by it in all the details of ordinary life, feel it an intolerable burthen. Other sovereigns have their hours of relaxation; they act their part in public, and then throw off their robes, and mix in the domestic circle with their family or their confidants. The Pope has no hours of relaxation; always encumbered with the same robes, surrounded by the same attendants, and confined within the magic circle of etiquette, he labours for ever under the weight of his dignity, and may, if influenced by ordinary feelings, often sigh for the leisure and the insignificance of the college or the cloister. A morning of business and application closes with a solitary meal; a walk in the gardens of the *Quirinal* or the *Vatican*, a visit to a church or an hospi-

[1] Some Protestants have objected to this ceremony, which, after all, is only a mark of respect formerly paid to every bishop *, and still kept up in a court tenacious of its ancient observances. *It is said*, that Horace Walpole, when presented to Benedict XIV. stood for some time in a posture of hesitation, when the Pope, who was remarkable for cheerfulness and humour, exclaimed, "*Kneel down, my son, receive the blessing of an old man; it will do you no harm!*" upon which the young traveller instantly fell on his knees, and was so much pleased with the conversation and liveliness of Benedict, that the took every occasion of waiting upon him, and testifying his respect during his stay at Rome. In truth, English gentlemen have always been received by the Popes with peculiar kindness and condescension, and every indulgence is shown to their opinions, or, as the Romans must term them, their prejudices and even to their caprices.

The custom of being carried in a chair of state has also given offence, and is certainly not very conformable to the modern practice even of courts, however it is another remnant of ancient manners, a mode of conveyance (less luxurious indeed) copied from the *lectica* (sedan), so much in use among the Romans. In the earlier ages, the custom of the Popes as of other bishops was to pass from the sacristy through the church on foot **, leaning on two priests, and thus advance to the altar; a custom more conformable to Christian humility, and to the simplicity not only of ancient but of modern times. In fact, in all the ceremonial of the Roman Church and Court, the only parts liable to misrepresentation or censure, are certain additions of later times, when, in religious pomps and court pageants, in dress and in style, all was inflated and cumbersome. The rule of reform is easy and obvious; to prune off the excrescences of barbarous ages, and to restore the simple forms of antiquity.

* Fleury, Mœurs des Chrétiens, xxxii. ad finem.

** Ordo Rom. Primus et Secund. *Mus.* &c.

tal, are his only exercices. Devotion and business, the duties of the Pontiff and of the Prince, successively occupy his hours, and leave no vacant interval for the indulgence of the taste, or for the arrangement of the affairs of the individual. What honours can compensate for a life of such restraint and confinement!

I have said a solitary meal, for the Pope never dines in company; so that to him a repast is no recreation; it is consequently short and frugal. Sixtus Quintus is reported to have confined the expences of his table to about sixpence. Innocent XI. did not exceed half-a-crown; and the present Pontiff, considering the different valuation of money, equals them both in frugality, as his table never exceeds five shillings a day. These unsocial repasts may have their utility in removing all temptations to luxurious indulgence, and all opportunities of unguarded conversation; two evils to which convivial entertainments are confessedly liable. Yet, when we consider on the one side the sobriety and the reserve of the Italians, particularly when in conspicuous situations, and on the other the number of men of talents and information that are to be found at all times in the Roman court, and in the college of cardinals, we feel ourselves disposed to condemn an etiquette which deprives the Pontiff of such conversation as might not only afford a rational amusement, but oftentimes be made the vehicle of useful hints and suggestions. Another advantage might result from a freer communication; the smiles of greatness call forth genius; admission to the table of the Pontiff might revive that ardour for literary glory, which distinguished the age of Leo X. and might again perhaps fill Rome with Orators, Poets, and Philosophers. And though we applaud the exclusion of buffoons and pantomimes, and the suppression of shows and pageantry, yet we may be allowed to wish that the halls of the Vatican again resounded with the voice of the orator, and with the lyre of the poet; with the approbation of the Court, and with the plaudits of the multitude. But can Rome flatter herself with the hopes of a third Augustan age?

On the whole, the person and conduct of the Pope, whether in public or in private, are under perpetual restraint and constant inspection. The least deviation from strict propriety or even from customary forms, would be immediately noticed, published, and censured in pasquinades. Leo X. loved shooting, and by the change of dress necessary for that amusement, gave scandal. Clement XIV. (*Ganganelli*) was advised by his physicians to ride; he rode in the neighbourhood of his *Alban Villa*, and it is said, offended the people of the country not a little by that supposed levity. Benedict XIV. wished to see the interior arrangement of a new theatre, and visited it before it was opened to the public; the next morning an inscription appeared over the door by which he had entered, *Porta Santa* [1]; *plenary indulgence to all who enter*. These anecdotes suffice to show the joyless uniformity of the papal court, as well as the strict decorum that pervades every department immediately connected with the person of the Pontiff.

Some centuries ago the Popes considered themselves authorised,

[1] The Holy Door.

by their temporal sovereignty, to give the same exhibitions and tournaments, and to display the same scenes of festivity and magnificence in the Vatican, as were beheld at the courts and in the palaces of other princes; nor did such ill-placed pageants seem at that period to have excited surprise or censure. But the influence of the Council of Trent, though its direct interference was indignantly repelled, reached the recesses of the pontifical palace, and the general rigour of discipline established by it, ascended from the members to the head, and at length pervaded the whole body. Hence the austere features of the papal court, and the monastic silence that reigns through the vast apartments of the *Vatican* and of the *Quirinal* palaces; and hence also the solitary repasts and the perpetual abstemiousness of the Pontiff's table.

I mean not, however, to insinuate that the private virtues of the Popes themselves have no share in this system of frugality and decorum, as that is by no means the truth. Temperance is a general virtue in Italy, and independent even of the national character, the Popes have long been remarkable for their personal abstemiousness. The present Pontiff in particular, inured to monastic discipline from his youth, and long accustomed to the plainest diet, owes, probably, the extreme temperance by which he is distinguished, to habit as much as to principle, and can feel little inclination to exchange his slight and wholesome repasts for the pleasures of a luxurious table. But, to whatever cause it may be attributed, this truly episcopal spirit and appearance are edifying, and must extort the applause of every traveller, who, however unwilling he may be to acknowledge the Pontiff as the first Pastor of the Christian Church, must confess, that his mode of living and appearance are not unworthy of that sacred character.

To speak of the prerogative of the Pontiff as a sovereign is scarcely necessary, as it is known to be uncontrolled by any legal or constitutional authority; a despotism, which, though mildly exercised, is diametrically opposite both to the interests of the people and to the personal happiness of the prince himself. The mischiefs that result from thence to the former are obvious; while the latter, if alive to sentiments of religion and of moral obligation as the modern sovereigns of Rome must unquestionably be, cannot but tremble under the weight of a responsibility so awful thus confined to his own bosom. To share it with the best and wisest members of the State is safe, and would at the same time be so glorious, that we should be tempted to wonder that the experiment had never been tried, if every page in history did not prove how sweet despotic sway is to the vitiated palate of Sovereigns. But, if ever any monarch had either an apportunity or an inducement to realize the generous plan formed by Servius Tullius of giving liberty and a constitution to his people, the Popes, we should imagine, could have wanted neither.

In the middle ages when even Rome itself was infected with the barbarism and the licentiousness of the times, the Romans may perhaps have been incapable of governing themselves with prudence and consistency. The Barons were perhaps too powerful, the people too ignorant, to bear, or to appreciate the blessings of equal laws and of

representative administration. (I have said perhaps, because experience has long since proved that the best instrument of civilization is liberty.) But surely this objection is not applicable to the Romans of the present age, whether nobles or plebeians; the former, are calm and stately; the latter, serious and reasonable; forming a nation well calculated to exercise the rights and to display the energies of a free people. The cardinals and the first patricians would constitute a wise and illustrious senate, and the people might exercise their powers by a representative body, the materials of which may be discovered in every street in Rome, and in every town and almost village in its dependent provinces. The Pontiff, a prince without passions, without any interest but that of his people, without any allurement to vice, and any bias to injustice, must surely be a fit head to such a political body, and calculated to preside over it with dignity and effect. Thus the *Senatus Populusque Romanus* [1], now an empty name, would again become a mighty body; the rich and beautiful territory under its sway would again teem with population; its influence or its power might once more unite Italy in one solid mass, and direct its energies in union with Great Britain, its natural ally, against the common enemy of Italy, of Great Britain, and of mankind.

But to turn from visions too prosperous to be realized, we shall proceed to the College of Cardinals, the real senate of modern Rome, and the council of the Pontiff. The title of cardinal was originally given to the parochial clergy of Rome: it seems to have been taken from the imperial court, where, in the time of Theodosius, the principal officers of the state had that appellation added as a distinction to their respective dignities. The number of titles, or churches which gave a title to this dignity, is seventy-two, including the six suburban bishoprics; their principal and most honourable privilege is that of electing the Pope; and it is easy to conceive that their dignity and importance increased with that of the Roman See itself, and that they shared alike its temporal and its spiritual pre-eminence. As they are the counsellors, so they are the officers of the Pontiff, and are thus entrusted with the management of the church at large and of the Roman State in particular.

In the middle ages, when the Roman Bishop seemed to engross to himself the government, both spiritual and temporal, of Christendom, and acted at once with all the power and authority of Emperor and of Pontiff, the cardinalate became the next most conspicuous dignity, and rivalled, sometimes eclipsed the splendour of royalty itself.

Even after the plenitude of papal power had been retrenched, and the reformation had withdrawn so many provinces from its dominion, the purple retained its lustre, and a cardinal still continued to rank with princes of the blood royal. This honour they possess even in our times, and in spite of the revolution itself, they enjoy it in such courts as are not immediately under French control. Thus the College of Cardinals has made a conspicuous figure in Europe for the space of at least one thousand years. The Roman Senate itself can

[1] The Senate and People of Rome.





scarce be said to have supported its fame and grandeur for so long a period; in dignity, rank, talents, and majesty, the sacred College is worthy to succeed and to represent that august assembly.

One of the advantages, or rather the peculiar glory of this body, is that it admits men of eminence in virtue, talents, or rank, without any regard to country or nation; thus paying a tribute to merit in opposition to local prejudices, and inviting genius from every quarter of the globe, to receive the honours, and at the same time to increase the lustre of the Roman purple. The classic writers of the age of Leo, while they beheld so many distinguished characters collected in this assembly, and while they received so much encouragement from its learned members, looked up to it with reverence and affection, and joyfully applied to it the titles and the appellations of the ancient senate. It was with them the *amplissimus cœtus, imperii et rationis arx—portus omnium gentium—Orbis terrarum concilium*[1], etc. Its members were the *purpurati patres—gentium patroni—Urbis principes*, etc.[2] It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise that this dignity should at all times have been the object of ecclesiastical ambition, and been accepted with joy by the sons even of the first monarchs in Europe.

The cardinals are named by the Pope, though all the Catholic Powers are allowed to recommend a certain number. Some hats are generally kept in reserve in case of any emergency, so that the number is seldom full. The nomination is not often abused, and the honour so rarely misplaced, that the public has not been known to complain for a long lapse of years.

The grand assembly of the cardinals is called the Consistory, where the Pontiff presides in person. Here they appear in all the splendour of the purple and form a most majestic senate, such as might almost justify the emphatical expression of the Greek Orator. But this assembly is not precisely a council, as it seldom discusses, but witnesses the ratification of measures previously weighed and adopted in the cabinet of the Pontiff. Here therefore public communications are announced, foreign ambassadors received, cardinals created, formal compliments made and answered, in short, the exterior splendour of sovereignty is displayed to the public eye. But the principal prerogative of a cardinal is exercised in the Conclave, so called because the members of the sacred college are then confined within the precincts of the great halls of the *Vatican* palace, where they remain immured till they agree in the election of a Pontiff. The halls are divided into temporary apartments; each cardinal has four small rooms, and two attendants called conclavists. The Senator of Rome, the conservators, and the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, then in the city, guard the different entrances into the conclave, and prevent all communication. These precautions to exclude all undue influence and intrigue, from such an assembly, on such an occasion, though not

[1] The most august assembly, the metropolis of empire and of reason—the refuge of all nations—the council of the world, etc.

[2] The purpled fathers—the patrons of nations—the princes of the city, etc.

always effectual, deserve applause. However, the clashing interests of the different courts are so well poised, that even intrigue can do but little mischief; for if the cardinals attached to any sovereign make particular efforts in favour of any individual of the same interest, they only awaken the jealousy and rouse the opposition of all the other courts and parties. The choice generally falls on a cardinal totally unconnected with party, and therefore exceptionable to none, exempt from glaring defects, and ordinarily remarkable for some virtue or useful accomplishment, such as learning, dignity, moderation, firmness.

It is not my intention to specify all the forms of *etiquette* observed, or the ceremonies practised during the process, or at the conclusion of the election; two or three however I must notice for reasons which will appear sufficiently obvious; one is the custom of putting the tickets containing the votes of the cardinals on the *patina* (or communion plate) and then into the chalice: now, however important these votes may be, and however intimate their connexion with the welfare of the Church, yet to apply to them the vases devoted in a peculiar manner to the most awful institutions of religion, seems to pass beyond disrespect, and almost to border on profanation. The next ceremony to which I have alluded, is that called the adoration of the Pope; it takes place almost immediately after his election, when he is placed in a chair on the altar of the Sixtine chapel, and first receives the homage of the cardinals: this ceremony is again repeated on the high altar of St. Peter's. Now in this piece of pageantry, I object not to the word *adoration;* no one who knows Latin, or reflects upon the sense which it bears on this and on a thousand other occasions, will cavil at it, though he may wish it otherwise applied. Nor do I find fault with the throne; he who is at the same time both Pontiff and Prince has, from time and custom, perhaps a double title to such a distinction. But why should the altar be made his footstool? the altar, the *beauty of holiness*, the throne of the *victim*[1] *lamb*, the *mercy seat* of the temple of Christianity; why should the altar be converted into the footstool of a mortal?

I mean not, however, while I condemn this ceremony to extend the censure to those who practise or who tolerate it. Besides the difficulty of altering an ancient rite (if this piece of pageantry deserve that epithet), the world is too well acquained with the virtues of the late Pontiffs to suspect them of want of humility. To conform to an established custom, and to refer the honour to him whom they represent, the *Prince of Pastors* and the *Master of Apostles*, appears perhaps to them a greater act of humility than to excite surprise, and perhaps to give offence, by an untimely and unexpected resistance. Be the mo-

[1] Hic suâ pascit populos fideles
Carne, qui mundi scelus omne tollit
Agnus, et fusi pretium cruoris
Ipse propinat. *Hym. Ded.*

The Lamb that takes away the stain
Of earthly guilt, here feeds his train
With his own flesh, celestial food!
And gives, to quench their thirst, his blood.

tives of toleration however what they may, the practice is not edifying to any, it is offensive to most, and of consequence, as producing some evil and no good, it ought to be suppressed.

The last ceremony which I shall notice is the following. As the new Pontiff advances towards the high altar of St. Peter's, the master of the ceremonies kneeling before him, sets fire to a small quantity of tow placed on the top of a gilt staff, and as it blazes and vanishes in smoke, thus addresses the Pope, *Sancte Pater! sic transit gloria mundi!* [1] This ceremony is repeated thrice. Such allusions to the nothingness of sublunary grandeur have, we all know, been introduced into the ceremonials of royal pageantry both in ancient and modern times; nor is it mentioned here as a novelty, but as a proof of the transcendent glory which once encompassed the papal throne. —*Nemo est in mundo sine aliqua tribulatione vel angustiâ, quamvis Rex sit vel Papa* [2] —*De Imit. Christi.* i. 22. The pontifical dignity was then, it seems, supposed to be the complement and perfection of regal and even imperial power.

Yet there is no sovereign who seems to stand in so little need of this lesson as the Roman Pontiff. The robes which encumber his motions, the attendants that watch his steps, and the severe magnificence that surrounds him on all sides, are so many mementos of his duties and of his responsibility; while the churches which he daily frequents lined with monuments that announce the existence and the short reigns of his predecessors; nay, the very city which he inhabits, the sepulchre of ages and of empires, the sad monument of all that is great and glorious beneath the sun, remind him at every step of fallen grandeur and of human mortality. One lesson more the Pontiff is now destined to receive daily, and that is of all others the most impressive and most mortifying; power escaping from his grasp, and influence evaporating in the shadow of a name. *Sic transit gloria mundi* [3].

Of the retinue and procession of the Pontiff at the inauguration I shall say no more; but of the ceremonial of the Roman Court in general merely give the opinion of the most intelligent of French travellers in his own words, after having observed that to the eye of an Englishman, though as partial to pomp and stateliness as the native of a northern region can be, the effect would be increased if the quantum of ceremony were considerably diminished. *La pompe qui environne le Pape, et les cérémonies de l'Eglise romaine sont les plus majestueuses, les plus augustes, et les plus imposantes qu'on puisse voir* [4].

[1] Holy Father! so passes away the glory of this world.

[2] There is no man in the world without some tribulation and distress, although he be a King, or a Pope.

[3] So transitory is this world's glory.

[4] *La Lande.*—The pomp which surrounds the Pope, and the ceremonies of the Roman church, are the most majestic, the most august, and the most imposing, that it is possible to see.

The reader will perhaps be surprised to find no account of various observances, of

From the state and the exterior of the Popes in general, we will now pass to the person and the character of the present Pontiff. Pius VII. is of a noble family, *Chiaramonte* by name, and became early in life a Benedictin monk of the Abbey of *S. Georgio* at *Venice*. His learning, virtue, and mildness raised him shortly above the level of his brethren, attracted the attention of his Superiors first, and afterwards of the late Pope, Pius VI. who on his way to *Vienna* had an opportunity of noticing the Father *Chiaramonte*, and who shortly after promoted him to the See of *Imola*, and afterwards raised him to the purple. His career in this splendid line seems to have been marked rather by the mild and conciliating virtues than by the display of extraordinary abilities; we accordingly find him esteemed and beloved by all parties, and respected even by the French generals, and by *Buonaparte* in particular.

When the late Pope was torn from his Capital by the orders of the French Directory, and dragged prisoner into France, the cardinals were banished or deported with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and the cardinal *Chiaramonte* of course shared in common with his brethren the hardships and the dangers of this persecution.

On the death of Pius VI. the cardinals assembled in conclave at *Venice*, and in a short time unanimously proclaimed cardinal *Chiaramonte* Pope. This election took place in the month of March 1800. The French were obliged to evacuate Rome about the same period, and the Pope embarked for *Ancona*, and made his public entry into Rome in the following April.

We may easily conceive the joy both of the Pontiff and of the people on this happy occasion. The scene was unusually splendid, but it owed its splendour not to the opulence of the sovereign, but to the zeal of the subject. The guard that lined the streets, and escorted the Pontiff, consisted of a numerous body of young patricians; the triumphal arches and decorations were supplied by the Roman people; and the equipage of the Pontiff himself was the voluntary homage of the generous *Colonna*, a prince truly worthy of the name of a Roman. In fact, the Pope was personally as poor as the Apostle whom he succeeds, and like him, brought to his Flock nothing but the piety of the Pastor, and the affection of the Father. As the procession moved towards the *Vatican*, tears were observed more than once streaming down his cheeks, and the details which he afterwards received of the distress occasioned by the rapacity of the late invaders, could only increase his anguish.

To relieve the sufferings of his people, and to restore the finances of the country, was his first object, and to attain it he began by establishing a system of the strictest economy in his own household and around his own person. He next suppressed all immunities or exemptions, and subjected the nobility and the clergy to the same or to greater burthens than the lower orders; this regulation, so simple

which he has heard or read much, such as the *open stool*, the examination, etc. etc. but his surprise will cease, or perhaps increase, when he is assured that no such ceremonies exist.

in itself, and so just; is yet little practised on the continent, where in general the weight of taxation falls upon those who are least capable of bearing it. The French republic affects indeed to adopt it, but in fact uses it only as a convenient method of plundering the rich without relieving the poor. Such are the beneficial effects of this regulation, that though some oppressive and unpopular duties have, I believe, been removed, and the sum imposed on each individual diminished, yet the general amount of the taxes is considerably increased. Other salutary arrangements are, it is said, in contemplation, and the good intentions, the sense, and the virtuous feelings of Pius VII. encourage the hope, that his reign, if he be not thwarted in his designs, will be the commencement of an era of reform and of prosperity.

The Pope is of a middle stature; his eyes are dark, and his hair is black and curly; his countenance is mild and benevolent, expressing rather the tranquil virtues of his first profession, than the sentiments congenial to his latter elevation. However, it is whispered by those who are more intimately acquainted with his character, that he can on occasions display great firmness and decision; that he is influenced much more by his own judgment than by the opinions of his ministers, and that he adheres irrevocably to his determination. At the present crisis, when the temporal possessions of the Roman Church are at the mercy of the strongest, a spirit of conciliation is perhaps the best calculated to preserve their integrity; and even in the spiritual concerns of the Apostolic See, the interests of religion may doubtless be best consulted by such concessions and changes in discipline as the reason or even the prejudices of the age may seem to demand. In both these respects, and particularly in the latter, the lenient and judicious Pontiff is likely to employ his authority in a manner highly conducive to public utility.

I have said above, *if not thwarted in his designs*, for the exception is necessary. The power of the French Republic still alarms the Roman court; and the darkness of its designs and the known malignity of its leaders, are sufficient to justify every suspicion. Even at present their conduct is treacherous and insolent. Though obliged by the articles of the late peace to evacuate the Roman territory, they still continue to occupy its sea-ports, and they compel the papal government to provide for the maintenance and the pay of the troops employed for that purpose. To which I may add, that they still encourage spies and intriguers of various descriptions in the Capital, and what is perhaps less dangerous but more expensive, they send generals to Rome under various pretexts, but in fact to extort money under the appellation of presents. Such is the occupation of *Murat*, at the moment I am now writing, and such the silent warfare carried on by the French since the last treaty.

Cauponantes bellum, non belligerantes [z].

The attention paid to this brother-in-law of the First Consul is great,

[z] Not making war, but making a traffic of war.

and borders rather upon homage than civility; but it is the worship paid to the genius of mischief, and springs from suspicion and fear unqualified by one single spark of esteem or affection[1].

The fatal experience of French power and malignity, and the fearful obscurity in which the intentions of that infernal government are enveloped, must of course act as a drawback upon the benevolent plans of the Pontiff, and keep the resources of the country almost in a state of stagnation. If an excavation is to be made, a question naturally occurs — May not the French make us another visit, and carry away the fruits of our discoveries? If a project of cleansing the bed of the Tiber is proposed, and about to be adopted, for whom, it is asked, shall we draw up these long neglected treasures? for our greatest enemies. Is a palace to be repaired or new furnished; what! they exclaim, shall we spend our fortunes to prepare lodgings for a French general? Thus the influence of the French, whether absent or present, is always felt and always active in the production and in the extension of misery, of devastation, and of barbarism.

## INCOME OF THE POPE.

Of the income of the Roman court, some account may perhaps be expected, though the many alterations which have lately occurred may be supposed, not only to have reduced its amount, but to have rendered that amount very irregular and uncertain. Several years ago, when in full possession of its territory, both in Italy and in France, it was not calculated at more than six hundred thousand pounds. Contrary to a very general opinion I must here observe, that this income arose principally from internal taxation, and that a very small part of it was derived from Catholic countries. The sums remitted by Catholic countries may be comprised under the two heads of annats and of dispensations; now these two heads, when united, did not produce in France, the richest and most extensive of Catholic countries previous to the revolution, more than fifteen thousand pounds per annum. In Spain the annats had been

[1] One evening at a *conversazione* given by *Torlonia*, a well-known Roman banker, in honour of the peace lately concluded, to which *Murat*, the French general, and all the English and French at Rome were invited, *Murat* paid particular attention to the English, and among them to Captain P———— of the Guards. Walking with him and others about the *Faro* table, and observing that the English took no part in the gambling there carried on, he took occasion to make them a compliment on their forbearance, and passing thence to some sarcastic observations on the master of the house and his countrymen, concluded by a declaration that there are but two nations in the world, the French and the English—"*You*," says he, "*are the first by sea, we by land.*" To this decision, which however flattering to the navy is no compliment to the army of Great Britain, the Captain replied dryly, "*Sir, we are just arrived from Egypt.*" This short answer, uttered with the modesty peculiar to the man, reminded the French General of the recent glory of the British arms, and extorted from him some awkward and reluctant explanations.

abolished, or rather, bought off; and in Germany, if I mistake not, suppressed. Dispensations, that is, licenses to take orders, to hold livings, to contract marriages, and do various acts, in cases and circumstances contrary to the prescriptions of the common canon law, produced merely sufficient to pay the expenses of the courts through which they necessarily passed, and added little to the Papal revenue. As for the concourse of pilgrims, which was supposed to be so very productive a source of income, it brought nothing to Rome, but the filth and the beggary of Catholic Europe. The far greater part of these pilgrims were not only too poor to bring an accession of wealth to the City, but even to support themselves, and were generally fed and lodged in hospitals expressly endowed for their reception. Into these hospitals seven hundred or more have frequently been admitted at a time, and supplied not only with the necessaries, but even with the comforts of life.

The revolutionary invasion of Italy, and the consequent dismemberment of part of the Roman territory, lessened the papal income, not only by diminishing the number of persons who contributed to it, but by impoverishing all the inhabitants of the Roman state, and by depriving even the industrious of the means of paying the taxes. In truth, the greatest distress still prevails at Rome, and the government, it is said, can scarce collect the sum essential to its very existence.

## EXPENDITURE.

Having thus given a short account of the income, I shall touch upon the expenditure of the Roman court, and passing over those articles which are common to all governments, such as the army, certain offices of state, magistracies and charges, etc. I will confine myself to the causes of disbursement which are peculiar to the pontifical treasury. The Roman Pontiffs have always considered the propagation of Christianity as their first and most indispensable duty, and have applied themselves to it with zeal and success, not only in the early ages when their spiritual functions were their sole occupation, but even at a later period, when politics and ambition had engrossed no small portion of their attention. Hence, in the second and following centuries, the provinces of the Roman Empire employed their zeal, and their disciples spread the light of the Gospel over the Gauls, Spain, and Great Britian: in the middle ages, Germany and the north called forth their apostolical exertions; and in more modern times America, with its islands, on one side; and on the othe r, the EastIndies, with China and their dependencies; have furnished them with constant and increasing employment. Of all the regions comprised under these appellations there is scarcely one which has not been visited by their missionaries, and of all the nations which inhabit them, there is scarcely one tribe in which they have not made converts.

To support this grand and extensive plan of Christian conquest, here are several establishments at Rome, and one in particular,

which from its object is called the *Collegium de Propaganda Fide*[1]. This seminary is vast and noble, supplied with a magnificent library, and with a press, in which books are printed in every known language. I ought perhaps, in strict propriety, to have said were printed, as the French previous to their Egyptian expedition, carried off all the types, amounting to thirty-six sets appropriated to so many different languages.

Some of my readers may perhaps condemn this mode of propagating the Gospel as preposterous, and ill-adapted to the present state of society; they may conceive that the diffusion of Christianity ought to be left to the progress of civilization, and to the consequent extension of general knowledge. But in the first place, though Christianity seems necessary to produce civilization, the inverse does not appear so evident. What progress has Christianity made among the Turks and the Persians? or, independently of Roman missions, among the Hindoos and the Chinese? what progress has it made in our West Indian Islands? or on the border, I might almost say, in the very bosom of the American states? or to come to a nearer and more familiar instance, is the civilization of the French very favourable to the propagation of Christianity? The truth is, that civilization is attended with vices as opposite to the spirit of the Gospel as those of barbarism itself; and the pride, the luxury, and the indifference of the former, are obstacles to conversion perhaps more insurmountable than the stupidity, the blindness, and the brutality of the latter. To which we may add, that the progress of civilization is slow and irregular; it ebbs and flows as kingdoms and empires wane or flourish; it visits unexpectedly under some new impulse the shores of the savage, and withdraws from the regions of luxury and refinement. Is the communication of the truths of Christianity, upon which depend the eternal destinies of mankind, to be abandoned to the operation of a cause, so slow, so uncertain, so ineffective? No the Gospel itself prescribes another method better adapted by its energy and by its rapidity to the importance of the object—*GO AND TEACH ALL NATIONS*[2]—and he who issued the grand commission, has hitherto given effect to its exercise. The *tongues of fire* that first published the Gospel, still continue to proclaim its truths; and will continue to the end of time to inflame the hearts of the auditors.

Acting therefore upon the authority and the commission of Christ, the Roman Pontiffs continue by their missionaries, to *teach all nations*, and to carry the *word of truth* to the most distant regions. To prepare persons for this undertaking, and to establish seminaries for their education, has therefore always been an object of primary importance, and the sums of money annually employed for the purpose, have formed a very considerable part of papal expenditure. To this article we must add the support of several hospitals, asylums, schools, and colleges founded by various Popes for objects at their times pressing, and still maintained by the Apostolical treasury.

[1] College for propagating the faith.

[2] Matt. 28.

Moreover, the same treasury has to keep all the public edifices in repair, especially those immense palaces, which, though of little use as residences, are the receptacles of all the wonders of ancient and modern art; to protect the remains of Roman magnificence from further dilapidation; to support the drainage of the Pontine marshes; and, in fine, to continue the embellishment and amelioration of the Capital and of its territory. When to these burthens we add the pensions which the Pope is accustomed to settle on bishops when unusually poor and distressed, and the numberless claims upon his charity from every part of Europe, we shall not be surprised either at the expenditure of an income not very considerable, or at the difficulties under which the papal treasury laboured towards the end of the late Pontiff's reign.

Many of my readers will probably be surprised to find no mention made of the *infallibility* of the Pope, his most glorious prerogative, for the supposed maintenance of which, Catholics have so long suffered the derision and the contempt of their antagonists. The truth is, that there is no such article in the Catholic Creed, for according to it, infallibility is ascribed not to any individual or even to any national church, but to the whole body of the Church extended over the universe. That several theologians, particularly Italian and Spanish, have exaggerated the power and the privileges of the Pope, is admitted; and it is well known that among these, some or rather several carried their opinion of pontifical prerogative so high, as to maintain that the Pontiff, when deciding *ex-cathedrâ* or officially, and in capacity of First Pastor and Teacher of the Church, with all the forms and circumstances that ought to accompany legal decisions, such as freedom, deliberation, consultation, etc. was by the special protection of Providence secured from error. The Roman court favoured a doctrine so conformable to its general feelings, and of course encouraged its propagation, but never pretended to enforce it as an article of Catholic faith, or ventured to attach any marks of censure to the contrary opinion.

The latter opinion, the ancient and unadulterated doctrine of the Catholic Church, prevailed over Germany, the Austrian empire, Poland, the Low Countries, and England; and in France was supported by the whole authority of the Gallican church, and by the unanimous declaration of all the Universities. So rigorously indeed was their hostility to papal infallibility enforced, that no theologian was admitted to degrees, unless he maintained in a public act the four famous resolutions of the Gallican church against the exaggerated doctrines of some Italian divines relative to the powers of the Roman See. These resolutions declare, that the Pope, though superior to each bishop individually, is yet inferior to the body of bishops assembled in council; that his decisions are liable to error, and can only command our assent when confirmed by the authority of the Church at large; that his power is purely spiritual, and extends neither directly nor indirectly to the temporalities or prerogatives of kings and princes; and, in fine, that his authority is not absolute or despotic, but confined within the bounds prescribed by the canons and the customs of the Church. This doctrine was taught in all the

theological schools, that is, in all the universities and seminaries in France, as well as in all the abbies; and was publicly maintained by the English Benedictin college at *Douay*.

The conclusion to be drawn from these observations is, first, that *no* Catholic Divine, however attached to papal prerogative, ever conceived an idea so absurd as that of ascribing infallibility to the *person* of the Pontiff; and secondly, that those theologians who ascribed infallibility to papal decisions when clothed with certain forms, gave it as *their* opinion only, but never presumed to enforce it as the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Therefore, to taunt Catholics with papal infallibility as an article of their faith, or to urge it as a proof of their necessary and inevitable subserviency to the determinations of the Roman court, argues either a great want of candour or a great want of information.

Before we close these observations, we will indulge in a momentary retrospect of past ages, and contemplate the consequences of pontifical domination during the middle centuries, when there was much barbarism and more ignorance in Europe, and when its provinces were, with little variation, abandoned to misrule and to devastation. The ambition of the Popes is a threadbare subject, and their pride, their cruelty, and their debauchery, have been the theme of many a declaration, and lengthened many a limping verse. But the candid reader who, in spite of prejudices howsoever early instilled, and howsoever deeply impressed, can contemplate truth, *oculis irretorto* [1], will perhaps agree with me in the following reflections, and acknowledge in the first place; that if amidst the confusion of a falling empire, of barbarian invasion, and of increasing anarchy some and even many disorders should find their way into episcopal palaces, and infect the morals even of bishops themselves, it would be neither unexpected or surprising; in the second place, that if we admit the constant flattery and compliance which environ the great to be an extenuation of their vices, we must surely extend our indulgence, in some degree at least, to the ambition and pride of the Popes, flattered for ages, not by their courtiers and dependants only, but by princes, by monarchs, and even by emperors; and thirdly, that with so many inducements to guilt, and so many means of gratification, no dynasty of sovereigns, no series of bishops equal of duration, have produced fewer individuals of demeanour notoriously scandalous. This observation has, if I do not mistake, been made by *Montesquieu*, who declares that the Popes, when compared with the Greek Patriarchs, and even with secular princes, appear as *men* put in contrast with children. This superior strength of mind and consistency of conduct may, justly perhaps, be ascribed to that spark of Roman spirit and Roman firmness which has always been kept alive in the court, and has ever marked its proceedings. In fact, at a very early period, when the Emperors were oftentimes semi-barbarians, born in distant provinces and totally unacquainted with the Capital, the Pontiffs were genuine Romans

[1] With firm, undazzled eye.

*Francis.*

born within the walls of the city; and it is highly probable that a far greater portion of the elegance and of the urbanity, as well as of the simplicity and the modesty of Augustus's family, might have been observed in the palace of Urbanus or Zephyrinus, than in the courts of Caracalla or Heliogabalus. This observation is still more applicable to the Pontiffs and Emperors of the succeeding centuries, as the latter, from Diocletian downwards had assumed the luxury and the cumbrous pomp [1] of Asiatic despots, insomuch that the court of *Constantinople* bore a much nearer resemblance in dress and ceremonial to that of Artaxerxes, than to that of Augustus. We may therefore easily imagine, that the manners of Gregory the Great and of his clergy were, notwithstanding the times, far more Roman, that is, more manly, more simple, and for that reason more majestic, than those of Justinian This natural politeness still continued to be the honourable distinction of the pontifical court till the ninth century, when the visits of the French sovereigns to Rome, and the frequent intercourse between them and the Popes, contributed not a little to soften the manners of the former, and to extend the blessings of civilization to their subjects [2].

From this period the Roman Pontiffs assumed the character of the Apostles and the Legislators, the Umpires and the Judges, the Fathers and the Instructors of Europe, and at the same time acted the most brilliant part, and rendered some of the most essential services to mankind on record in human history. Had their conduct invariably corresponded with the sanctity of their profession, and had their views always been as pure and as disinterested as their duty required, they must have been divested of all the weakness of human nature, and have arrived at a degree of perfection which does not seem to be attainable in this state of existence. But notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned from time to time by the ambition and the profligacy of some worthless Popes, the Grand Work was pursued with spirit; the barbarian tribes were converted; Europe was again civilized; preserved first from anarchy, and then from Turkish invasion; next it was enlightened, and finally raised to that degree of refinement which places it at present above the most renowned nations of antiquity. Thus, while the evils occasioned by the vices of the Pontiffs were incidental and temporary, the influence of their virtues was constant, and the services which they rendered mankind were permanent, and will probably last as long as the species itself. Hence, not to allude again to the virtues of the earlier Popes, and to the blessings which they communicated to nations during the middle ages, to them we

[1] See Eusebius's description of the dress of Constantine, when he appeared in the Council of Nice.— *De Vita Constantini*, lib. iii. Cap. i.

[2] *Le règne seul de Charlemagne*, says *Voltaire*, an author not very partial to Rome, *eut une lueur de politesse, qui fut probablement le fruit du voyage à Rome.*

"In the reign of Charlemagne alone there was a gleam of politeness, which was probably the fruits of the journey to Rome."

owe the revival of the arts of architecture, of painting, and of sculpture, and the preservation and restoration of the literature of Greece and of Rome. One raised the dome of the Vatican; another gave his name to the Calendar, which he reformed; a third rivalled Augustus, and may glory in the second classic era, the era of Leo. These services will be long felt and remembered; while the wars of Julius II. and the cruelties of Alexander VI. will ere long be consigned to oblivion. In fact, many of my readers, whatsoever opinion they may entertain of the *divine right* of the Roman Pontiffs, may be inclined with a late eloquent writer [1], to discover something sublime in the establishment of a common Father in the very centre of Christendom, within the precincts of the Eternal City once the seat of Empire, now the Metropolis of Christianity; to annex to that venerable name sovereignty and princely power, and to entrust him with the high commission of advising and rebuking monarchs, of repressing the ardour and the intemperance of rival nations, of raising the pacific crosier between the swords of warring sovereigns, and checking alike the fury of the barbarian and the vengeance of the despot.

Unity of design is a beauty in literary compositions and in the works of art; it is essential to political combinations, and may surely be allowed to be both useful and becoming in ecclesiastical institutions. To attain this advantage a Head is necessary. How many evils in reality does not the appointment of a chief Pastor, and a centre of union prevent, by repressing alike episcopal pride, popular enthusiasm, and national superstition; by holding up to view constantly a regular rule both of doctrine and of discipline, and thus supporting that uniformity which tends to make all Christendom one vast republic, divided indeed into different provinces, but united by so many ties, by so many sacred bonds of religion, of manners, of opinions, and even of prejudices, as to resemble the members of one immense family. But whether these ideas be the result of prejudice, or the dictates of reason, the reader will determine according to his own judgment.

[1] Chateaubriand.

# POSTSCRIPT.

The reader who interests himself in the fate of Rome, may perhaps wish to be informed what the consequences of its entire subjugation may have been; whether the evil of French domination has been, as it usually is, pure and unalloyed, or whether some unintentional advantages may have accidentally flowed from it. The author is fortunately enabled by the arrival of a friend, for many years a resident in that Capital, to give the following information on the subject. In the first place, the French, under the pretext of beautifying the city, and of restoring its ancient monuments, but in reality to discover and seize the treasures of art still supposed to lie buried under its ruins, have commenced several excavations, and of course made some discoveries.

In the Forum, on digging round the insulated pillar, the subject of so many conjectures and so many debates, it was found to be a column belonging to one of the neighbouring edifices, but removed from its original site, and re-erected in honour of a Greek Exarch in the seventh century.

Round the base of the supposed temple of Peace nothing was found but remnants of marble shafts and capitals.

The earth gathered round the Coliseum has been removed, and the whole elevation of that grand edifice is now displayed; the vaults have been cleared of the rubbish and the weeds that filled them, and the arena itself is exposed fully to view. Canals, walls, and even vaults have been discovered intersecting the arena in various directions, and covering it with intricacy and confusion; a circumstance that has astonished and indeed quite confounded all the antiquaries who had ever conceived the arena to be a space perfectly open and unincumbered. For my part, if I were to venture a conjecture without having inspected the spot, I should be disposed to imagine either that the walls and separations lately discovered were erected during the middle ages, when exhibitions were not unfrequently given in the amphitheatre; or that in digging they had removed the arena itself, and sunk down to the canals and caverns which were prepared under it to supply it with water, and to carry off that water when no longer necessary [1].

[1] Some Roman antiquaries imagine, as I am informed, that the arena was boarded, and that the boards were covered with sand or earth: this conjecture is more than probable, because we know that the surface of the arena was removable, and capable of admitting of sudden and surprising alterations. If I had not already passed the bounds which the nature of the work prescribes, I might amaze the reader with an

They n[illegible]moved all the rubbish round the temples of Vesta (or of the Sun) and of Fortuna Virilis, thrown down the walls between

account of the wonders, not occasionally, but frequently exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre. Titus himself who erected it, not content with the usual exhibition of wild beasts, produced the scenery of the countries whence they were imported, and astonished the Romans with a sudden display of rocks and forests.

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse Theatro
Dicitur, exhibuit, Cæsar, arena tibi:
Repserunt scopuli, mirandaque sylva cucurrit,
Quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
Adfuit immixtum pecudum genus omne ferarum . . .
*Mart. De Spec.* Epgr. xxiv.

The wonders Orpheus wrought on Thracian ground,
Great Cæsar, in thy theatre are found;
To music's sound tall rocks and mountains move,
And trees start up, that match th' Hesperian grove;
The bestial tribes through distant woods that roam,
Here meet in crowds, and wond'ring find an home.

Domitian covered the arena with water, and entertained the Romans with various marine exhibitions and naval fights.

Ne te deripiat rutilus navalis Eryo,
Et per unda frutis: hic *modo* terra fuit
Non credis: spectes dum luxent æquora Martem,
*Parva mora est*; dices, hic *modo* ponto erat.
*De Spect.* xxiv.

Be not deceiv'd, though naval battles here,
And billows like the rolling main appear;
The sea thou now behold'st, was *land* of late;
Believ'st thou not? a few short moments wait,
Till cease the ships to war, the waves to flow,
And thou shalt say, 'twas *sea* not long ago.

The rapidity of the change is frequently alluded to. In succeeding ages they seem to have improved upon these gigantic metamorphoses, so that the whole arena suddenly disappeared, and from the chasm formed by its fall, rose forests, orchards, and wild beasts.

Ah miseri, quotiens nos descendentis arenæ
Vidimus in partes? ruptaque voragine terræ
Emersisse feros? et eisdem sæpe latebris.
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
*Calpurnius.*

Ah! wretched we! how oft have we descried
The vast arena, gaping, open wide,
And wild beasts issuing from beneath espied!
And often from the same recess below,
Fair shrubs spring up, and golden fruitage grow.

These changes were produced by the application of various machines, which they called *pegmata*, which rose and swelled sometimes to a prodigious extent and elevation, and again subsided into a perfect level; or perhaps sinking still lower, exposed the caverns and subterraneous dens of wild beasts which lay under the arena. Seneca describes these machines with great accuracy. His verbis innumeres machinatores, qui pegmata ex se surgentia excogitant, et tabulata tacite in sublime crescentia et alias ex inopinato varietates: aut dehiscentibus quæ cohærebant: aut his quæ dis-

the pillars, and restored to those edifices some portion of their ancient beauty. The temples of Concord and of Jupiter Tonans, on the Clivus

tabant sua sponte cocuntibus; aut his quæ eminebant paullatim in se residentibus *. —*Epist.* lxxxviii.

Sometimes criminals were raised on these machines, and while engaged with objects calculated to attract the attention, hurled unexpectedly into the dens of the wild beasts below, and devoured.

One of these it seems was in the form of a ship, which while floating in the amphitheatre struck the ground as if wrecked, and opening let loose some hundreds of wild beasts, mixed with aquatic animals, who swam, fought, or played in the waters, till the water was suddenly let out, the beasts slain, and the ship restored to its original form.

We find in Claudian mention of exhibitions of flames playing round the machinery without damaging it, in a manner that might astonish moderns, however accustomed to theatrical scenes of fire and conflagration.

Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammas
Scena rotet; varios effinget Mulciber orbes
Per tabulas impune vagus: pictæque citato
Ludant igne trabes; et non permissa moveri
Fida per incautas errent incendia turres.
*In Fletii Mallii Theodorii Consulatum*, ver. 325.

A Pegma huge shall by its weight descend,
Innoxious flames, like sounds, around extend,
And Vulcan various bells of fire display,
That innocently range, with rapid ray,
O'er boards embellish'd by the painter's art,
Glow on the tow'rs, and instantly depart.
*Hawkins' Translation.*

It is not wonderful that in contemplating such efforts of human skill St. Augustin should have exclaimed, Ad quam stupenda opera industria humana pervenit? quæ in theatris mirabilia spectantibus, audientibus incredibilia, facienda et exhibenda molita est? **

Of the number of animals employed for public amusement, we may form some idea from a circumstance mentioned by Capitolinus, who relates that Probus when quæstor exhibited in one day a *thousand* bears, besides an hundred lions and tigers. Augustus is related to have produced more than five thousand on a similar occasion.

One circumstance more I think it necessary to mention; perfumes were not only sprinkled in showers, which was common, but on certain great occasions poured in torrents down the steps or rather the seats of the amphitheatre. *In honorem Trajani balsama et crocum per gradus theatri fluere jussit* ***, says Spartianus, speaking of Hadrian: and Seneca informs us, that for this purpose pipes were conducted from the *centre of the arena* to the summit of the amphitheatre. Numquid dubitatur, says he, quin sparsio illa quæ ex *fundamentis mediæ arenæ* crescens in summum

* To these you may add the mechanists, who devise *pegmata* rising out of themselves, and scaffoldings silently starting on high, with various other unexpected and curious movements; as either the disuniting of such as were closely joined together; or the uniting of such as were disjoined; or the gradual subsiding of such as were elevated."

** "At what stupendous works has human industry arrived? what things has it devised to be done and exhibited in the theatres, wonderful when beheld, and incredible when heard of?

*** In honour of Trajan, he commanded balsam and saffron-water to flow down the steps of the theatre.

Capitolinus, have also been disencumbered of the earth in which they were half buried, and now exhibit a most majestic appearance. The same may, in part, be said of the *Arco di Giano*, and of the arches of Titus and Severus. The temple of Antoninus and Faustina has been restored in part by the Pope, who indeed had projected and commenced many of the excavations and improvements since executed by the French. They have opened the space round the base of Trajan's column, and I believe dug down to the ancient pavement: fragments of rich marble in considerable quantity, capitals and broken shafts of pillars rewarded their exertions.

But the water, it seems, rises rapidly and remains stagnant in some of these hollows, so that to prevent the infectious vapors which must inevitably be exhaled from such pools, it is apprehended that it will be necessary to fill them up again. This circumstance seems to prove that the bed of the Tiber is considerably raised partly by ruins, but principally by its own depositions; and that the first step towards permanent excavations is the cleansing of the river, in order to reduce it, if possible, to its ancient level. But this grand scheme of improvement must be the undertaking of a settled and benevolent government, and does not form any part of a predatory and irregular system formed merely for the advantage of the parties concerned, without any reference to public utility. It has been observed, that when expense is to be incurred by any proposed improvement, the French seldom discover its necessity or its advantage: so niggardly indeed is *Buonaparte* towards his Italian provinces, that the roads, formerly so good, have been totally neglected, particularly in the Roman state, and are in some places scarcely passable.

In fine, by enforcing the laws strictly and constantly, and at the same time by disarming the populace, they have put an end to the horrible custom of stabbing so frequent, and so justly censured in the Roman state. This proceeding was dictated by motives of personal safety, and cost the invaders nothing but a rigorous execution of the law; and in acts of severity against the inhabitants of other countries the French have never been deficient. When to this salutary police and to the excavations above-mentioned, we add the plantation of a row of trees along the high roads, we shall have completed the catalogue of real or apparent ameliorations ascribable to the French government.

altitudinem amphitheatri pervenit, cum intentione aquæ fiat? *—*—*Quæst. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. ix.

From these observations, and from the various passages of ancient writers on which they are founded, we may with certainty infer in the first place, that under the arena there were dens of wild beasts, reservoirs of water, and sewers to carry it off; spaces to contain sand, machinery, etc. and cellars for perfumes and the wine with which they were mixed; and secondly, that the substratum of the arena must have been moveable, and consequently boarded.—See *Lipsius De Amphitheatris*, cap. 16.

* Can it be doubted that that sprinkling (of saffron-water), which, rising up from the foundation of the centre of the arena, reaches the very top of the amphitheatre, is done in the same manner as water is propelled by pipes?

We may now, therefore, pass to the mischiefs that have followed their usurpation, and in the first place inform the reader, that by the suppression of the Benedictin abbey annexed to it, the Church of St. Paul *fuori li mura* [1] is abandoned to its own solidity, and left to moulder away in damp and neglect; that the baths of Diocletian, or the church and magnificent cloister of the Carthusians, have been converted into stables; and that most of the churches are in a state of complete dilapidation; that the Pomptine marshes have not only not been drained as one of our newspapers lately stated, but that the drainage has been totally neglected, and the openings made by the late Pope allowed to fill; that the collections of statues, busts, columns, etc. which continued to ornament the halls of the Vatican and the Capitol, in the year 1802, have been again plundered, and now finally annihilated; that the cabinets and galleries of individuals have been nearly stripped of the few masterpieces which had escaped preceding exactions; that the Vatican library has been plundered of *all* its manuscripts, and indeed of every article either curious or valuable; and in fine, that the population of Rome has been reduced from one hundred and eighty, or two hundred thousand souls, to ninety thousand! a diminution greater than that which has taken place during the same space of time in any capital not entirely destroyed by a victorious enemy. This rapid decrease has been occasioned in part by the conscription, which is held in such horror, that many youths have mutilated themselves, or fled their country, while aged parents, and particularly mothers, when deprived of their sons, have been known to pine away, or throw themselves into the Tiber in despair. To the conscription must be added the want of employment, the consequence of the total failure of commerce and agriculture, there being no means of exportation, the landholders confine their crops to the supply of the home market; and the cultivation of corn, of the olive, and of the vine, which were in a state of rapid improvement, and supplied the grand articles of Roman commerce, was almost entirely neglected. This cause of depopulation has reached not only the great towns but the cottages, and has converted one half of them into deserts: it is difficult to say what time, but a long time certainly is necessary, to repair the evils produced in Italy, and particularly in Rome, during the short period of French usurpation [2].

That usurpation is now over, and French predominance

> Terrarum fatale malum, fulmenque quod omnes
> Perculeret pariter populos, et sidus iniquum
> Gentibus [3] *Lucan*, lib. x. 34.

[1] Without the walls.

[2] The population of Rome will in all probability increase with rapidity in more prosperous circumstances; an observation not applicable to country towns.

[3] Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys:
Such to mankind portentous meteors rise,
Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies. *Rowe.*

has at length been put down by the *out-stretched arm* of Omnipotence; *not unto us is the glory;* for great as were human exertions, and mighty the display of human power, yet man would have failed in the contest, had not the elements been arrayed on his side, and *snow and vapors, winds and storms, that fulfil the word* of their Creator, been employed as instruments of vengeance. The day that completed this signal visitation, and saw the grand enemy fall under the walls of his subjugated capital, should be set apart as an annual solemnity; as a festival, not of nations, but of the species, and celebrated by all future generations as a day of general deliverance from atheism, ignorance, and military despotism. Why Providence may have sent this scourge upon Christian Europe, or why allowed it so wide a range, and so long a duration, it becomes not us to enquire; but that motives, equally wise and benevolent, commissioned it and guided its progress; and that many important lessons have been inculcated by it, is evident to the most superficial observer. The higher classes may have learned by experience how dangerous it is to adopt or to encourage monstrous opinions, which, by destroying the distinction between right and wrong, let loose the worst propensities of the human heart, and abandon men to passion; that is, to the savage and brutal part of their nature. Sovereigns may have observed that oppression leads to resistance; that public discontent will at last find a vent; and that those thrones only are stable which rest upon justice and public opinion. They may also have learned that *partition* treaties, the oppresion of weaker states, and the barter of provinces and nations like fields and herds, howsoever easy in practice, are not always safe in their consequences; and that examples of rapacity and ambition are recorded precedents that justify retaliation. Both sovereigns and nations may have learnt, that the interest of the whole is the interest of each; that to be bribed away from the common cause, is to sacrifice even personal interest, and that partial security is to be found only in general union. Hence, perhaps, the cause of religion may be strengthened by the grand attack made upon it, and men may attach themselves more and more to principles which have always been followed with safety and never rejected with impunity. The interests of freedom may also be promoted by an explosion which, confounding together all the right, both of the prince and of the people, terminated in military despotism. Sovereigns may be disposed to redress grievances, and improve the constitutions of their respective states, because they must have perceived that an oppressed and discontented populace is indifferent to the interests of their country, savage towards their governors, and tame and submissive to an invader. We may, therefore, hope that this tremendous lesson, the most awful on record since the fall of the Roman empire, has not been given in vain, and that the nations of Europe restored to the holy principles and moral habits of their ancestors, will unite in one vast commonwealth, and vie with each other, not in extent of territory, nor in numerous armies but in freedom and industry, in commerce and population, in all the virtues, and all the arts of religious and civilized beings.

Among other blessings easily attainable in themselves, and, at the

present moment inseparable from the happiness of mankind, we may confidently hope, that justice will be done to two nations, both unfortunate, and both, for different reasons, dear to Europe—I mean Poland and Italy. The Poles are a generous and high-spirited nation; they have seldom passed their limits for motives of invasion or plunder; for ages they defended the borders of Christendom against the Mahometan despot; and to their generous exertions under the gallant *Sobieski*, Vienna owes its existence [1]. Why should not this nation be allowed to possess its honourable name? Why should not its territory remain inviolate as a trophy over the infidels from whose grasp their valour rescued it, and, at the same, as an acknowledgment of their services and their achievements in the common cause?

The Italians have been our instructors in the sciences, and our masters in the arts; their country is the garden, the glory of Europe: it is an inheritance derived from the noblest race that ever acted a part on this globe: its history, its geography, its literature, are connected with every idea, every feeling, of the liberal and the enlightened individual, and are interwoven with the records of every civilized nation. Why not leave it in honourable independence, as the great parent of the Christian world, the benefactress of a thousand tribes and of a thousand generations? Such reasons, I am aware, have little influence on the cabinets of sovereigns, and may be pressed in vain on the attention of plenipotentiaries. Yet the allied sovereigns, who have given such unparalleled example of moderation and forbearance towards a *most guilty* nation, cannot close their ears to the claims of an innocent and injured people. Poland oppressed and subjugated, will add little to the security, the greatness, or the glory of Russia; nor can the Venetian territories, torn from Italian sway in spite of nature, be necessary to the welfare of Austria. While, if the Emperor of Russia would comply with the dictates of his magnanimity, and give Poland a king of his own blood, and with him bestow upon it independance, he would not only acquire more glory, but give more stability to his throne, and more security to his own person, than by the conquest of fifty provinces, and the enrolment of fifty regiments. If, in the same manner, the Emperor of Austria (for still, it seems, he prefers that provincial title to a more glorious and imperial appellation) would annex the Venetian states to the Milanese, and make over that noble province to one of the archdukes, his brothers, and to his heirs, he would engage for ever the affections of a brave people, and protect his empire on that side by an impregnable rampart. The empires of Russia and of Austria are already too extensive and too unwieldly; the distant provinces of both are ill peopled, ill cultivated, and indifferently governed. To give to these provinces their full share of prosperity is the duty of their respective governments; in the discharge of this duty, they will find employment for all their activity and all their vigilance; and its success will give

[1] The Poles defeated the Turks, with dreadful slaughter, under the walls of Vienna, and obliged them to raise the siege of that city. This event took place An. 1683.

them an accession of power and glory sufficient to sate the utmost cravings of human ambition.

In fine, let the Emperor of Austria recollect that it is in his power to give happiness to that country to which his family is indebted for its original importance, its first step to greatness, its imperial titles, its regal honours, and all its consequent fame and protracted prosperity: that while he recalls to mind these particular claims upon his justice, he may also remember what every sovereign in Europe owes to that country which is to Europe the fountain-head of law and legislation, of the discipline of war, of the arts of peace, of the charms of literature, of the blessings of religion. Cogita te [illegible] ad ordinandum statum, liberarum civitatum, id est, ad hominum maxime liberos, qui jus a natura datum virtute, meritis, religione [illegible]. Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit in gentibus factis, sit fabulis quoque. Nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate . . decerpseris . . . . . Ejus reliquum umbram, et residium libertatis nomen eripere durum, ferum, barbarumque est [1].

Plin. Lib. viii. Ep. 24.

[1] Consider that you were sent to regulate the condition of free states, that is, of men eminently free, who have preserved by their virtue, their manfulness of soul, and their religion, the rights which nature gave them..... Revere its ancient glory, and that very old age, which in man is venerable, in cities, sacred. Honour antiquity, honour illustrious actions, honour even fabulous histories. Detract nothing from any man's dignity, nor from any man's liberty..... To take from such a people the shadow that remains, the name of liberty which is left to them, is harsh, savage, and *barbarous*.

*Extract from the Abbé Barthélemy, referred to in Vol.* II.—*Page* 340.

Le hasard m'inspira l'idée du *Voyage d'Anacharsis*. J'étais en
e en 1755, moins attentif à l'état actuel des villes que je par-
ais, qu'à leur ancienne splendeur. Je remontais naturellement
siècles où elles se disputaient la gloire de fixer dans leur sein
ciences et les arts; et je pensais que la relation d'un voyage entre-
dans ce pays vers le temps de Léon X, et prolongé pendant un
ain nombre d'années, présenterait un des plus intéressans et des
utiles spectacles pour l'histoire de l'esprit humain. On peut s'en
aincre par cette esquisse légère. Un Français passe les Alpes:
it à Pavie Jérôme Cardan, qui a écrit sur presque tous les sujets,
ont les ouvrages contiennent environ dix ouvrages *in-folio*. A
ne, il voit le Corrége peignant à fresque le dôme de la cathé-
e; à Mantoue, le comte Balthazar Castillon, auteur de l'excel-
ouvrage intitulé: Le Courtisan, *Il Cortigiano;* à Vérone, Fra-
or, médecin, philosophe, astronome, mathématicien, littérateur,
iographe, célèbre sous tous les rapports, mais surtout comme
e; car la plupart des écrivains cherchaient alors à se distinguer
tous les genres, et c'est ce qui doit arriver lorsque les lettres
roduisaient dans un pays. A Padoue, il assiste aux leçons de
ippe Dèce, professeur en droit, renommé par la supériorité de
alents et de ses lumières: cette ville était dans la dépendance de
ise. Louis XII, s'étant emparé du Milanais, voulut en illustrer la
tale en y établissant Dèce; il le fit demander à la république qui
efusa long-temps. Les négociations continuèrent, et l'on vit le mo-
t où ces deux puissances allaient en venir aux mains pour la pos-
ion d'un jurisconsulte.

Notre voyageur voit à Venise Daniel Barbaro, héritier d'un nom
heureux pour les lettres, et dont il a soutenu l'éclat par des com-
taires sur la rhétorique d'Aristote, par une tradition de Vitruve,
un traité sur la perspective; Paul Manuce, qui exerça l'imprime-
et qui cultiva les lettres avec le même succès que son père, Alde
uce. Il trouve chez Paul toutes les éditions des anciens auteurs
s et latins, nouvellement sorties des plus fameuses presses d'Italie,
e autres celle de Cicéron, en quatre volumes *in-folio*, publiée à
n en 1499, et le Psautier en quatre langues, hébreu, grec, chal-
n et arabe, imprimé à Gênes en 1516.

Il voit à Ferrare, l'Arioste: à Bologne, six cents écoliers assidus
leçons de jurisprudence que donnait le professeur Ricini, et de
ombre, Alciat qui, bientôt après, en rassembla huit cents, et qui
a la gloire de Barthole et d'Accurse: à Florence, Machiavel, les
oriens Guichardin et Paul Jove, une université florissante, et
e maison de Médicis, auparavant bornée aux opérations du com-
ce, alors souveraine et alliée à plusieurs maisons royales; qui
ntra de grandes vertus dans son premier état, de grands vices

dans le second, et qui fut toujours célèbre parce qu'elle s'intéressa toujours aux lettres et aux arts; à Sienne, Mathiole travaillant à son Commentaire sur Dioscoride : à Rome, Michel-Ange élevant la coupole de Saint-Pierre, Raphaël peignant les galeries du Vatican, Sadolet et Bembe, depuis cardinaux, remplissant alors auprès de Léon X la place de secrétaires; le Trissan donnant la première représentation de sa Sophonisbe, première tragédie composée par un moderne; Béroald, bibliothécaire du Vatican, s'occupant à publier les Annales de Tacite, qu'on venait de découvrir en Westphalie, et que Léon X avait acquises pour la somme de cinq cents ducats d'or; le même pape proposant des places aux savans de toutes les nations, qui viendraient résider dans ses états, et des récompenses distinguées à ceux qui lui apporteraient des manuscrits inconnus.

" A Naples, il trouve Talésio travaillant à reproduire le système de Parménide, et qui suivant Bacon, fut le premier restaurateur de la philosophie : il trouve aussi ce Jordan Bruno, que la nature semblait avoir choisi pour son interprète; mais à qui, en lui donnant un très beau génie, elle refusa le talent de se gouverner.

" Jusqu'ici notre voyageur s'est borné à traverser rapidement l'Italie, d'une extrémité à l'autre; marchant toujours entre des prodiges; je veux dire, entre de grands monumens et de grands hommes, toujours saisi d'une admiration qui croissait à chaque instant. Des semblables objets frapperont partout ses regards, lorsqu'il multipliera ses courses : delà, quelle moisson de découvertes, et quelle source de réflexions sur l'origine des lumières qui ont éclairé l'Europe! Je me contente d'indiquer ces recherches; cependant mon sujet m'entraîne, et exige encore quelques développemens.

" Dans les V^e^ et VI^e^ siècles de l'ère chrétienne, l'Italie fut subjuguée par les Hérules, les Goths, les Ostrogoths et d'autres peuples jusqu'alors inconnus; dans le XV^e^, elle le fut, sous des auspices plus favorables, par le génie et par les talens. Ils y furent appelés, ou du moins accueillis par les maisons de Médicis, d'Este, d'Urbin, de Gonzague, par les plus petits souverains, par les diverses républiques : partout de grands hommes, les uns nés dans le pays même, les autres attirés des pays étrangers, moins par un vil intérêt que par des distinctions flatteuses; d'autres appelés chez les nations voisines, pour y propager les lumières, pour y veiller sur l'éducation de la jeunesse, ou sur la santé des souverains.

" Partout s'organisaient des universités, des colléges, des imprimeries pour toutes sortes de langues et de sciences, des bibliothèques sans cesse enrichies des ouvrages qu'on y publiait, et des manuscrits nouvellement apportés des pays où l'ignorance avait conservé son empire. Les académies se multiplièrent tellement, qu'à Ferrare on en comptait dix à douze, à Bologne environ quatorze, à Sienne seize. Elles avaient pour objet les sciences, les belles-lettres, les langues, l'histoire, les arts. Dans deux de ces académies, dont l'une était spécialement dévouée à Platon, et l'autre à son disciple Aristote, étaient discutées les opinions de l'ancienne philosophie, et présentées celles de la philosophie moderne. A Bologne, ainsi qu'à Venise, une de ces sociétés veillait sur l'imprimerie, sur la beauté du papier, la fonte

des caractères, la correction des épreuves et sur tout ce qui pouvait contribuer à la perfection des éditions nouvelles.

" L'Italie était alors le pays où les lettres avaient fait et faisaient tous les jours le plus de progrès. Ces progrès étaient l'effet de l'émulation entre les divers gouvernemens qui la partageaient, et de la nature du climat. Dans chaque État, les capitales, et même des villes moins considérables, étaient extrêmement avides d'instruction et de gloire : elles offraient presque toutes aux astronomes des observatoires, aux anatomistes des amphithéâtres, aux naturalistes des jardins de plantes, à tous les gens de lettres des collections de livres, de médailles et de monumens antiques ; à tous genres de connaissances, des marques éclatantes de considération, de reconnaissance et de respect.

" Quant au climat, il n'est pas rare de trouver dans cette contrée des imaginations actives et fécondes, des esprits justes, profonds, propres à concevoir de grandes entreprises, capables de les méditer long-temps, et incapables de les abandonner quand ils les ont bien conçues. C'est à ces qualités réunies, que l'Italie dut cette masse de lumières et talens qui, en quelques années s'éleva si fort au-dessus des autres contrées de l'Europe.

" J'ai placé l'Arioste sous le pontificat de Léon X ; j'aurais pu mettre, parmi les contemporains de ce poète, Pétraque, quoiqu'il ait vécu environ cent cinquante ans avant lui et le Tasse qui naquait onze ans après : le premier, parce que ce ne fut que sous Léon X que les poésies italiennes, oubliées presque dès leur naissance, furent goûtées et obtinrent quantité d'éditions et de commentaires ; le Tasse, parce qu'il s'était formé en grande partie sur l'Arioste. C'est ainsi qu'on donne le nom du Nil aux sources et aux embouchures de ce fleuve. Tous les genres de poésie furent alors cultivés et laissèrent des modèles. Outre l'Arioste, on peut citer, pour la poésie italienne, Bernard Tasse, père du célèbre Torquat, Hercule Bentivoglio, Annibal Caro, Berni ; pour la poésie latine, Sannazar, Politien, Vida, Béroald ; et parmi ceux qui, sans être décidément poètes, faisaient des vers, on peut compter Léon X, Michiavel, Michel-Ange, Benvenuto Cellini qui excella dans la scrupture, l'orfévrerie et la gravure.

" Les progrès de l'architecture dans ce siècle sont attestés, d'un côté, par les ouvrages de Serlio, de Vignole et de Pallade, ainsi que par cette foule de commentaires qui parurent sur le traité de Vitruve ; d'un autre côté, par les édifices publics et particuliers construits alors, et qui subsistent encore.

" A l'égard de la peinture, j'ai fait mention de Michel-Ange, de Raphaël, du Corrége : il faut leur joindre Jules-Romain, le Titien, André del Sarte qui vivaient dans le même temps, et cette quantité de génies formés par leurs leçons ou par leurs ouvrages.

" Tous les jours il paraissait de nouveaux écrits sur les systèmes de Platon, d'Aristote et des anciens philosophes. Des critiques obstinés, tels que Giraldus, Panvinius, Sigonius, travaillaient sur les antiquités romaines, et presque toutes les villes rassemblaient leurs annales. Tandis que, pour connaître dans toute son étendue l'histoire de l'homme, quelques écrivains remontaient aux nations les plus anciennes, des voyageurs intrépides s'exposaient aux plus grands dangers, pour découvrir les nations éloignées et inconnues, dont on ne

faisait que soupçonner l'existence. Les noms de Christophe Colomb génois, d'Amér-Vespuce de Florence, de Sébastien Cabot de Venise, décorent cette dernière liste, bientôt grossie par les noms de plusieurs autres Italiens, dont les relations furent insérées, peu de temps après, dans la collection de Ramusio, leur compatriote.

" La prise de Constantinople par les Turcs, en 1453, et les libéralités de Léon X, firent refluer en Italie quantité de Grecs qui apportèrent avec eux tous les livres élémentaires relatifs aux mathématiques. On s'empressa d'étudier leur langue; leurs livres furent imprimés, traduits, expliqués, et le goût de la géométrie devint général. Plusieurs lui consacrèrent tous leurs momens; tels furent Commandin, Tartaglia : d'autres l'associaient à leurs premiers travaux ; tel fut Maurolico de Messine, qui publia différens ouvrages sur l'arithmétique, les mécaniques, l'astronomie, l'optique, la musique, l'histoire de Sicile, la grammaire, la vie de quelques saints, le martyrologe romain, sans négliger la poésie italienne : tel fut aussi Augustin Nifo, professeur de philosophie à Rome sous Léon X, qui écrivit sur l'astronomie, la médecine, la politique, la morale, la rhétorique, et sur plusieurs autres sujets.

" L'anatomie fut enrichie par les observations de Fallope de Modène, d'Aquapendente son disciple, de Bolognini de Padoue, de Vigo de Gênes, etc.

" Aldrovandi de Bologne, après avoir, pendant quarante-huit ans, professé la botanique et la philosophie dans l'université de cette ville, laissa un Cours d'histoire naturelle en dix-sept volumes in-folio. Parmi cette immense quantité d'ouvrages qui parurent alors, je n'ai pas fait mention de ceux qui avaient spécialement pour objet la théologie ou la jurisprudence, parce qu'ils sont connus de ceux qui cultivent ces sciences, et qu'ils intéressent peu ceux à qui elles sont étrangères. A l'égard des autres classes, je n'ai cité que quelques exemples pris, pour ainsi dire, au hasard. Ils suffiront pour montrer les différens genres de littérature dont on aimait à s'occuper, et les différens moyens qu'on employait pour étendre et multiplier nos connaissances.

" Les progrès des arts favorisaient le goût des spectacles et de la magnificence. L'étude de l'histoire et des monumens des Grecs et des Romains inspirait des idées de décence, d'ensemble et de perfection qu'on n'avait point eues jusqu'alors. Julien de Médicis, frère de Léon X, ayant été proclamé citoyen romain, cette proclamation fut accompagnée de jeux publics; et sur un vaste théâtre construit exprès dans la place du Capitole, on représenta pendant deux jours une comédie de Plaute, dont la musique et l'appareil extraordinaire excitèrent l'admiration générale. Le pape, qui crut en cette occasion devoir convertir en un acte de bienfaisance ce qui n'était qu'un acte de justice, diminua quelques-uns des impôts; et le peuple, qui prit cet acte de justice pour un acte de bienfaisance, lui éleva une statue.

" Un observateur qui verrait tout-à-coup la nature laisser échapper tant de secrets, la philosophie tant de vérités, l'industrie tant de nouvelles pratiques, dans le temps même qu'on ajoutait à l'ancien monde un monde nouveau, croirait assister à la naissance d'un nouveau

genre humain : mais la surprise que lui causeraient toutes ces merveilles, diminueraient aussitôt qu'il verrait le mérite et les talens luttant avec avantage contre les titres les plus respectés, les savans et les gens de lettres admis à la pourpre romaine, aux conseils des rois, aux places les plus importantes du gouvernement, à tous les honneurs, à toutes les dignités.

"Pour jeter un nouvel intérêt sur le Voyage que je me proposais d'écrire, il suffirait d'ajouter à cette émulation de gloire qui éclatait de toutes parts, toutes les idées nouvelles que faisait éclore cette étonnante révolution, et tous ces mouvemens qui agitaient alors les nations de l'Europe, et tous ces rapports avec l'ancienne Rome, qui reviennent sans cesse à l'esprit, et tout ce que le présent annonçait pour l'avenir; car enfin, le siècle de Léon X fut l'aurore de ceux qui le suivirent, et plusieurs génies qui ont brillé dans les XVII^e^ et XVIII^e^ siècles chez les différentes nations, doivent une grande partie de leur gloire à ceux que l'Italie produisit dans les deux siècles précédens. Ce sujet me présentait des tableaux si riches, si variés et si instructifs, que j'eus d'abord l'ambition de le traiter : mais je m'aperçus ensuite qu'il exigerait de ma part un nouveau genre d'étude; et me rappelant qu'un voyage en Grèce vers le temps de Philippe, père d'Alexandre, sans me détourner de mes travaux ordinaires, me fournirait le moyen de renfermer dans une espace circonscrit ce que l'histoire grecque nous offre de plus intéressant, et une infinité de détails concernant les sciences, les arts, la religion, les mœurs, etc. dont l'histoire ne se charge point, je saisis cette idée, et après l'avoir long-temps méditée, je commençai l'exécuter en 1757, à mon retour d'Italie."

*Translation of the preceding Extract from the Abbé Barthelemy.*

It was by chance that I first conceived the idea of the Travels of Anacharsis. I was in Italy in 1755, when I busied myself not so much with considering the present condition of the cities which I visited, as their ancient splendour. I naturally went back to the ages in which they disputed with one another the glory of domiciliating the arts and sciences in their bosom; and I thought that the relation of a journey made in that country about the time of Leo X. and continued for a certain number of years, would furnish a most interesting and useful spectacle towards the history of the human mind. Of this one may easily convince oneself from the following slight sketch: A Frenchman passes the Alps: he sees at Pavia Jerome Cardan, who has written on almost all subjects, and whose works comprise ten folio volumes. At Parma he sees Correggio painting in fresco the dome of the cathedral; at Mantua the Count Balthazar Castillon, author of an excellent work entitled "The Courtier;" at Verona, Fracastorius, a physician, a philosopher, an astronomer, a mathematician, a man of letters, a cosmographer, distinguished under all these heads, but distinguished above all as a poet; for the greater part of the writers at that time sought to distinguish themselves in every species of writing, and that is always the case when letters are first introduced into a country. At Padua he attends the lectures of Philip Decio, professor of law, renowned for his superior talents and acquirements: this city was dependent upon Venice. Louis XII. having taken possession of the Milanese, wished to dignify the capital by establishing Dècio in it. He caused him to be demanded of the Republic, which for a long time refused him. The negociations continued, and for a short time these two powers were on the point of going to war for the possession of a jurisconsult.

Our traveller sees at Venice Daniel Barbaro, inheritor of a name dear to literature, and of which he has supported the renown by his Commentaries on the Rhetoric of Aristotle, by a translation of Vitruvius, and by a Treatise on Perspective: Paul Manuccio, who carried on the business of a printer, and who cultivated letters with the same success as his father, Aldo Manuccio. He finds at the house of Paul all the editions of the ancient Greek and Latin authors which had recently issued from the most famous presses of Italy; amongst others that of Cicero in four folio volumes, published at Milan in 1499, and the Psalter in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, and Arabic, printed at Genoa in 1516.

At Ferrara he sees Ariosto; at Bologna six hundred scholars assiduously attending the lectures in jurisprudence given by the professor Ricini, and amongst the number, Alciatus, who soon afterwards himself collected together eight hundred, and effaced the glory of Bartholi and Accurzio: at Florence, Machiavel, the historians

Guicciardini and Paulus Jovius, a flourishing university, and the house of Medici, which, heretofore confined to the operations of commerce, had then raised themselves to the rank of sovereigns, and contracted alliances with several royal houses; which in its first condition displayed great virtues, in its second, great vices, and which was always illustrious, because it always interested itself in letters and in the arts; at Sienna, Mathiolo labouring at his Commentary on Dioscorides; at Rome, Michael Angelo raising the dome of St. Peter's, Raphael painting the galleries of the Vatican, Sadoleti and Bembo, afterwards cardinals, at that time filling the situation of secretaries to Leo X. Trissino giving to the public the first representation of Sophonisba, the first tragedy composed by a modern; Beroaldo, librarian of the Vatican, busied in publishing the Annals of Tacitus, which had just been discovered in Westphalia, and which Leo X. had got possession of for five hundred gold ducats; the same Pope offering situations to learned men of all nations, who would come to reside in his state, and distinguished recompenses to those who would bring him unknown manuscripts.

At Naples, he finds Talesio labouring to reproduce the system of Parmenides, and who, following the example of Bacon, was the first restorer of philosophy: he also finds Jordano Bruno, whom nature seemed to have chosen for her interpreter, but to whom, in giving him a fine genius, she refused the talent of governing himself.

So far our traveller has confined himself to traversing Italy rapidly from one extremity to the other, always walking amongst prodigies—I mean amongst great monuments and great men, always smitten with an admiration which encreased at every instant. Similar objects will every where strike his eyes as he extends his journey: what an harvest of discoveries arises hence, and what a source of reflections on the knowledge which has enlightened Europe! I shall content myself with pointing out these inquiries; nevertheless my subject draws me along, and still requires some further explanation.

In the fifth and sixth ages of the Christian era, Italy was subjugated by the Heruli, the Goths, the Ostrogoths, and other nations till then unknown; in the fifteenth, it was subjugated by genius and talents. They were invited thither, or at least were welcomed by the houses of Medici, of Este, of Urbino, of Gonzaga, by the most petty sovereigns, and by all the different republics: every where were to be found great men, some natives of the country, others attracted from foreign countries, not so much by sordid interest, as by flattering distinctions; others again invited out of the neighbouring nations, to propagate knowledge, to watch over the education of youth, or over the health of sovereigns.

In every direction universities were organized, colleges, printing-offices for every language and every science, libraries incessantly enriched by the works that were there published, and by manuscripts lately imported from countries where ignorance still maintained her empire. Academies multiplied to such an extent, that at Ferrara there were reckoned from ten to twelve, at Bologna fourteen, at Sienna sixteen. They had for their object, the sciences, polite literature, languages, history, and the arts. In two of these Academies, one of

which was especially devoted to Plato, and the other to his disciple Aristotle, the opinions of the ancient philosophy were discussed, and those of the modern philosophy brought forward. At Bologna, as well as at Venice, one of these societies watched over the printing-offices, over the beauty of paper, the letter-foundries, the correction of proofs, and over every thing that could contribute to the perfection of the new editions.

Italy was at the time the country in which learning had made, and was every day making the greatest progress. This progress was the consequence of the emulation of the different governments which divided it, and of the nature of the climate. In every state, the capitals, and even the less considerable cities, were intensely greedy of information and of glory: almost all of them offered to astronomers, observatories; to anatomists, amphitheatres; to naturalists, gardens of plants; to men of letters of every description, collections of books, of medals, and of ancient monuments; and to every species of knowledge, striking marks of consideration, of gratitude, and of respect.

In regard to the climate, it is not unusual to find in this country active and fertile imaginations, understandings accurate, profound, calculated for the conception of great enterprizes, capable of meditating upon them for a length of time, and incapable of abandoning them when once well digested. It is to the union of these qualities and these avantages, that Italy owed that mass of information and of talents, which, in a few years, raised her so far above the other countries of Europe.

I have placed Ariosto under the pontificate of Leo X.; I might rank Petrarch amongst the contemporaries of this poet, though he had flourished about a hundred and fifty years before, and Tasso, who was born eleven years after him: the former, because it was not till the time of Leo X. that the poetry of Italy, forgotten almost from its birth, was appreciated and honoured with a variety of editions and commentaries; Tasso, because he formed himself in a great measure after the model of Ariosto. It is thus that the name of Nile is given both to the sources and to the mouths of that river. All the different kinds of poetry were at that time cultivated, and left models behind them. Besides Ariosto, there may be enumerated, in Italian poetry, Bernardo Tasso, father of the celebrated Torquato, Hercules Bentivoglio, Hannibal Caro, Berni; in Latin poetry, Sannazarius, Polytian, Vida, Beroaldo; and amongst those who wrote verses, without being decidedly poets, may be reckoned Leo X., Machiavel, Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, who excelled in sculpture, in the art of the goldsmith, and in engraving.

The progress of architecture in this age is attested, on the one hand, by the works of Serlio, of Vignole, and of Palladio, as well as by the crowd of commentaries which appeared upon the treaty of Vitruvius, and on the other hand by the public and private buildings which were then erected, and which still subsist.

In regard to painting, I have made mention of Michael Angelo, of Raphaël, and of Correggio: there must be added to them Julio Romano, Titian, Andrea del Sarte, who lived at the same period, and that host of geniuses formed by their lectures or by their works.

Every day new works appeared on the systems of Plato, of Aristotle, and of the ancient philosophers. Indefatigables critics, such as Giraldus, Panvinius, Sigonius, devoted their labour to the Roman antiquities, and almost all the cities made collections of their annals. While some writers, in order to know the history of man in its full extent, went back to nations of the remotest antiquity, intrepid voyagers exposed themselves to the greatest dangers in order to discover distant and unknown nations, whose existence was only suspected. The names of Christopher Columbus the Genoese, of Americus Vespatius of Florence, of Sebastian Cabot of Venice, adorn this last mentioned list, which was soon swelled by the names of several other Italians, whose relations were inserted, a short time afterwards, in the collection of their fellow-countryman Ramusio.

The taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the munificence of Leo X. caused a numerous influx of Greeks into Italy, who brought with them all the elementary books relating to mathematics. Their language was studied with eagerness; their books were printed, translated, explained, and the taste for geometry became general. Many gave up their whole time to it; such were Commandino, and Tartaglia; some combined it with their other labours; such was Maurolico of Messina, who published different works on arithmetic, mechanics, astronomy, optics, music, the history of Sicily, grammar, the lives of some of the saints, and the Roman martyrology, without neglecting Italian poetry; such was also Augustin Nifo, professor of philosophy at Rome under Leo X., who wrote on astronomy, medicine, politics, morality, rhetoric, and several other subjects.

Anatomy was enriched by the observations of Fallopius of Modena, of Aquapendente his disciple, of Bolognini of Padua, of Vigo of Genoa, etc.

Aldrovandi of Bologna, after having been professor of botany and philosophy for forty-eight years in the university of that city, left a course of natural history in seventeen folio volumes. Amongst that immense quantity of works which appeared at that time, I have not made mention of those, the special object of which was theology or jurisprudence, because they are well known to such as cultivate those sciences, and have but little interest for those who are strangers to them. In respect to the other classes, I have only quoted some examples, taken, as one may say, at random. They will be sufficient to show the different kinds of literature with which people delighted in occupying themselves, and the different means which were employed to extend and multiply our knowledge.

The progress of the arts encouraged the taste for shows and for magnificence. The study of history, and of the monuments of the Greeks and Romans, inspired ideas which till then had never been entertained, of decorum and of perfection united. Julian de Medici, brother of Leo X. having been proclaimed a Roman citizen, this proclamation was accompanied by public games; and on a vast theatre, constructed for the purpose in the Place of the Capitol, there was represented for two days together a comedy of Plautus, of which the music and the extraodinary splendour of the accompaniments excited universal admiration. The Pope, who thought that on that

occasion it was his duty to convert what was only an act of justice into an act of beneficence, diminished some of the imposts; and the people, who took this act of justice for an act of beneficence, erected a statue to him.

An observer who should thus see nature letting loose so many secrets, philosophy disclosing so many truths, industry practising so many new methods of labour, at the very time that a new world was added to the old one, would think that he was witnessing the birth of a new human race; but the surprise which all these wonders would occasion, would diminish as soon as he saw merit and talents struggling successfully against titles the most respected, men of science and of letters admitted to the Roman purple, to the councils of kings, to the most important offices of government, to every honour and every dignity.

To give a new interest to the Travels which I had thoughts of describing it would be sufficient to add to this emulation of glory which burst forth on every side, all those new ideas to which this astonishing revolution gave birth, and all those movements which then agitated the nations of Europe, and all those relations with ancient Rome which incessantly recur to the mind, and all that the present gave promise of for the future; for in fact the age of Leo. X. was the dawn of those which followed, and many of the geniuses who shone in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries amongst different nations, are indebted for a great part of their glory to those which Italy produced in the two preceding ones. This subject presented me with pictures so rich, so diversified, and so instructive, that in the first instance I felt desirous of writing upon it: I afterwards perceived that it would require a new description of studies on my part; and recollecting that a Tour in Greece towards the time of Philip the father of Alexander, without taking me off from my ordinary course of study, would give me the means of comprising in a limited compass whatever is most interesting in the Grecian history, and an infinity of details concerning the sciences, the arts, religion, manners, customs, etc., which are not to be found in history, I laid hold of this idea, and after giving it a long consideration, began to put it in execution in 1757, on my return from Italy.

# INDEX.

*** The Roman numerals refer to the volumes; and the Arabic figures refer to the pages of the two volumes.

## A.


*Abano*, warm fountains and baths of, I. 72, 73. Celebrated by Claudian, I. 72, 73, *note*.
*Academy* della Crusca, notice of, II. 404.
*Accommodations*, in Italy, remarks on, I. Pr. D. 12, 13.
*Acton* (Sir John), not a barber, I. xxi.
*Addison's* Letter from Italy quoted, I. 113, 130. His opinion as to the site of Virgil's tomb, examined, I. 355. His conjecture as to the supposed site of Amsanctus, disproved, I. 141. Character of his *Dialogues* on Medals, Pr. D. 4. General character of his travels in Italy, 8.
*Addua*, river, notice of, I. 97.
*Adige*, river, villages on the banks of, I. 35. Course of, 36.
*Adrian*, see *Hadrian*.
*Agnano*, lago d', description of, I. 360, 361.
*Agriculture*, professorships of, established at Padua and Edinburgh, I. 59.
*Agrippina*, supposed tomb of, near Baiæ, I. 375.
*Alba Longa*, site of, ascertained, I. 303.
*Alban Mount*, described, I. 301, 302. Temple of Jupiter Latiaris on it, 311. The scene of the six last books of the Æneid, 312.
—, lake, account of, I. 303.
*Albano*, town of, described, I. 302.
*Alburnus*, mount, II. 43.
*Aldus Manutius*, eulogium on, I. 63.
*Alfonso*, of Est, encomium on, I. 103, 104.
*Alps*, defiles of, described, I. 24, 25, 29, 31, 36, 37.
*Altars*, in churches, whether they should be ornamented, I. 271, 272, *note*.
*Amasenus*, handsome bridge over, I. 324. Classical description on it, *ibid.* Present appearance of, 325.
*Ambras*, castle of, described, I. 28.
*Ambrose*, St., character and tomb of, II. 253, 254.
*Ambrosian Library*, at Milan, II. 255.
*Amphitheatre* of Verona, described, I. 38, 39. Curious exhibition in, 39, 40. Remarks on the ancient amphitheatres, II. 410. And on the various exhibitions there, 435—438, *note*.
*Amsanctus*, valley of, conjectures on its situation, I. 142, 143.
*Amyclæ*, canal of, why formed, I. 334.
*Ancona*, temple of Venus at, I. 422. Ancient state of, 122. Noble mole, 123. Triumphal arch, 123. Cathedral, 124. Other churches, 124. Present appearance, 124.
*Angelo* (Castel S.) described, I. 194, 195.
——(Michael), critique on his Last Judgment, I. 206, 208. Defects of his architectural style, II. 107.
*Anio*, river, course of, described, I. 290. Its waterfalls, 290.
*Antium*, ancient and present state of, I. 312.

*Antony* (St.) church of, at Padua, described, I. 55.
*Anzur*, ancient site of, I. 326.
*Apennines*, passage of, described, I. 129, 130. Poetical descriptions of, 131, 132. Instructions for passing them, 134.
*Apuleius*, quoted, II. 267.
*Aqueducts*, of Rome, described, I. 190, II. 81. Of Caserta, II. 29.
*Arcadian* academy, institution and design of, I. 276.
*Arch* of Constantine, I. 164.
*Architecture* of Italy, necessary to be known by travellers, I. Pr. D. 4, 5. Best works on this subject, 5. Observations on the architecture of modern Rome, II. 102. Account of the five eras of its architecture, 103. General remarks on them, 106, 107. Comparison between the Roman and Gothic architecture, II. 247, 248.
*Arenas* of the ancient amphitheatres, construction of, II. 435. Notice of the wonderful exhibitions there, *ibid.*, *note*.
*Arezzo*, ancient and modern state of, II. 155.
*Ariminum*. See *Rimini*.
*Ariosto*, born in the territory of Reggio, I. 103.
———, quoted or illustrated, I. 103, 145.
*Arno*, river, scenery of, II. 156. See *Val d'Arno*.
*Arona*, town of, its situation, II. 278, 279. Statue of St. Charles Borromeo there, 278.
*Arpaia*, the ancient Caudium, defiles of, described, II. 34.
*Arquato*, village of, I. 73. Tomb and villa of Petrarch there, *ibid.*
*Arsenal* at Venice, described, I. 67.
*Arts*, communicated to the world from Rome, I. 151, 152.
*Asdrubal*, account of the battle between, and the Romans, illustrated, I. 120. The site of Monte Ascrubale ascertained, 121.
*Assassination*, remarks on, in Italy, II. 192—194. Not frequent among the Neapolitans, II. 66.
*Assisi*, the ancient Asisium, notice of, II. 146. Account of St. Francis of Assisi, 147—148.
*Astroni*, formerly the crater of a volcano, I. 363. Now converted into a royal forest, *ibid.*
*Asturn*, island of, a residence of Cicero's, I. 328.
*Augustin*, St., supposed tomb of, II. 240.
*Augustus*, triumphal arch of, at Rimini, I. 116. Noble bridge erected by him at Narni, 143. Mausoleum of, I. 193.
*Ausar*, river, course of, II. 207.
*Ausonius*, quoted, II. 172, 257.
*Austria* (Emperor of), reflections on his present situation and duties, II. 422.
*Aventine*, *Mount*, ancient and present state of, I. 166, 167.
*Avernus*, lake, description of, I. 367. Fictions of the ancients concerning it examined and accounted for, 368, 369. Divested of its horrors by Augustus, 369. Ancient temple on its southern banks, 370. Grotto della Sibilla, *ibid.* Supposed situation of the city of the Cimmerians, 371.

## B.

*Baia*, beautiful bay of, I. 273. Ancient ruins on its banks, *ibid.* Baths of Nero, 373. *Temple e camere di Venere*, 374. Castle, 375. Tomb of Agrippina, 375. The scene of profligacy and cruelty under the successors of Augustus, II. 7. Causes of the present unwholesomeness of the town and lake, *ibid*, *note*.
*Bandusian Fount*, I. xv.
*Baptistery* of St. John Lateran, I. 239.
*Barbarians*, devastations of, accounted for, I. 122.
*Barthelemy*, Abbé, interesting Sketch of Travels in Italy, during the age of Leo X. II. 433 *et seq.*
*Baths*, warm, of Abano, I. 72. Of Caracalla, 168, 169. Of Titus, 170. Of Diocletian, 172. Of Nero at Baia, 373. Of ancient Rome, distinguished by their splendour, II. 94. Of Lucca, 206.
*Bay* of Naples, description of its beauties, I. 336. Of Baia, 373. Of Procida, II. 1. Of Lugano, II. 271.
*Bellagio*, the probable site of one of Pliny's villas, II. 266. Its ancient state, 267.
*Benacus*, lake, described, I. 79, 80, 82. Subject to sudden storms, 81.
*Benedictine* monasteries and order, nature of their rule, II. 268, 269. Vindication of character, 370. Remarks on the annihilation of the order, 372.
*Benediction* of the Pope, in what manner conferred, I. 262, II. 415.





*Beneventum*, excursion to, II. 35, Ancient history and present state of, 36. Triumphal arch of Trajan, *ib.* Cathedral, 37. Population, *ibid.* Ancient inhabitants almost exterminated by the Romans, *ib.*
*Bernard*, Mount St., glaciers of, II. 262.
*Bishops' seats*, where placed, in ancient and modern churches, I. 261, 262.
*Blood*, supposed, of St. Januarius and St. Stephen, I. 340.
*Boccaccio*, not a writer to be recommended by the moralist, I. xi.
*Bocchetta*, mountain of, described, II. 232. Its romantic scenery, 233.
*Boetius*, tomb of, at Pavia, II. 240.
*Bologna*, ancient state of, I. 106. Vicissitudes of, *ibid.* Present appearance of, 107. Cathedral, 107. Church of St. Petronius, *ibid.* Splendid portico, leading to the Blessed Virgin, 107. Her church described, *ibid.* Noble palaces, 108. The Clementine academy founded, 109. Its excellent plan, 109. Public library, *ibid.* The institute founded by Count Marsigli, 110. Enriched by subsequent benefactors, 110. University, *ibid.* Other literary establishments, 111. Bad taste of the fountain in the great square, 111.
*Bolsano*, notice of, I. 32.
*Bonamico*, verses of, on the deserted villas of Rome, I. 106.
*Borghese* (Prince), villa and gardens of, described, I. 278, 279. Its gardens liberally open to the public, 279.
*Borromeo*, St. Charles, tomb of, II. 249. Sanctity of his character and example, 250. Benevolent institutions, 251. Private virtues, *ib.* Numerous charities founded by him, *ib.* Death, 252, *note.* Statue of him at Arona, 278.
———, Cardinal Federigo, founded the Ambrosian Library, II. 255.
*Borromini*, architectural defects introduced by, II. 107.
*Bossuet*, character of, II. 347.
*Brenner*, an Alpine mountain, described, I. 29.
*Brenta*, river, appearances of its banks, I. 60.
*Brescinone*, notice of, I. 31.
*Bridges* over the Tiber, I. 175.
*Bull*, the Farnese, described, I. 353.
*Bull-baiting* in the amphitheatre of Verona, I. 38, 39.
*Buonaparte*, effects of his government in Rome, I. 186, 187.
*Burial-ground* of the hospital dell Sma. Annunciata, excellent situation and plan of, I. 315, 316.
*Burying* in churches, remarks on the impropriety of, I. 346, 347.

## C.

*Caduta delle Marmore*, a noble waterfall in the vicinity of Terni, described, I. 139—141.
*Cæcuban* wine, remarks on, I. 335.
*Cæsar*, passage of, over the Rubicon, ascertained, I. 115. His appearance before Ariminum described, 117, 118.
*Caius Cestius*, tomb of, described, I. 167.
*Camaldoli*, road to, described, I. 183. Description of the abbey and hermitages, *ibid.* By whom founded, 184. Number of monks in the abbey, and their rule, 185.
*Campagna di Roma*, present appearance of, I. 146. Observations on its unhealthiness and the causes of its insalubrity, both in ancient and modern times, II. 117—125.
*Campana*, entrance of, described, I. 134. Its beautiful appearance, II. 71.
*Campus Martius*, and its edifices, described, I. 174, 175.
*Canal* of Amycle, why formed by Nero, I. 334.
*Cane*, grotto del, I. 362
*Cappella Pavlina* at Rome, I. 206. Cappella Sistina, 207, 208.
*Capitol*, view from, described, I. 154. Historical account of, 157, 158. Noble edifices formerly on it, 157, 158. Modern buildings erected on it, 158, 159. Its present appearance, 159. Museum Capitolinum, 160. Church and convent of *Ara Cœli*, 160, 161.
*Capua*, ancient history of, II. 69. Account of the modern town of, 70.
*Caracalla*, baths of, I. xxiii. *note*; described, 168, 169. Circus of, I. 281, 282.
*Cardinals*, how nominated, II. 425. Power and influence of the college of cardinals, 422. The Pope elected by them, *ib.*
*Caserta*, aqueduct and palace of, described, II. 29.
*Castration* of boys, disgraceful custom of, continued, I. 349.
*Catacombs* of Rome, account of, I. 226, 228.
*Catalina*, origin of its name, I. 118.

*Catullus*, quoted or illustrated, I. 31, 80, 97.
———, grotto of, at Sirmione, I. 30.
*Caudium*. See *Arpaia*.
*Cava*, town of, its origin and present state, II. 40.
*Cecilia Metella*, mausoleum of, I. 282.
*Cemetery*, an ancient Jewish one, discovered at Rome, I. 227, *note*.
*Cenis*, mount, description of its ascent, II. 296. Convent erected for the benefit of travellers, *ib.* The supposed spot, whence Annibal pointed out Italy to his army, 297. His conduct compared with that of modern invaders, 298.
*Cesena*, present state of, I. 113.
*Character*, national, of the Italians, account of, II. 375, *et seq.*
*Charitable Institutions*, number of, in Italy, II. 356, *et seq.*
*Chastity*, cultivated by the northern nations, II. 61.
*Chaunt* of the Roman church, remarks on, I. 263, 264.
*Chiaravalle*, abbey of, its situation and history, II. 240, 241.
*Chiusa*, the ancient Clusium, I. 32. Account of, and of its fortifications, 32.
*Christianity*, mild influence of, on the mountaineers of the Alps, I. 30, 31.
*Chrysostom*, St. John, eloquent allusion of, to the tombs of the apostles, I. 249, *note*.
*Church of Rome*, service of. See *Pontifical service*. Differences between this church and the church of England, II. 366.
*Church of St. Giustina*, at Padua, described, I. 54. Of St. Antony, 55. Of St. Mark at Venice, 64, 65. Other churches at Venice, 68. Of *St. Stephano in rotondo*, at Rome, 169. Of the Carthusians on the Esquiline Hill, 172. General remarks on the Roman churches, I. 217, 224. Description of the church of St. Clement, 225. Of St. Pietro in Vincoli, 222. Of St. Martino and S. Silvestro, 222, 223. Of St. Andrea in Monte Cavallo, 223. Of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, *ibid.* Of S. Pietro in Montorio, 224. Of Santa Maria in Trastevere, 224, 225. Of S. S. Grisogono, Giovanni e Paulo, and Gregorio Magno, 225. Of St. Onofrio, 226. Of St. Sebastiano, 226. Madonna del Sole, 228. Santa Maria Egiziaca, 229. St. Lorenzo in Miranda, 230, 231. Pantheon, or Piazza del Rotonda, 231, 233. Basilica, or Church of S. Lorenzo, 233, 234. Santa Maria Maggiore, 235, 236. Basilica Lateranensis, or Church of the Lateran, 237, 238. Basilica di Santa Croce in Gierusalemme, 239. Basilica of St. Paul, 240, 242. Of St. Peter, 242, 259. (See St. Peter). Suburban churches—Church of St. Urban, 284. Of St. Agnes, and St. Constantia, 285. Principal churches of Naples, 339. Santa Maria Maggiore, 340. Santi Apostoli, 340. Of St. Paul and St. Lorenzo, 340. Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, 341. De Spirito Santo, *ibid.* Church del Parto, 343. Remarks on the impropriety of burying in churches, 345, 346, 347, 348. Churches of Florence, remarks on, II. 140. Cathedral Church, *ibid.* Baptistery, 164. Church of St. Lorenzo, 165. Other Churches, 167. Cathedral of Pisa, 210. Of Genoa, 225. Cathedral of Milan, 248—253. General observations on the churches of Italy, I. Pr. D. 16, 17.
*Cicero*, reflections of, on the ruins of Corinth and other cities, I. 154, *note*. Villa of, near Alba, I. 304, 306. And in the island of Astura, 314. His Formian Villa and Tomb, 330. Examination of the situations of his villas, *Puteolanum et Cumanum*, 366. Supposed villa of, at Pompeii, II. 23, 24. His tomb at Gaieta, 72. Vindication of Cicero from the sneers of Rousseau, 132, *note*.
———quoted or illustrated, I. 154, 162, 314. II. 69, 85, 133, 317.
*Cimbri*, descendants of, now in Italy, I. 51, 52.
*Cimmerians*, supposed abode of, I, 371, 372.
*Cyrcus*, of Caracalla, I. 281, 282.
*Civilization* diffused through the world from Rome, I. 148.
*Civita Castellana*, supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Veii, II. 143.
*Classical knowledge*, considered, as necessary to travellers in Italy, Pr. D. 1—3.
———*Tour*, not a guide-book, I. IX.
*Claudian*, quoted or illustrated, I. 72, 73, *note*, 97, 144, 146, 165, *note*, I. 281. II. 1[illegible], *note*. II. 266, 269.
*Clement* XIV. (Pope) account of the museum founded by him, I. 213, 214.
*Clergy*, Italian, different classes of, their duties and qualifications, II. 366, *et seq.*
———of Naples, erroneous imputation upon, I. XVI.
*Clitumnus*, temple upon the, I. XII. The source of, described by the younger Pliny, 135, 136. Its present appearance, 136, 137. Ancient Temple on its banks described, 136, 137.
*Cloacæ*, or sewers of ancient Rome, described, II. 80, 84.
*Clodius*, the scene of his assassination pointed out, I. 302.
*Cluverius*, error of, detected, I. 300.
*Cœcubus*, mount, I. 328.
*Cœlian Mount*, ruins on, I. 169.

*Coliseum*, I. xxiii. Best mode of viewing to advantage, 165. Its present state described, 164.
*Collegiate churches*, benefit of, II. 266, 267.
*Collegium de propaganda Fide*, noble design of, II. 429.
*Colli Euganei*, described, I. 73.
*Colonna* (Prince), estimable character of, I. 202, *note*. Description of his palace, 201, 202.
*Colony*, Roman, now remaining on the borders of Transylvania, I. 52.
*Columella*, quoted or illustrated, II. 118, 119, *notes*.
*Como*, the ancient Comum, situation of, II. 259. Statue of Pliny, 260. Its cathedral and present state, 261, 262. Villa of Pliny in its neighbourhood, 262. Scenery of its lake described, 263. Fertility of its surrounding territory, 266.
*Comitium* of Rome, I. xxiv.
*Concord*, temple, I. xxv.
*Confraternities*, benevolent, at Naples, I, 348, 349, 350.
*Conservatorii*, or schools of Naples, account of, I. 348, 349.
*Constantine*, arch of, I. 164.
*Convents*, utility of vindicated, II. 264.
*Cora*, ruins of, I. 323.
*Council* of Trent, account of, I. 33. Subjects discussed at, 34. Review of the charges against, 34, 35.
*Cremona*, vicissitudes of, I. 95. Present state of, 96. Beautiful chapel of the primitive martyrs, 96. The native place of the poet Vida, 96, 97.
*Cumæ*, ancient history of, I. 383. Causes of its decline, *ibid*. Present state of, *ibid*. Royal forest there, 384.
*Cumean Sybil*, grotto of, I. 381, 382.

## D.

*Dante*, epitaph on, II. 164. Fruitless attempts of the Florentines to obtain his remains from Ravenna, *ibid*.
*Defiles* of the Alps, description of, I. 24, 26, 29, 31, 73, 37. Of Claudium, II. 34.
*De Lille*, reflections of, on viewing Pope's Villa, I. 359, *note*.
*Della Crusca* Academy, account of, II. 192.
*Diana*, temple of, on the Aventine mount, I. 166. Her grove and temple, near Genzano, I. 308, 309.
*Dies Iræ*, a funeral hymn, extract of, I. 31, *note*.
*Diocletian*, baths of, I, 172.
*Dionysius Periegetes*, quoted, I. 144, *note*.
*Dispositions* with which persons ought to travel, considered, I. Pr. D., 6, 8.
*Domo d'Ossola*, situation of, II. 278.
*Dress* of the Roman clergy, different parts of, explained, I. 268, 269. Of the French, remarks on its introduction into Turin, II. 290. General dress, 292—294.
*Durazzo*, Doge of Venice, anecdote of, II. 229, 230. Account of the Durazzo Palace at Genoa, 221.

## E.

*Edifices* of ancient Rome, destroyed by hostile fury or by Christian zeal, I. 177. And also by neglect of government, 178, 179. Some preserved by being converted into churches, 179, 180.
*Egeria*, grotto of the nymph, I. 283, 309. Fountain of, xxi.
*Elysian Fields*, description of, I. 377.
*Ennius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 371.
*Entertainments* of the Italians, vindicated, II. 224.
*Epitaphs* on Virgil, I. 354. On Dante, II. 164.
*Eruptions* of Vesuvius, notice of, I. 138. II. 12—16. Account of that which overwhelmed Pompeii, 25, 26.
*Esquiline Hill*, ancient and present state of, I. 170—172. Carthusian convent on, 172.
*Este*, house of, eulogium on the munificence of its princes, I. 103.
*Etruria*, reflections on entering, II. 141, 142. Remarks on the history and arts of the ancient Etrurians, 152, 153. Remarks on the ancient Etruscan language, 192—194.

[illegible], notice of, I. [illegible].
——— continued, [illegible].

## F.

*Fabrica*, description of, I. [illegible].
*Fabrizi*, or Fabrizio, history and description of, II. 174.
*Facchini, Ayv.* description of, I. [illegible]. Enumeration of the causes which make its wine to be more in less request than it formerly was, 333—335.
*Fano*, the ancient *Fanum Fortunæ*, described, I. 119.
*Farnese*, Alexander, cenotaph on, I. 94.
*Ferdinand IV.* King of Naples, account of his return to Naples, II. 52. Extravagant joy of his people, 53. Anecdotes and character of him, 53—54. Kept in ignorance, *ibid.* Instances of his benevolence, 55. Effects of his government, 57.
*Fire*, spontaneous, at Pietra Mala, II. 191. Remarks on it, 191, 192.
*Flaminius*, verses of, addressed to Horatia, I. 94.
*Florence*, early history of, II. [illegible]. Struggles during its republican form of government, 157, 158. The rise of duke usurped by Alexander de Medicis, 160. Present state and appearance of, 161. Description of its churches, 162. Cathedral, 162—165. Baptistery, 164. Church of St. Lorenzo, 165. Laurentian library, 166. Other churches of Florence, 167—168. Palaces, 168—170. Description of the Florentine gallery, 170—173. Arts of its environs, 173. Museum of natural history, 192. Academy della Crusca, *ibid.* State of Society there, 201, 202, *note*.
*Foligno*, the ancient Fulginia described, I. 155.
*Fondi*, town of, described, I. 327, 328. Its vale, why unhealthy, 328.
*Fontana Trevi*, description of, I. 191. Fontana di Trevi, 192.
*Fori*, *Forum Boarium*, description of, I. 112.
*Forum popoli*, *Forum Populi*, present state of, I. 112.
*Formiæ*. See *Mola*.
*Fortune*, temple of, I. xxiv.
*Forum* of Rome described, I. 161. Allusions to it, 162. Its present state, 162, 163. Account of the forums of ancient Rome, II. 87—90.
*Fountains* of modern Rome described, I. 190—193.
*Fracastorius*, beautiful extract from, I. 84.
*Francis I*, Emperor, death of, I. 27. Chapel and altar erected to his memory at Inspruck, *ibid.*
*Francis I*, King of France, honourable anecdote of, II. 211.
*Francis* (St.) of Assisi, account of, II. 117—118.
*French*, depredations of, at Chiusa, I. 37. At Verona, 44. At Padua, 55. At Venice, 67. Effects of their conduct on the Venetians, 72. Depredations of, at Parma, 102. Plundered the Vatican Library, 213. Causes of the superiority of French literature examined and accounted for, 351—352. General conduct of, while at Rome, II. 113. Effects of their invasion, 115—117. Wanton depredations at Milan, 256. Effects of their invasion of Turin, 288, 289. Account of useful undertakings, executed by them at Rome, 435—438. Mischiefs caused by them in Italy, 439, *et seq.*
*Frescati*, erected on the site of the ancient Tusculum, I. 306. Modern town of, described, 306, 307.
*Furcæ Caudinæ*, or defile of Caudium, described, II. 34. Their supposed situation, according to Cluverius, 35, *note*.

## G.

*Gaieta*, vase in the cathedral at, I. xxi. Fortress of, 329. Present state of the town, *ibid.* Its cathedral, *ibid.* Tomb of Mutius Planeus, 330. Bay of, II. 71. Tomb of Cicero there, *ibid.*
*Gallery* of Florence, account of, II. 170—173. Plundered by the French, *ibid.* Architecture of it, *ibid.* Paintings, 171. Statues, 172.
*Garda*, Lago di, described, I. 79, 80.
*Gardens* of Lucullus, I. 273. Of the king of Naples, 351.
*Genoa*, harbour of, II. 220. Interior of the city described, *ibid.* Churches, *ibid.* Palace of the family of Durazzo, 221. Of the Doge, 222. Church di Carignano, *ibid.* Cathedral church of St. Laurence, 224. Hospitals, 225. Instances of Genoese benevolence, *ibid.* Fortifications of Genoa, 226. Revolutions in her his-

. Rivalry between Genoa and Venice, 228. Genoa, why attached to the terest, 229. Remarks on the Genoese character, 230—234.
nark on the Roman churches, erroneous, I. 270.
), abbey and church of, described, I. 55.
of Rome, described, II 107. Origin and progress and the temporal so- of the popes, 108. Effects of the Reformation on it, 110.
*haunt*, observations on, I. 264.
Great, pope, character of, vindicated, II. 77, *note*.
*ita*, the site of Cicero's villa, I. 304.
geria, I. 284. Of Posilipo, described, 360. Beautiful views thence, 361, Cane, 362. Of the Cumean Sybil, 381, 382.
. John, founder of the abbey of Vallombrosa, legendary anecdote of, II,
avellers in Italy, remarks on, I. Pr. D. 6, 9.

## H.

nperor, mausoleum of, I. 194, 195. His villa, 289.
lage of, described, I. 22. Account of its salt mines, 22, 25.
, ancient town of, how discovered, II. 17. Description of its ruins, *ibid.*
covered there, 18.
aly, knowledge of, necessary to the traveller in that country, Pr. D. 3, 4.
ed or illustrated, I. 271. II. 4.
ed or illustrated, I. 69, 81, 150, 171, 204, 273, 280, 293, 297, 298, 299, 307, 325, 335, 393. II. 5, 11, 63, 65, 118, 253, 281, 306, 392.
posed villa of, at Tibur, I. 296. His Sabine villa, 299. His journey to m illustrated, 307. II. 73.
*Curiatii*, tomb of, I. 307.
oble, of the Neapolitans, I. 344—345. Burial ground of the Hospital . Annunciata, 346. Excellent custom of, 348.
ome, described, I. 188.
her, character of, II. 180.

## I J.

e, account of the performances of one, I, 134.
ription of, I. 112.
y used in the Roman church, I. 270.
e popes, II. 428.
of the popes, how to be understood, II. 431.
ient and modern times, badness of their accommodations, accounted for
scription of, I. 26, 29.
numerous establishments for, in Italy, II. 359.
*cena*, history of, II. 264.
*fountain* at the villa Plinianis, II. 262. The phenomenon accounted for, 263.
ation from, I. 165.
ncient Inarime, II. 9. Volcanic appearances of this island, *ibid.* Mount *id.* Soil and produce, 10. Numerous towns, *ibid.* Present state of, 11.
ks on the geography of, II. 301. Boundaries, *ibid.* Divided into three 302. Remarks on the state of the weather, 306. Its scenery considered tch of the history of Italy, 308. Considerations on the present degraded aly, 310. And on the languages of Italy, 313. Remarks on the literature 250. Religion, 354. National character of the Italians, misrepresented racter of the ancient inhabitants of Italy, 376. Most prosperous period of story, *ibid.* Hospitality of the Italians, 383. Their courage, *ibid.* And nowledge, 381. Ignorance of the higher classes accounted for, *ibid.* Nu- thers to be found among the nobility, 385. State of morals, 386. Nature ism, 387. Mischievous mode of contracting marriages in some places, 388. ling classes of Italians distinguished for their chastity, *ibid.* Industry of stry, 389. Italians vindicated from the charges of indolence, 390. Of cruelty er, 393. Robbers not frequent, 394. The present political state of Italy

considered, 395—397. Ancient and modern population, 398. State of cultivation, 408. State of Italy at the close of the 18th century, 409. A knowledge of the language and history necessary to the traveller, Pr. D. I. 3—4.
*Januarius* (St.), supposed blood of, I. 340.
*Jerome's* (St.), account of the catacombs at Rome, I. 228, *note*.
*Joseph*, Emperor of Germany, edict of, to prevent burying in churches, I. 347.
*Juno Argiva*, temple of, II. 50.
*Jupiter Tonans*, temple of, I. xxiv.
*Juvenal*, quoted or illustrated, I. 122, 284, 285, 325, 383. II. 8, 121, 391.

## L.

*Lago di Garda*, described, I. 79. Lago d'Agnano, 361. Lago di Lecco, scenery of, II. 266. Lago di Lugano, description of, 270. Lago di Varese, 272.
*Lagune* on the Venetian coasts, described, I. 61.
*Laity* should have the communion administered in both kinds, I. 266, 267.
*Lakes* of Italy, general remarks on, II. 279. The English and Scottish lakes compared with them, 281.
*Languages* of ancient Italy, II. 193. Etruscan, 194. Oscan, with specimens, ib. Volscian, 195. Progress of the Latin language in the reign of Servius Tullius, 197. Specimens of the Latin language at subsequent periods, 195 *et seq*. Remarks on the general use of the French language, 293. Progressive changes in the Latin language considered, 314. Circumstances that contributed to produce a change in the ancient language of Italy, 317—322. Examples of difference between the early and later Latins, and between them and the modern Italians, 322—324. Causes and specimens of the decline of the Latin language, 325—328. Improvement of the Italian language, 329. Proofs of the feebleness of the French language, 340. Its difficulty, 341. The Italian superior to the French language, 342—345, and preferable as an universal language, 352. The knowledge of Italian necessary to the traveller in Italy, Pr. D. 3.
*Larian Lake*, beautiful scenery of, II. 264—268. Sources of the riches of its surrounding territory, 268.
*La Riccia*, town of, described, I. 307.
*Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, critique on, I. 206, 207.
*Lateran* palace, description of, I. 203. Church of St. John Lateran, 237, 239.
*Latin* language, reasons for partially retaining it, in divine service, I. 267, 268. Progress and specimens of it, at different periods, II. 195. Remarks on the progressive changes in it, 293. Causes of its decline considered, 325—328. Reasons why the Latin should be the universal language, preferably to that of France, 351—352.
*Laura*, Petrarch's passion for, considered, I. 77, 78. Remarks on the charms attributed to her, 77, 78.
*Laurence* (St.), church of, I. 233, 234. The author's feelings on approaching the shrine, 287.
*Laurentian Library* at Florence, II. 166.
*Laurentum*, ancient site of, I. 317.
*Lavernia*, excursion to, II. 185. Description of the convent, 186. Chapel of the Stemmate, *ibid*. Number of friars, 187.
*Lazzaroni*, situation of, II, 59. Honourable anecdotes of, 60.
*Leaning Tower* of Pisa, II. 211.
*Leghorn*, road to, described, II. 217. Origin and present state of, *ibid*.
*Le Laboureur*, futile attemps of, to prove the superiority of the French language, abstract of his argument, II. 342, *note*.
*Leonardo da Vinci*, Last Supper of, I. xxi.
*Liberty*, better promoted in small territories than in extensive empires, II. 311. This position illustrated by examples, 312.
*Library* in the Corsini palace, I. 199. Of the Vatican, 212, 213. The Laurentian library at Florence, II. 166. Ambrosian library at Milan, 255. Plundered by the French, *ib*.
*Ligurians*, ancient character of, II. 230.
*Liris*, river, course of, I. 331, 332.
*Literature* of Italy, considerations on, II. 330. Originality of Italian writers vindicated, 331. Characters of several historians, 331—335. Antiquarians, 335. Italian literature, why traduced, 336. Petulant criticisms of Boileau repelled, 338.

Influence of the French infidel writers, 338. Italian literature exempt from its infection, 339. Real estimate of French literature, 345. Indebted for all its excellence to the Italians, *ibid.* Comparison between Tiraboschi and Dr. Johnson, 346. Baneful influence of French literature, 349. Causes of its preponderance examined and accounted for, I. 351, 352. State of literature in Naples, 351. II. 64.

*Liternum*, ruins of Scipio Africanus' villa there, I. 380, 382.

*Livius*, Titus, monument at Padua, in honour of, I. 55.

———, quoted or illustrated, I. 119, 131, 151, 162, 173, 325, 337, 366. II. 20, 35, 70, 71, 80, 144, 156, 283, 298.

*Locality*, influence of, on the mind, I. 162.

*London*, why inferior to other capitals, I. 49.

*Loretto*, present state of, I. 125. Legend of the *Santissima Casa*, *ib.* Remarks on it, 126. Santa Casa described, *ib.* Its treasury plundered by the French, 127. Description of the church, 128.

*Lucan*, quoted or illustrated, I. 73, 115, 118, 119, 131, 307, 366. II. 149, 400, 412.

*Lucca*, origin and early history of, II. 203. Unanimity between governors and people, 204. Rarity of crimes, 205. Description of the city, *ibid.* Baths of Lucca, 206. State of literature and the arts, 207.

*Lucretilis*, mount, description of, I. 298, 299.

*Lucullus*, gardens of, I. 273. Villa of, near port Misenus, I. 377, 378.

*Lucrine Lake*, ruins of Agrippa's mole, I. 367. Present appearance of the lake, *ib.*

*Lugano*, lago di, description of, II. 270. Present state of the town of Lugano, *ib.* Its fine bay, 271.

*Luna*, beautiful bay of, II. 219.

## M.

*Macerata*, city of, described, I. 128.

*Maggiore*, lago, the ancient *Lacus Verbanus*, II. 273. Isola Bella, 273—275. Isola Madre, 275.

*Mantua*, city of, described, I. 90 *et seq.* Cathedral, 90. St. Andrew's church, 91. Revolutions in its history, 92. Bust of Virgil there, carried off by the French, 93. Regard of the Mantuans for the memory of Virgil, 93. Present state of, *ib.*

*Manuscripts* of the Vatican library, I. 213.

*Maps*, the best for travellers pointed out, I. Pr. D. 9.

*Marble*, how far used in the palaces of the ancients, I. 50.

*Marengo*, plain of, II. 235. Remarks on the effects of the battle of Marengo, *ib.*

*Maria degli Angioli*, church of, I. xxv.

*Maria Teresa*, Empress, honourable anecdote of, I. 27.

*Marini*, the poet, tomb of, I. 341.

*Mark* (St.), church of, at Venice, described, I. 64—66. Account of the finding and transporting his body from Alexandria to Venice, 65, 66.

*Martial*, quoted or illustrated, I. 94, 163, *note*, 199, 324, 326, 358, 370. II. 324, 436, *note*.

*Massacre* of Bartholomew, painting of, at Rome, I. 206.

*Mausoleum* of Augustus, I. 175, 193. Of Hadrian, 194, 195. Of Cecilia Metella, 282, 283. Of the Medicean family, II. 165.

*Maecenas*, palace of, on the Esquiline Hill, I. 171. Villa of, 295.

*Medals*, knowledge of, necessary to the traveller in Italy, I. Pr. D. 4.

*Medicis*, Alexander di, first obtained the title of the Duke of Florence, II. 160.

———, family of, splendid mausoleum of, II. 165.

———, Cosmo, palace of, II. 169.

*Mediolanum*. See *Milan*.

*Mela*, river, course of, ascertained, I. 31.

*Mendicant* orders of the church of Rome, account of, II. 373. Fratres minores et minimi, *ib.* Dominicans, *ib.* Carmelites and Augustine friars, *ib.* Remarks on their numbers, *ib.*

*Metaro*, river (the ancient Metaurus), course of, described, I. 119. Account of the battle of Metaurus, between Asdrubal and the Romans, 120.

*Milan* (the ancient Mediolanum), history of, II. 242— 244. Detestable effects of the French Revolution on the Milanese territory, 245. Present state of, *ib.* Cathedral church, *ib.* Examination of its architectural beauties and defects, 246—247. Splendour of its materials, 247. Statues, 252. Ambrosian library, 255. Colleges

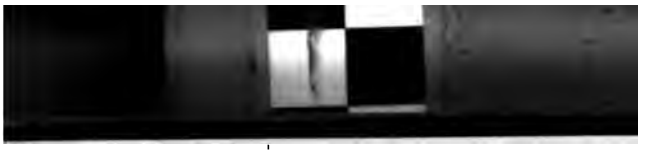
and hospitals, 256. Lazaretto, *ibid.* Remains of antiquity in Milan, 257. Character of its inhabitants, 256.
*Milton*, illustrations of, II. 178—180.
*Mincio*, river, and its surrounding scenery, described, I. 86—90.
*Minerva Medica*, temple of, I. 171.
*Minturnæ*, ruins of, I. 331.
*Misenus*, port, description of, I. 376.
*Modena* (the ancient Mutina), vicissitudes of its history, I. 103. Present appearance of, *ib.* Raised to eminence by its princes, *ib.* Illustrious men born there, 105.
*Mola* (the ancient Formiæ), present state of, I. 329.
*Monasteries* in Italy, II. 368. Account of the Benedictine order, *ibid.* Mendicants, 373. Friars minors, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians, *ib.* Number of monks in Italy, *ibid.*
*Monte Cavallo*, obelisk and fountain upon, I. xx.
*Monte Somma*, description of, I. 139.
*Monti*, poetical description of Rome by, II. 99. Character of his works, 334, note.
*Monuments*, ancient, reflections on the destruction of, I. 196.
*Mountaineers* of the Alps, simplicity and piety of, 30—34.
*Murat*, general, anecdote of, II. 428, *note*.
*Muratori*, notice of, I. 105.
*Museum Capitolinum*, described, I. 160. Pio Clementinum plundered by the French, 214. Survey of the antique statues, paintings, etc. preserved there, 215—216. Of natural history at Florence, II. 192.
*Music*, some knowledge of, necessary to travellers in Italy, I. Pr. D. 6. Present state of Italian music, 6.
*Munatius Plancus*, tomb of, I. 330.

## N.

*Names*, ancient, remarks on, II. 100.
*Naples*, beautiful bay of, described, I. 336. Ancient history of this city, 337. History of, under the Emperors of Constantinople, 338. Present state of, 338, 339. Situation, and number of its inhabitants, 339. Motley architecture of its buildings, 339, 340. Principal churches, 340. Santa Maria Maggiore, *ib.* Body and blood of St. Januarius, *ib.* Santi Apostoli, *ib.* Church of St. Paul, *ib.* Of St. Lorenzo, *ibid.* De Spirito Santo, *ib.* Chapel of St John the Evangelist, 341. Tomb of Marini, *ib.* Sepulchral chapel of the family of San Severo, *ib.* Church del Parto, 343. Noble hospitals of Naples, 344, 345. Schools or conservatorii, 348, 349. Benevolent confraternities for the poor, 349, 350. Palaces of Naples, 350, 351. Literature of this city, 351, 352. Its beautiful situation and climate, 352, 353. Royal gardens and the *Toro Farnese*, 353. Tomb of Virgil, 354, 355. Return of the king to Naples, II. 52. Extravagant rejoicings of the people, 53. Illuminations of the abbey of San Martino, 57. And of the city, *ib.* State of literature there, 61. Style of society, 65. Assassination and drunkenness not very frequent, 67.
*Nar*. See *Nera*.
*Narni*, situation of, I. 113. Noble bridge of Augustus there, *ib.* Present state of, 114. Poetical description of, by Claudian, *ib.*
*Naugerius*, beautiful verses of, on Padua, I. 59, 60.
*Neapolitans*, remarks on the character and dispositions of, II. 59. Their debauchery and dissipation, 61. Remarks on its probable causes, 63.
*Nemi*, lake, name of, whence derived, I. 308. Description of it and of the town, 308, 309.
*Nera* (the ancient *Nar*), river, course of, described, I. 113, 114. II. 115.
*Nero*, canal of Amyclæ, why burned by, 334. Villa projected by him near Baiæ, 375. Notice of his splendid palace, termed *Domus Aurea*, II. 104.
*Nisida*, isle of (the ancient Nesis), description of, 363.
*Nocera* (the ancient Nuceria), notice of, II. 38.
*Novara*, brief notice of, II. 282.
*Novi*, notice of, II. 255. Character of the ancient inhabitants, 234.

## O.

*Obelisks* of modern Rome, described, I. 189—190.





*Obizzi*, castle of, described, I. 84.
*Objects* worthy of the traveller's attention, I. Pr. D. 13—15.
*Ocriculi*. See *Otricoli*.
*Olympic Academy*, at Vicenza, account of, I. 47, 48. Splendid theatre erected by, 47.
*Orthography*, ignorance of, one cause of the changes of the language of Italy, II. 348.
*Oscan* language, specimens of, II. 194.
*Ossaia*, village, origin of its name, II. 152.
*Ossian*, quotation from, I. 165.
*Ostia*, ancient and present state of, 314—315.
*Otricoli* (the ancient Ocriculi), situation and present appearance of, I. 144.
*Ovid*, quoted or illustrated, I. Pr. D. 15, 158, 173, *note*, 284, 285, 309, 310. II. 65, 68, 88, 172, 302, 311.

## P.

*Padua*, ancient history of, I. 53, 54. United to the Venetian territory, 54. Present state of, 55. Church of St. Giustina, *ib.* Church of St. Antony, *ib.* Town-hall, and monument in honour of Livy, *ib.* Woollen manufactures of, 56. Universities and literary establishments, 57, 58. Poetical eulogium on, 59, 60.
*Paestum*, ruins of, II. 38. Ancient history of, 42. Ancient temples, how remaining, *ib.* Present state of, 48.
*Palaces* of Italy, general remarks on, I. Pr. D. 17. The palaces of modern Rome described, 196, *et seq.* Remarks on their general style of execution, 197—198. Doria palace, 198. Palazzi Ruspoli, Orsini, and Giustiniani, 199. Altieri, *ibid.* Cicaporci, *ib.* Corsini palace and library, *ib.* Villa Farnesia, and Palazzo Farnese, 200. Palazzo Costaguti, *ib.* Palazzo Borghese, *ib.* Palazzo de la Spada, 201. Barberini, *ib.* Colonna, 201, 202. Remark of Gebbon on the Roman palaces, 202. Pontifical palaces. See *Lateran*, *Quirinal*, *Vatican*. Palaces of Naples, 350. Royal palace of Capo di Monte, *ib.* Palace of Caserta, described, II. 29. Comparative remarks on it, and on the royal palaces of the Louvre, Versailles, Mafra, and at Potsdam, 30—32. And on the royal palaces in England, 32, 33. Account of the palaces of Florence, 168. Palaces of Genoa, 224—225.
*Palace*, ducal, at Venice, described, I. 65—66.
———, floating, of the emperor Trajan, I. 310.
*Palatine Mount*, ruins on, I. 164. State of in the time of Claudian, 165, 166.
*Palladio*, splendid edifices erected by, at Verona, I. 46, 47. Account of, 47. Comparative observation on edifices erected by him, 48, 49.
*Pantheon*, mistaken idea of its spoliation, I. xii. Not Sta. Maria in turribus, xiii, *note*. Busts in, removed, xiv.
———, or Piazza della Rotonda, at Rome, described, I. 231, 232. When converted into a church, 232. Suggestion for rendering it a mausoleum of eminent men, 233.
*Papyri*, ancient, found at Herculaneum, II. 18. Difficulty of unrolling them, *ib.*
*Parma*, vicissitudes in the history of, I. 99, 100. Present state of, 101. Churches, *ib.* Palace, *ib.* Paintings of Correggio carried away by the French, 102. Literary characters resident there, *ib.* The residence of Petrarch, *ib.*
*Pastorals* of Virgil, design of, I. 87, 89.
*Paulo St. fuori le mura*, church of, I. xxv.
*Pavia*, early history of, II. 238. Account of its celebrated university, 239. Independence of its citizens, *ibid.* Tomb of Boetius, 240. And supposed tomb of St. Augustin, *ib.*
*Peace*, temple of, I. xxii.
*Perugia*, ancient name and state of, II. 149. Present appearance and condition of, *ibid.*
*Pesaro* (the ancient Pesaurus) described, I. 119.
*Peschiera*, fortress of, I. 79, 80.
*Peter* (St.). See *St. Peter*.
*Petrarch's* villa, at Arquato, described, I. 74, 75. Garden, 75. Tomb of, 75—76. Remarks on his literary character, 77. His attachment to Laura considered, *ibid.* Remarks on his sonnets, 78, 79.
*Petronii Arbiter*, I. 132, 379.
*Phaedrus*, quoted, I. 378.
*Phocas*, column of, I. xxii.
*Piazza Navona*, described, I. 188. Piazza de Spagna, *ib.* Piazza Colonna, *ib.* And of Monte *Citario*, *ib.* Origin of the term Piazza, II. 101, *note*.
*Pistole*, the supposed birthplace of Virgil, I. 86.

*Pietra Mala*, excursion to, II. 188. Singular phenomenon there, 190.
*Pillars* of Antonians and Trajan, present appearance of, I. 175.
*Pisa*, situation and history of, II. 207. Present state of, 209. Cathedral church, 210. Baptistery, 211. Leaning tower or belfry, *ib.* Cemetery, or Campo Santo, 213. Cloister, 214. Hot baths of Pisa, *ib.* University, 215. Security of its port accounted for, 216.
*Pisatello*, the ancient Rubicon, description of its course, I. 114.
*Pius VI.* Pope, blessed the people in the amphitheatre of Verona, I. 39. Beautified Cesena, his native city, 113. Enlarged the Museum Clementinum, 213, 216. Account of his munificent undertaking, the draining of the Pomptine marshes, 321—322. His munificent plans and patriotism, II. 98.
*Pius VII.* (the present pope) character of, II. 426. Entrance to Rome, *ib.* Salutary arrangements of his government, *ib.*
*Placentia*, sketch of the history of, I. 92, 98. Present state and appearance of, 98, 93.
*Pliny the Elder*, voyage of, to Pompeii, during the eruption of Vesuvius, II. 25.
————, quotations from, I. 152, 281, 332, 335. II. 50, 77, 92, 97, 172, 263, 264.
*Pliny the Younger*, his description of the sources of the Clitumnus, I. 135, 136. His description of the country on the coast near Ostia, 317. His Tuscan villa, near Tifernum, II. 155. Character of Pliny, 260.
————, quoted or illustrated, I. 358, 371. II. 14, 25, 120, 155, 260, 263, 442.
*Po*, river, description of its channel, II. 237. Its course, 287.
*Poems* of Silicus Italicus, Martial, and Statius, comparative remarks on, II. 7, note.
*Poets*, modern, of Italy, remarks on, I. Pr. D. 2—3.
*Polcevera*, valley and river of, II. 232. Dangerous situation of the Austrians there, in 1746, *ib.*
*Politian*, beautiful description of Fæsulæ by, II. 175.
*Pompeii*, ancient sight of, now occupied by Torre del Greco, II. 20. Barracks of Roman soldiers, 21. Theatres, and temple of Isis, *ib.* Other ruins. Ancient villa, perhaps of Cicero, 23. Account of the eruption which destroyed this town, 24—28. Reflections of the travellers on examining the ruins, 27.
*Pompey's statue*, in the Palazzo de la Spada, anecdote of, I. 201.
*Pomptine Marshes*, name of, whence derived, I. 319. Probable origin of, 320. History of the attempts made to drain them, 321, 322. Particularly by the late Pope Pius VI, 322. Present appearance of these marshes, 319. Sleeping dangerous when passing through them, II. 72. Ancient cities formerly erected on them, 73.
*Pontanus* erected the chapel of St. John the Evangelist at Naples, I. 341. His verse and epitaph, *ib.*
*Ponte Felice*, road from, to Rome described, I. 146.
*Ponte de la Trave*, picturesque scenery of, I. 129, 130.
*Ponte Lamentano*, I. 286.
*Ponte Lugano*, I. 289.
*Ponte S. Angelo*, the ancient Pons Sublicius, described, I. 175.
*Ponte Salaro*, I. 286.
*Pontifical Service* of the church of Rome, described, I. 260, *et seq.* Daily service, 261. How performed when celebrated by the Pope, on the great festivals, 261—265. Considerations on the chaunt of the Roman church, 263, 264. Solemn services on particular festivals, 264, 265. Particularly on Good Friday, 265, 268. Circumstances that render the ceremonies of the Roman church imposing, 265, 266. Difference between a Christian congregation in early times and in the present age, 266, 267. Reasons for performing part of the service in the vernacular languages, 267, 268. The different parts of the service explained, 269.
*Poor*, benevolent provisions for, at Naples, I. 345, 346, 349, 350.
*Popes* of Rome, origin and progress of their temporal sovereignty, II. 108. Effects of the reformation on it, 110.
*Pope*, rank of, as the successor of St. Peter, II. 415. His claim to universal primacy, vindicated, 416. Gradual progress of the papal power, *ib.* Titles and equipage, 418. Public life of the popes, *ibid.* Mode of presentation, 419. His private life, *ib.* In what manner elected, 424. Remarks on the adoration of the pope, *ib.* Last ceremony attendant on his inauguration, 425. Income of the pope, 428. Expenditure of the popes, 429. Doctrine of papal infallibility, how to be understood, 431. Summary view of the influence of the papal power on Europe, in different ages, 432, *et seq.*
*Pope's* villa and gardens, remarks on the destruction of, I. 358.
*Population* of ancient Italy, remarks on, II. 98.—405 Modern population, 405—407.

*Portici*, erected on the site of Herculaneum, II. 17.
*Portico es* of ancient Rome described, II. 90—93.
*Porte di Venere*, description of, II. 216.
*Posilipo*, hill of, described, I. 354. Virgil's tomb there, 355, 359. Grotto of Posilipo, 360, 361.
*Pozzuolo*. See *Puzzuolo*.
*Prati del Popolo Romano*, present appearance of, I. 167, 168.
*Procyta*, island of, described, II. 8, 9.
*Procida*, beautiful bay and castle of, I. 1, 2. Description of its surrounding scenery, 3. And coast, 3, 4.
*Propertius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 167. II. 88, 90, 105, 142.
*Prudentius*, poetical description of the catacombs at Rome, I. 227, *note*. His account of the patriarchal Basilica of St. Paul, 241, 242, *note*.
*Puzzuolo* or *Pozzuolo*, the ancient Puteoli, fine situation of, I. 364. Comparative view of its ancient and modern state, 384. Coliseum of, 365. Ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, *ibid.* Noble mole, 365. II. 11. Its bay now deserted, *ibid.*

## Q.

*Quintilian*, quoted or illustrated, I. 177. II. 317, 379.
*Quintilioi*, the villa of Quintilius Varus, I. 292, 295.
*Quirinal* palace, description of, I. 203, 204.

## R.

*Raffaello*, paintings of, in the Vatican, described, with remarks, I. 208, 209.
*Rains*, equinoxial, effects of, in Italy, I. Pr. D. 11, 12.
*Reggio*, the country of Ariosto, notice of, I. 103.
*Reichenhall*, town of, described, I. 24.
*Religion*, communicated to the world frome Rome, I. 149, 151. General remarks on the religion of Italy, II. 354. The churches, why almost always open, 355. External observances of religion vindicated, 356. Number of charitable establishments, *ibid.* The pomp of religion, in Italy, stated and vindicated, 360—363. Numerous duties of the Italian clergy, 363—369. Remarks on the abuses subsisting in the religion of Italy, 374.
*Republics* of Italy and ancient Greece, similarity of their polity and circumstances, II. 376.
*Rhætian Alps*, description of, I. 24, 25, 29, 31, 36, 37.
——— tribes, conquered by Augustus, I. 26.
*Rialto*, at Venice, described, I. 67.
*Rimini* (the ancient Ariminum), triumphal arch of Augustus at, I. 116. Present state of, *ibid.* Its port obstructed, 117. History of, 117, 118.
*Roads*, constructed by the ancient Romans, described, II. 83.
*Romans*, ancient, observations on the character of, II. 126, *et seq.* Their ambition, 128. Greatness, 129. Employment of the noble Romans, 131. Causes of the universality of their laws, 132. Their language, 133. Resemblance between the characters of the ancient and modern Romans, 134. Remaining traces of the ancient Roman spirit in the modern Romans, *ibid.* Charge of indolence refuted, 137. State of morals and society, 138.
*Rome*, reflections on beholding, I. 147, 152. The ancient Roman government diffused civilization, science, and religion, throughout the world, 148. Epithets bestowed on ancient Rome, 150, 151. St. Peter's church, 152. View from the Capital, 154. The most commodious way of viewing this city, and its ruins, etc., 155, *note*.
*Ancient Rome*, I. 156. Historical accounts of the Capitol, 157. Noble buildings formerly erected on it, 157, 158. Modern edifices on it, 159. Present appearance of the Capitol 159, 160. Museum Capitolinum, 160. Church and convent of *Ara Cœli* on the summit of the Capitoline Mount, 160, 161. Roman Forum described, 161. Allusions to it, 162. Its present state, 162. Coliseum, how to be viewed to advantage, 163. Its present state, 164. Arch of Constantine, 164. Ruins on the Palatine Mount. 164, 165. Ancient and present state of the Aventine Mount, 165, 166. Tomb of Caius Cestius described, 167, 168. Foreigners buried within its enclosure, 168. Description of the baths of Caracalla, 168, 169, 169. Church of St. *Stephano in Rotondo*, 169. The baths

of Titus, 170. Ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica, 171. Palace of Maecenas on the Esquiline hill, 171. Baths of Diocletian, 172. Church of the Carthusians, 172, 173. Present state of the Viminal Hill, 172, 173. Temples of the tutelar divinity of Rome, and of the Sun, 173. Campus Martius and its edifices, 174, 175. Pantheon and Mausoleum of Augustus, 175. Pillars of Antonine and Trajan, *ibid.* Bridges over the Tiber,—Ponte S. Angelo, ancient Pons Sublicius, 176. Ancient theatres destroyed by hostile fury or Christian zeal, 176, 177. State of the Roman empire, under Trajan, 178. Neglect of the governments, a cause of ruins in Rome, 178. Indifference of the magistrats, and contempt of the people, 178, 179. Devastated by wars in the reign of Justinian and his successors, 182. And in consequence of divisions in succession to the papal see, and its removal from Rome, 182, 183. And lastly, by the mouldering hand of time, 184.

*Modern Rome*, population of, I. 187, 188. Appearance of its streets and houses, 188. Description of the squares, 188. Obelisks, 189, 190. Fountains, 190—192. Ancient tombs, 193—196. Palaces of the cardinals and nobility, 196—197. Pontifical palaces, 203. The Lateran, *ibid.* Quirinal, 205. Vatican, 204—217. Churches, 217—242. (See *Churches.*) Villas of ancient and modern Rome, 272—280. Views and ruins in the vicinity 280—286. Appearance of Rome when entered from Naples, II. 74. Remarks on the magnificence of ancient Rome, *ibid.* Contrasted with that of some modern capitals of Europe, 78. Cloacæ, 80. Aqueducts, 81. Viæ, 83. Forums, 87. Porticos, 90. Thermæ, 94. Temples, *ib.* State of Rome in the eighteenth century, 110. Conduct of the French army while there, 113. Effects of the French invasion, 115—117. Account of the few useful acts of the French at Rome, 435—438.

*Romuald*, St. notice of, II. 18[illegible]

*Romulus*, cottage of, I. 158. His apotheosis described, 173.

*Roses* of Paestum, celebrated for their fragrance, II. 47.

*Route*, the best for travellers in Italy, pointed out, I. Pr. D. 9—11, 42

*Roveredo*, description of, I. 35.

*Rubicon*, examination of the question relative to its real course, I. 114—116. The Fiumicello, a branch of it, 115. The spot ascertained where Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, 116.

*Ruins* of Italy, general remarks on, I. Pr. D. 16. The ruins of ancient Rome, caused by hostile fury or by Christian zeal, 176—177. And also by neglect of the government, 177, 178. By indifference in the magistrates, and contempt among the people, 178, 179. Of Cumæ, 380. Of Pompeii, II. 20. Of Herculaneum, 17. Of Paestum, 42—44. Of Posidonia, 48.

*Rutilius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 317. II. 139, 140, 215, 216, 218.

*Sadoleti*, Cardinal, account of, and of his writings, I, 104.

*St. Peter*, church of, at Rome, I. 153, 154. Description of it, 242, *et seq.* Early history of it, 242, 243. Account of the building of the new church under successive pontiffs, 243, 244. Plundered by the French, 245. Approach to, and grandeur of its exterior, 245, 246. Its portico, 246. Effect of a coup-d'œil, 247. High altar, 247. Cathedral or chair of St. Peter, 247. Confessional of St. Peter, 248. Sacred grotto, 248, 249. Vestry or sacristy, 249. Comparison between its noble dome and that of St. Paul's church, London, 250, and *note*. Defects of this church considered, 251. The colonnade of Bernini, *ibid.* The front, *ibid.* Statues of legendary saints, introduced, 252, 253. Statues of other saints, 353. Pictures and Mosaic decorations, 253, 254. Comparative observations between St. Paul's church, London, and St. Peter's at Rome, 255—256. St. Peter's compared with the church of St. Geneviève at Paris, 256. With the cathedral of Florence, 257. And with Santa Sophia at Constantinople, *ibid.* And the Temple at Jerusalem, 257, 258. St. Peter's contrasted with the Roman temples, 259.

*St. Peter's*, architects of, I. xvii.

———, dimensions of, I. xvii.

——— dome of, covered with lead, I. xv.

*Salerno*, ancient and present state of, II. 41.

*Salt-mines* of Hallheim, described, I. 22—23.

*Salt Works* of Halle, I. 28.

*Salzburg*, city of, described, I. 20—21.

*Saludes*, account by, of the chastity of the northern nations, II. 61, *note*.

*Sannazarius*, villa of, destroyed by the Prince of Orange, I, 343. Erected the church *Del Parto* on its site, *ibid.* His tomb and epitaph, 344. Allusions to his church in his poems, 343, *note*.

——— quotations from, I. 383. II. 60.

*Santissima Casa* of Loretto, legendary history of, I. 125. Remarks there on, 126. The Santa Casa described, 126. Its treasury plundered by the French, 127.

*Sarno*, river, poetically described, II. 60.

*Scarcity* of corn, instances of, in ancient Rome, II. 122, *note*.
*Scenery* of Italy, remarks on, I. Pr. D. 15—16. II. 307.
*Sciences*, diffused through the world from Rome, 148.
*Scipio Africanus*, villa of, at Liternum, I. 380. Funeral inscriptions of the family of the Scipios, II. 198.
*Screens*, when first introduced into churches, I. 271. Remarks on, 271—272.
*Second sight*, not confined to Scotland, I. 73.
*Sempione*, Mount, description of, II. 276. Military road over it, *ibid.*
*Seneca*, quoted or illustrated, I. 360, 365, 371, 381. II. 7, 139, *note*.
*Senagaglia*, origin of its name, I. 121. Present state and appearance of, 121.
*Septizonium* of Severus, I. 195, 196.
*Severo*, San, family of, sepulchral chapel, I. 341.
*Sewers*, magnificent, of ancient Rome described, II. 80.
*Silius Italicus*, quoted or illustrated, I. 86, 99, 120, 124, 135, 353, 369, 375. II. 11, 14, 145, 150, 219.
——— restored the dilapidated tomb of Virgil, I. 358.
*Sindone*, I. xix. *note*.
*Sirmione*, peninsula of, described, I. 80, 82. Grotto of Catullus there, 80. Sudden storms prevalent in it, 80. Produce of, 83.
*Slavini di Marco*, a wild mountainous tract, described, I. 36, and *note*.
*Sodalities*, nature of, II. 358. Number of them in Italy, *ibid.*
*Solfatara*, sulphureous lake of, I. 287. Near Pozzuolo, description of, 378, 379.
*Sonnets* of Petrarch, remarks on, I. 78, 79.
*Spoleto* (the ancient Spoletum), situation of, I. 138. Its Roman descent cherished by the inhabitants, 138. Present state of, 138. Cathedral and castle, 138. Noble aqueduct, 139.
*Squares* of modern Rome, I. 188.
*Stabiæ*, ancient and present state of, II. 50.
*Stael*, Mad. de, her *Corinne* to best guide to travellers in Italy, I. Pr. D. 8, 9 *note*.
*Statius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 206, 292, 326, 355, 374. II. 1, 11, 42, 81.
*Statues*, numbers of, in ancient Rome, 185. Beautiful ones in the chapel of San Severo, I. 341.
*Storm*, in Italy, described, I. 318.
*Strabo*, quoted or illustrated, II. 9, 68, 118, 194, 207.
*Streets* of Rome, described, I. 187.
*Sudario*, I. xix.
*Suetonius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 373, 376. II. 6, 26, 90, 93, 317, 400.
*Sunday Schools*, frequent in Italy. II. 359.
*Supergu*, Mount, II. 287. Origin of the church erected on it, 288. Its endowments, *ibid.*
*Surrentum*, promontory of, II. 41.
*Susa*, the ancient Segusium, account of, II. 294. Triumphal arch erected by its king Cottius, 295. Providential escape of the author, *ib.*, *note*.
*Suwarrow*, battle of Trebia gained by, I. 99.
*Sybarites*, interesting anecdote of, II. 48.
*Sybils*, grotto of the Cumean, I. 381, 382.

## T.

*Tacitus*, quoted or illustrated, I. 366. 375. II. 95, 101, 119, 410.
*Tasso*, quoted or illustrated, I. 103, 380. II. 67, 141, 182.
———, monument of, in the church of St. Onofrio, at Rome, I. 225. Vindicated from the petulant criticism of Boileau, II. 336.
*Tassoni*, notice of, and of his *Secchia rapita*, I. 105.
*Tecino*, river, course of, II. 238.
*Temple* of Diana at Ephesus, proportions of, I. 259. Of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, *ibid.* Of the Pantheon converted into a Christian church, 232, 233. Of Vesta and of the Sybil, at Tivoli, 290, 291. Of Jupiter Latiaris, on the Alban Mount, 311. Of Jupiter Serapis at Puteoli, 365. Of Proserpine on the banks of Lake Avernus, 369, 370. Of Venus at Baiæ, 374. Of the giants near Torre di Patria, 380. Of Juno Argiva, II. 50. Of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, 95. Of Peace, *ib.* Remarks on the structure of the ancient temples, II. 408. Surpassed by the modern churches. 109.
*Terni* (the ancient Interamna), present state of, I. 139 Celebrated cascade in its vicinity, 139, 141.
*Terracina*, town of, described, I. 325, 327.
*Teutones*, descendants of, now in Italy, I. 51, 52

*Theatres*, magnificent, of ancient Rome, II. 97. Remarks on the ancient Theatres, II. 110—111.
*Theological compositions* of the French, why superior to those of Italy, I. 347.
*Thermæ* of ancient Rome, enumerated, II. 94.
*Tiber*, course of, near Otricoli, described, I. 144, 145. Bridges over it described, 175. Remarks on its course and surrounding scenery, 280, 284. Horace's villa, 293, 298. Smaller cascades of the Anio, 294. Beautiful villas in its vicinity, 295, 296.
*Tibur*. See *Tivoli*.
*Tiraboschi*, notice of, I. 105.
*Titus*, baths of, 160, 170.
*Tivoli* (the ancient Tibur), present state and population of, I. 289. Beautiful views of the waterfalls of the Anio, 290. Temple of Festa, 291. Of the Sybil, 291.
———, temple of Vesta at, I. xxi.
*Tolentino*, description of, I. 129. Picturesque appearance of a pilgrim there, 129, note.
*Tombs* in Rome, described, I. 193. Of Caius Cestius, 167. Of Caius Publicius Bibulus 193. Mausoleum of Augustus, 195. Of the Emperor Hadrian, 194, 195. Of Cecilia Metella, 282, 283. Of Munatius Plancus, 330. Of Cicero, *ibid.* Of Virgil at Naples, 354, 355. Of Agrippina, at Baiæ, 375, 376. Of Cicero at Gaieta, II. 72.
*Torches*, why used in the Roman church, I. 269.
*Torre del Greco*, town of, its present appearance, II. 19, 20. Attachment of its inhabitants to its soil, 20. Occupies the site of the ancient Pompeii, *ib.* Description of its various ruins, 41, 42.
*Trajan*, state of the Roman empire during his reign, I. 178. Description of his column 184, *note*. His triumphal arch destroyed to erect that of Constantine, 177. Splendid forum and palace of, 340, 341.
———, column and ashes of, I. xiv.
———, forum of, I. xxiv.
*Trasymenus Lacus*, description of, II. 150. Fatal battle there between the Romans and Annibal, 151.
*Travelling*, in general, observations on, I. Pr. D. 1. Requisites for travelling to advantage in Italy, I. 2. Classical knowledge, 2. Italian language, 3. Italian history, 3. Medals, 4. Architecture, 4. Sculpture, 5. Painting, 6. Music, *ibid.* Dispositions proper for the traveller, 6—8. Remarks on the printed guides to travellers, 8. Maps, 9. Route to be followed, and time to be appropriated for travelling in Italy, 9—10. Accommodations, 12. Objects of attention to travellers, 13—14. Scenery, 15—16. Ruins, 16. Churches, 17. Moral improvement, the end of travelling, 18.
*Trebia*, battles of, I. 99.
*Trent*, (city), ancient name of, I. 33. Described, *ibid.* Account of its celebrated council. 33
*Trinita di Monte*, staircase to the church of, I. xv.
*Tullianum*, dungeon of, described, I. 159, *note*.
*Turin*, ancient name and history of, II. 283. Situation and present appearance of the city. 284. Architectural defects of its public buildings, 285. University, *ib.* Hospitals and palaces, 286. Description of its surrounding country, *ib.* Course of the Po, 286. Mons Superga, *ib.* Effects of the French invasion, 288, 289. Introduction of the French language and dress, 290.
*Tusculum*, Cicero's villa, described, I. 304. Plane trees still found there, 306.
———, town of, its site, I. 157.

## U.

*Unanimity* in religious worship, how far attainable, I. Pr. D. 7—8.
*University* of Padua, ancient and present state of, I. 57—58. Of Pisa, II. 215. Of Turin 285, 286.
*Untenberg* mountain, superstitious tradition concerning, I, 21, 22.

## V.

*Val d'Arno*, beautiful scenery of, described, II. 156.
*Vallombrosa*, abbey of, II. 175. Beautiful scenery of, described, 177—188.
*Vapour Baths* near the Grotte del Cane, virtues of, I. 362.
*Varese*, town and lake of, described, II. 272.
*Vasari*, battle of Lepanto, remarks on, I. 206.
*Vatican* Hill, origin of its appellation, I. 204. The Vatican palace, its furniture and ornaments, 205. *Sala Reggia*, *ib.* *Cappella Paolina*. 206. *Cappella Sistina*. 206—208

*Loggie di Raffaello*, 208—209. *Camere di Raffaello*, 209—210. Progress of the Vatican Library, 212—213.
*Veii*, conjectures on the site of, II. 142.
*Velino* (the ancient Velinus), river, course of, described, I. 140, 141.
*Velleia*, town of, overwhelmed by a mountain, I. 100.
*Velletri*, an ancient town of the Volsci, former and present state of, I. 318, 319.
*Venice*, approach to, described, I. 60. Origin and progress of, 61. Literary state of, 62—63. General appearance, 64. Description of its public edifices and antiquities, 64—71. Causes of the decline of the Venetian republic, 69, 70. Population and state of society, at Venice, 71, 72. Gondoliers of, 72.
*Venus*, temple of, at Baiæ, I. 374.
*Venus and Rome*, temple of, I. xxiv.
*Verbanus Lacus*. See *Maggiore*.
*Verona*, situation of, described, I. 37. Account of its amphitheatre, 38, 39. Ancient gates remaining there, 40. Modern edifices in, and appearance of, 41. Literary characters, natives of, 41, 42. Sketch of its history, 42, 43. Opinions of the Veronese relative to the Austrians and French, 43—44. Wines of, 46. Reflections on leaving Verona, 45—46.
*Via Emelia*, account of, I. 99.
*Vesuvius*, first eruption of, I. 338. Description of this mountain, II. 12—16. Notice of its principal eruptions, 14.
*Vicenza*, situation and history of, I, 46. Olympic theatre at, described, 47, 48. Splendid villas in its vicinity, 51.
*Vico Varo* (the ancient Variæ), described, I. 296. Beautiful views in its vicinity, 298.
*Vida*, allusion of, to the city and council of Trent, I. 35, *note*. Sketch of his character, 96, 97.
*Villas* of ancient Rome, I, 272. Of modern Rome, described, 273, *et seq*. Orti-Farnesi, 274. Villa Spada, 275. Villa Mathei and Negroni, *ib*. Villa Aldobrandini, *ib*. Villa Ludovizi, *ib*. Villa Medici, *ib*. Villa Borberini, *ib*. Villa Pamfili, 276. Villa Mellini, and its beautiful views, 277. Villa Madama, *ib*. Villa Albani, 278. Villa Borghese, 278—279. Of Horace at Tibur, 292, 293. Of Quintilius Varus, 292. Of Mecænas, 295. Villa Estense, 300. Horace's Sabine villa described, 299. Formian Villa of Cicero, 330. His Puteolanum and Cumanum villas, 366. Villa projected by Nero at Baiæ, 375. Of Lucullus, near Port Misenus, 377, 378. Of Scipio Africanus, at Liternum, 381. Of Cicero, at Pompeii, II. 24. Of Pliny, near Tifernum, 155. Of the dukes of Florence, 174. Of Pliny, II. 264. General observation on the villas of the ancients, 401.
*Viminal Hill*, present state of, I. 173.
*Vinci* Leonardo da, valuable MSS. of, at Milan, carried off by the French, II. 255. Their wanton damage of his picture of the Last Supper, 256.
*Virgil*, tomb of, I. xvi.
—— supposed to be born at Pietole, I. 86. Farm of, *ib*. Design of his Eclogues, 87—90. His bust carried off by the French from Mantua, 93. Regard of the Mantuans for his memory, *ib*. Description of his tomb, 354. Examination of Opinions relative to its supposed site, 355. Why neglected, 358.
—— quoted or illustrated, I. 31, 45, 46, 56, 57, 81, 87, 88, 90, 95, 113, 133, 137 142, 143, 151, 152, 158, 166, 288, 312, 315, 317, 325, 328, 333, 356, 370, 378, 382 *note*. II. 1, 7, 11, 36, 42, 43, 47, 130, 131, 138, 253, 282, 287, 302, 303, 307 379, 388, 389, 390, 399.
*Vitruvius*, quoted or illustrated, I. 158, *note*.
*Vivara*, isle of, described, II, 8.
*Voghiera*, town of, its origin and present state, II. 236. Description of the road from Tortona to Voghiera, *ib*.
*Volscian* language, specimens of, II. 195.
*Voltaire*, remark of, on the French language, II. 344, *note*. Character of his Histoire Générale, 346.

## W.

*Walpole*, Horace, anecdote of, II. 119, *note*.
*Wines* of Falernum, why not so excellent as they formerly were, I. 333—334. Are taken by the Italians for refreshment, not for inebriety, 334. Cæcuban and other wines, remarks on, *ib*. Horace's enumeration of the principal wines of Italy, 335.
*Wolf*, bronze, I. xvi.
*Woollen Manufactures* of Padua, ancient and modern state of, I. 56.



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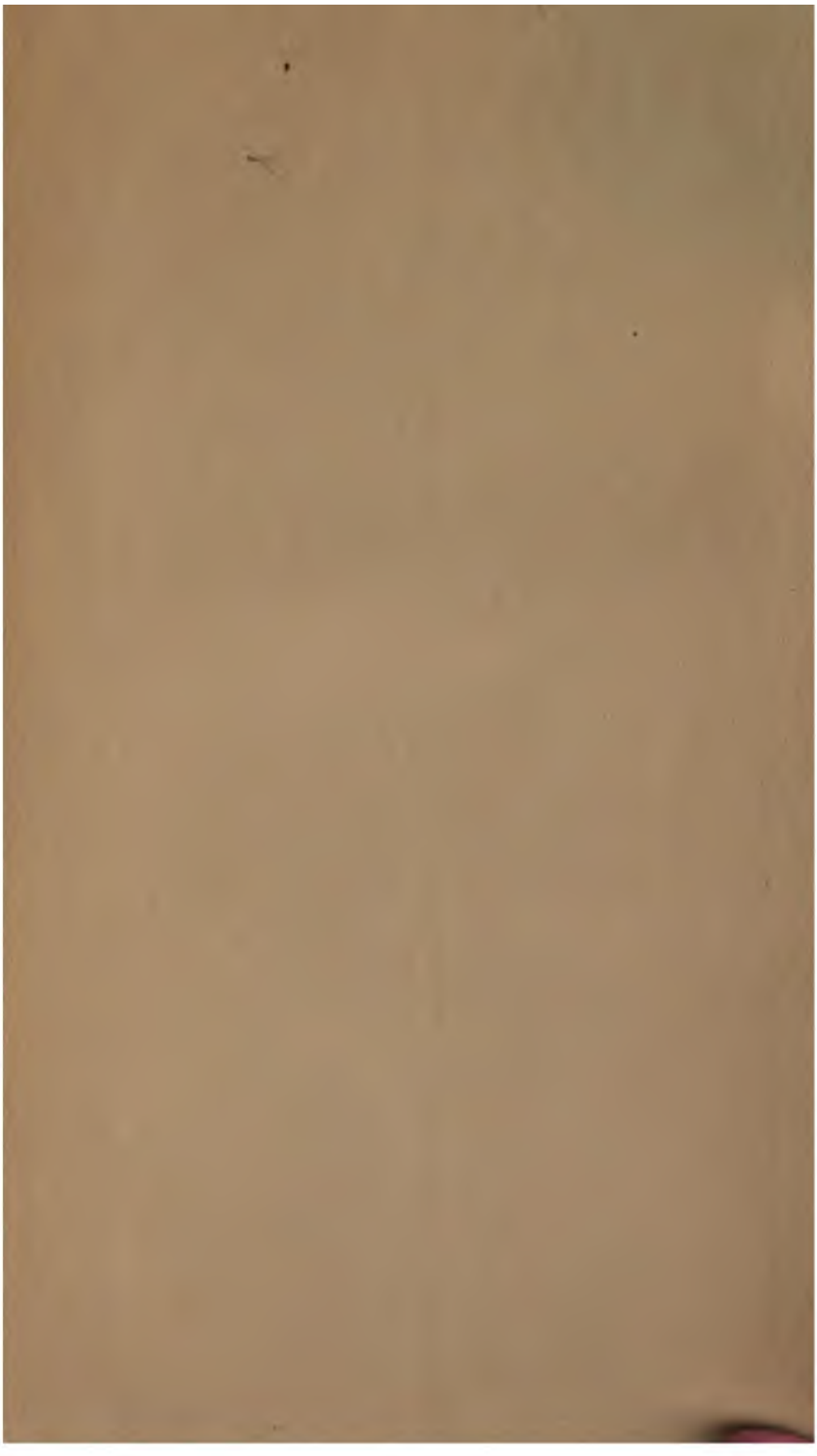
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